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WHEN the navigator from England first approaches Bombay, he may clearly discern a misty line of mountain, bounding the northern horizon, the whole range of which is known by the general name of the Ghauts. Of these the Neilgherry hills are said to form the nucleus: they are so called from the words nila, blue, and giri, mountain, as from their being the highest mountains in the Peninsula, they present that blue aspect with which distant objects are invested by the atmosphere. They are surrounded at the base by a zone of thick jungle, and, except on one side, are encircled by two streams, which unite a little to the north-east, and form the river Bhavani. Distant about fifty miles from the sea, they partake of the monsoons of both coasts, and hence they enjoy a remarkable equability of temperature. 'Their general surface is mountainous, composed of ridges stretching out in almost every direction, which are commonly made up of lesser hills and knolls that admit of easy cultivation. Among these knolls are many delightful vallies, and where the mountain ridges run close to one another, is sometimes found the deep ravine, or the morass, the latter covered with a rich herbage.' They are divided into four districts, and some of the mountains are in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. The lesser hills, and knolls in their vicinity, are dotted with pretty white buildings, which give relief to the verdure; above these are frequently seen lofty and umbrageous trees, which appear at a distance to form little impervious forests, and these are out-topped by a succession of other hills, which are covered with the richest pas-

tures, bespangled with the most beautiful wild flowers of every diversity of colour. The trees, among which are the crimson rhododendron and the white camelia, vary in shade of richness and foliage; some, covered with moss, assume all the hoary appearance of winter; the banks of the brooks that meander through them are lined with the dog-rose and jessamine, and all around are seen the wild strawberry and other fruits adding to the luxuriance of the scene, the beauty of which is completed by a lake of five or six miles circuit, composed of the contributions of a thousand streams.

The original inhabitants of these hills are called Tudas, a tribe of men whose uncommon height, athletic and well-made figures, bold bearing, and open and expressive countenances, lead necessarily to the conclusion, that they are of a race altogether different from their neighbours of the same hue—indeed so different, that one naturally asks, who can they be? whence have they come? Whatever the weather may be, they wear nothing on the head. They allow the hair to grow to an equal length of about six or seven inches; it is parted at the crown, and forms of itself into bushy circlets, which, at a distance, give it the appearance of an artificial ornament. The hair of the face is also allowed a similar freedom, and it is generally, except in cases of age, soft, and of a jet black. They are distinguished from all the other natives of India, by a large, full, and speaking eye, a Roman nose, fine teeth, and a pleasing contour. Though grave in their aspect, they easily relax into cheerfulness and good humour. They wear gold rings in the ear, silver rings on the hand, and occasionally a studded chain of the same material round the neck. They resemble the Romans too in their dress, which consists of a short tunic folded round the waist, and fastened by a girdle, and of a mantle which covers every part except the head, the left, and occasionally the right, arm. It is thrown, somewhat like the Spanish cloak, over the left shoulder, the bordered end hanging loosely over the left hand. It is large enough to cover the whole person in a reclining or sitting posture, and it is their only outer garment by night as well as by day. They wear neither shoes nor sandals, and carry no weapon of defence; they have generally a small staff or rod, which they use for the purpose of assisting them to walk, or in the management of their herds.

The stature of the women is proportionate to that of the men; their complexion is lighter, and delicately feminine, and shaded by long black tresses, which flow luxuriantly over the neck and shoulders. Though their demeanour is modest and retiring, they enter into conversation with a stranger with the frankness and becoming freedom of Europeans. Their necklaces are of twisted hair or black thread with silver clasps; a bead is here and there added, and suspended from them are bunches of cowry-shells, which hang down from the back of the neck between the shoulders. They wear armlets of brass above the elbow, bracelets of silver on the wrists, rings on the thumb as well as on the fingers, and a brass

or silver zone round the waist, composed of a sort of chain-work. Their mantle resembles that of the men; it is not however folded over the left shoulder, but is worn quite straight, and as it envelopes the whole frame, it gives them rather a mummy-like appearance. They are a lively laughter-loving race, and in their interchange of sentiment, they exhibit a correctness of thought which would hardly be expected from them.

The life of the Tudas is, in every respect, a pastoral one; they do not congregate in towns or villages; clusters of families live together within what we should call a homestead. Their huts very much resemble the tilt, or tented cover, of a waggon: the roof is formed of thatch, very neatly put on, and is supported by posts; the height from the floor to the ridge of the roof is about seven feet, at the sides it is little more than three; the length of the hut is twelve feet, and its breadth eight: at one end is a little door, two feet and a half in height, by two feet broad. A penfold made of loose stones is generally near the hut, for enclosing the cattle at night; an essential appendage to the homestead is also the dairy, which is always constructed in a superior manner, and treated with a sacred reverence. These residences have, however, in most instances, a temporary aspect, as the owners of them migrate with the season to different parts of their mountain country. They breed no animals whatever except the buffaloe, and, on account of the hills being much infested with rats, a race of cats of a remarkably small size. Their buffaloes, which are of an excellent breed, yielding milk unrivalled for its flavour and richness, range over the downs in herds of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, and two hundred. The first duty in the morning is to milk the buffaloes as soon as they are liberated from the penfold; this duty is performed by one or more of the males of the family, after they have gone through certain prescribed purifications. The superfluous milk of the preceding evening is then converted into butter, and the remains of the liquor, or, as we call it, the buttermilk, are reserved as a beverage for the family. The males, generally accompanied by one or two females, then drive the herd a-field, while the other females stay at home to attend to household cares: nursing and taking care of their children, arranging their little dwellings, clearing the grain of the husk, reducing it to meal, or parching it in an unbroken state; or decorating the borders of their mantles, upon which they bestow a great deal of attention. Such of the men and boys as have not gone out with the herds, fetch from the neighbouring springs the water that is required for domestic purposes, and from the adjacent forest, wood for firing. At noon, the herd returns to the neighbourhood of the homestead, and only one person is stationed to take care of it, the others going within doors. The dairymen spend the day in churning, or clarifying the butter previously made, which they convert into what they call ghee.

Towards evening the herd is collected in the penfold, when the whole family make them an obeisance: the evening repast, consisting of different preparations of milk, meal, parched grain, rice, and butter, is then taken, and a lamp being lighted, to which a similar obeisance is paid, the family retire to rest. Their dwellings are altogether undefended; they have not even a watch dog; and living in families rather than societies, 'they pass their days in a manner quite peculiar to themselves, and apparently in all the silence, quiet, and rural simplicity of a patriarchal and a pastoral life.'

Like all communities who lead such a life, they are rather indolent, except when occasionally energy is required, and then they shew that they can go through any fatigue. Acquainted with few of the luxuries of life, ignorant even of the use of salt, their wants are extremely limited. Passions, doubtless, they have, and possibly they may not be always so happy as they seem; but in their demeanour towards strangers, their conduct generally secures them admiration as well as esteem. They have a religious regard for the rights of property: falsehood they consider as the worst of vices, and they have a temple dedicated to Truth. They claim to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, and in that capacity they receive tribute from a race of Hindoos who, but a few generations ago, emigrated thither, in order to escape the oppression of their masters. These colonists treat the Tudas with a high degree of respect, believing them to be possessed of superior qualities, and even of preternatural powers.

The religion of the Tudas is as peculiar as their other customs. They worship the sun on its rising, and believe that after death the soul will go to a superior world. They have no tenet in common with the Budist or Moslem creed. The dairy is their temple; at least if they have any form of outward worship it is chiefly practiced in that building, which, as we have already seen, is treated by them with the greatest reverence as a sacred place. Their language is also peculiar to themselves; it is quite distinct from all the other Asiatic dialects, and exceedingly difficult to be acquired by foreigners, as it is merely oral, the tribe having no written character, nor any visible symbol, by which they might communicate their thoughts.

Young girls are given away in marriage at an early age; they are frequently affianced when mere infants, and with each generally a portion of buffalo kine, according to the means of the father. It seems that after they are taken away by their husbands, they are still under the control of the father, who may even then transfer them to another, and another husband, without limit. It would seem, also, that in each of these cases he receives a present of a buffalo, instead of giving one. Among the Asiatics generally, it is customary, as every body knows, for men to have as many wives as they please, or, rather, as they can support: but

among the Tudas the law is reversed, for their women have not only two or three husbands, but also, with the consent of their husbands, which is seldom refused, as many cicisbeos as they please. This striking peculiarity in their manners is ludicrously demonstrated in a petition of complaint, which one party presented against another, and which the author has thus translated from the original. It is entitled 'The Petition of Kerswan, Kutan of Murzorr.'

'I gave my daughter Pilluvani to wife to Phori* Pinpurz, Kutan of Kororr, about fifteen years ago. She was then seven years of age; and I gave with her a portion of four buffalo kine, two of which were of a superior kind, and their milk drawn only for sacred purposes. Some seven or eight years subsequent to the above period, Pinpurz and Swalt† Khakhood, Kutan of Pirkorr, came to me, and asked my sanction for Pilluvani to be wife to the latter, as well as to the former. To this I agreed, and, as is customary, Khakhood presented me a buffalo. About a year subsequent to the latter period, Pinpurz, Khakhood, and Phori Tumbut, Kutan of Kororr, came to me, and begged I would sanction Pilluvani's being wife to Tumbut also. This I agreed to, and Tumbut presented me a buffalo. After my daughter Pilluvani had also become the wife of Tumbut, Pinpurz borrowed from him, at different periods, the sum of one hundred and twenty rupees. It is now about a year ago that Pinpurz refused to allow Pilluvani to be wife either to Khakhood or to Tumbut, and at the same time refused to give them the customary equivalent. These two therefore complained to Mr. ———, who directed that the business should be investigated by a Panchayet,‡ composed of individuals from the several Norrs. This Panchayet awarded that Pilluvani was to be wife to Pinpurz Kutan only, but that he was to pay to Tumbut ninety rupees, in adjustment of all demands; and to present to Khakhood eight buffalo kine. To this award, Pinpurz has hitherto refused compliance, although he will not allow Pilluvani to be wife to any one but himself; and he has now complained to the ———. The conduct of this Pinpurz is so infamous, that I will not allow my daughter Pilluvani to be wife to him any longer. I stated this my determination to the Panchayet, but was then overruled by them. I now reclaim my daughter, and petition that she may be returned to me.

'I have witnesses to prove the truth of the whole of the above statements.'—pp. 46, 47.

The sequel of this affair is subsequently told by the author. It is well worth the trouble of transcribing, as it affords a lively sketch of Tuda manners.

'We had not returned to Oatacamund many days, when we were visited by Pinpurz Kūtan, the defendant in the first of the suits before mentioned. It appeared that, although our interpretations of their statement had in no way benefitted the complainants, from the circumstance of the officer to whom they were to be given being absent on duty in the

* 'Names of the mountains on which they were born.'

† 'Names of the mountains on which they were born.'

‡ 'Panchayet, a committee of five arbitrators.'

plains, they had not thought it necessary any longer to defer to the decision of the civil authorities, but commenced to act, according to what, in their minds, that decision must be.

'A large party of them had gone to the morrt in which Pinpurz was then residing, and having ascertained that he was from home, drove off his herd, and forcibly took away his wife, leaving an infant son, their only surviving child, and two or three old kine, to indicate who had been the spoilers.

'The unfortunate Pinpurz, on his return home, soon recognized who had visited the morrt, and with the child in his arms, proceeded immediately to the morrt of his father-in-law, in the hope of being able to induce some kindly consideration, if not on his own account, yet on that of the infant. He was, however, unsuccessful, and when he came to us, grief at what had already occurred, and the drooping state of the infant, from the want of its proper nourishment, had so affected him, that he was almost wild. Such a moment was a perilous one among a people so uncivilized, and possessed of strong feelings. "I will flee the mountains," he exclaimed, "and seek refuge among those of my race who have absconded to the plains,—but the boy!—he is dying!"—and again he would relapse into gloomy despondency. It was perhaps lucky that it was a boy, for in the alternate gloom, and sudden flashes of passion, depictured in the countenance of the father, the demon of infanticide seemed to urge her horrid rite, and had the infant been of the other sex, might have worked her will long before any of the circumstances came to our knowledge.

'This act of violence on the part of the complainants, was too gross to require minute investigation at the moment; facts spoke out, and authority was soon obtained, to enforce restitution, first of the wife, and then of the herd. We were present when the wife returned, and received again her child from the arms of its father. She told us that her father and seven or eight others came to the morrt while Pinpurz was absent, and while some of them drove away the herd, which was grazing at a short distance, others, among whom was her father, desired her to leave the infant on the ground, and to follow them. She refused for a long time to do so, when her father stepped out, and threatened to carry her. To avoid being touched by her father,* she was obliged to obey, and in the centre of a small circle which they formed around her, she was escorted to her father's morrt.

'Near relations of different sexes consider it pollution if even their garments should touch, and the horror which this young woman expressed, for she was still young and pretty, at the recollection of her father's attempting to seize her, and several other circumstances connected with her return to her husband, gave to the pair a considerable degree of interest, and left on our minds an impression in their favour, very different to that which the statements of the opposite party had made.

'The herd, however, was still to be recovered, for without it they were deprived of their principal means of sustenance. The abundance and richness of their buffalo milk would have enabled them to make cheese, and therefore to supply themselves with a store of one kind of food in cases of experiencing any such calamity as the present; but this none of them

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* 'He was one of the husbands of her mother.'

seem to have ever thought of having recourse to; and as the grain which they receive from the other tribes, as well as the wild roots and fruits which they collect, form only supplemental parts of their diet, when deprived of their kine, they are deprived of their staple article of sustenance. The herd, however, as before mentioned, was eventually recovered, and the gratitude of this now happy pair shewed itself on several occasions.'—pp. 70—72.

It would seem also, from another similar document which the author has quoted, that a man can only be contracted to one woman, but he may be the cicisbeo of many.

The funeral ceremonies of the Tuda are imposing. The author, in passing through their country, visited, near Oatacamund, the cemetery and place of funeral sacrifice of one of their families.

'It was a pretty green spot, partially enclosed with a low stone wall, situated on the confines of a thick and extensive wood, which sheltered it on one side, while on the others it was secluded from general view by contiguous and lofty ranges of hills.

'It may have been owing to the peculiar train of ideas, to which a visit to such a place will sometimes give rise, and our imperfect knowledge of the rites that were here performed, that a more than common gloom hung over us, heightened no doubt by the silence, almost breathless, that pervaded this sequestered vale.

'At one extremity of the green was a single hut, and near to it, a strongly walled area sufficiently spacious to contain a large herd. At the opposite extremity were seven posts, in a line one with another, with a space between them of about ten or eleven feet, and all around were strewed the bones and horns of buffaloes; the bones were principally those of the head, having the horns still adhering to them.

'From the green, our guide conducted us by an almost impervious path, to a recess in the adjoining wood, the place appropriated for raising the funeral pile. At a short distance lay a decayed bier, and from among the ashes and charcoal which formed a little heap in the centre, we picked up several human bones which had passed through the fire.

'It was noon day, but the number, and the ample foliage of the trees, almost entirely excluded the light, so that we had but an imperfect view of objects, and while we were still contemplating the black and deadened appearance of those nearest to us, a chorus of voices, solemn and mournful, and then a rush, as of a multitude forcing their way through the wood, engrossed our whole attention.

'Nothing that could explain this noise presented itself to our view, and on turning to our guide for information, we found, to our surprise, that he had left us. He had run back to the green on the first sound of the voices, and, as we returned thither, came to meet us, protesting that he had not been aware of what was about to take place; that the cemetry was that of a family who resided in another part of the hills; and that he had understood but yesterday that the funeral was to be postponed till the next day. We had no reason to regret his misunderstanding.

'A large concourse of Tudas, both male and female, had assembled. They were still in procession, moving towards the centre of the green, and

on a bier of green herbs* and the boughs of trees, lay the deceased, dressed in a new garment and mantle, and having on the ornaments he had worn in life. Immediately following came the mourners, male and female, chanting the lament, and after these a throng of people, carrying bundles of wood,† small sacks of grain, newly-made butter in cups formed of leaves, or pots of milk, in different states of preparation, and such few utensils as are required by so simple a people in the cookery of a meal, even for a large multitude. At one corner of the green, we observed, issuing from the adjoining wood, and goaded on by ten or twelve athletic Tudas, a herd of buffaloes, the intended victims of sacrifice, which were driven to the Tu-el, and there for the present confined.

'The bier was now placed on a rising ground in the centre of the green, when the friends and relations taking up a little earth, sprinkled it on the body with much ceremony, and seating themselves around it, continued their lamentations. The rest of the assembly dispersed, some to rear the pile, others to prepare the subsequent repast, while the remainder collecting in groups, entered into converse, seemingly unconnected with the passing scene.

'At a short distance, crowning the summit of a mountain which overlooked this vale of sorrow, sat some twelve or fifteen Cohatars, with attenuated forms, unseemly garb, and hair loose flowing in the wind, looking like harpies waiting the moment whereon to gorge themselves with their destined prey, rather than any thing allied to humanity.

'Three or four other Tudas arrived about this time, and going up to the corpse, sprinkled a little earth upon it, bent forward, and making the salutation before described, threw themselves upon it.

'The sacrifice now commenced, but as almost the same ceremony will be described when we come to speak of the performance of the obsequies, it may suffice at present to observe, that the animals were forced into a circle around the body, and there slain: and as each of the victims fell, the deceased was addressed by the party sacrificing, who, mentioning the name of the animal, said they had sent her‡ to accompany him.

'After the sacrifice, a middle-aged man, the brother of the deceased, cut off two or three locks of hair from about the temples; when the body was conveyed to the recess in the wood, taken from off the bier and placed on the pile, the feet to the east, the face downwards, and without any of the dress or ornaments being removed. The relations and friends now threw over it handfuls of parched grain of various descriptions, and of coarse sugar; other logs of wood being then heaped over the whole, the pile was ignited, in the first instance, by the person who had cut off the locks of hair, and then by the other attendants, who afterwards surrounding the pile, continued their exertions to accomplish the speedy consumption of the body.

'This did not occupy much time. The wood quickly blazed up, and sent forth a column of smoke that, from the thickness of the foliage and

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* 'For several days the body is covered with herbs, which tend to preserve it from decomposition.'

† 'A kind called Kiyars, of which only the funeral pile may be constructed.'

‡ 'These were all milch buffaloes, which is generally the case.'

density of the atmosphere, could not find an easy vent, but spread itself in a cloud immediately above us, and quite shut out all light except that which proceeded from the pile. It was a gloomy spectacle. The almost naked forms of the funeral assistants, for they had previously thrown off their mantles—their anxiety, and their energy, in encouraging the flame—their now darkling and savage countenances—the sickening odour from the pile—the yells and cries of the Cohatars, dragging away the offerings* of the sacrifice—and the distant moan of the females—gave to the whole an appearance quite unearthly.

'During the continuance of this ceremony, and that which took place on the green, the relations of the deceased kept their heads covered, by drawing their mantles over them; a variation of costume, with them, expressive of sorrow and mourning.

'Some water was now thrown on the pile, and the relations carefully examining the ashes, selected from them two or three pieces of the scull bone, and such of the gold and silver ornaments as they could find, and tying them up with the locks of hair, in the remnant of an old mantle, the whole of the party returned to the green.'—pp. 48—53.

The homesteads are by the Tudas called morrts. That of Meyni is said to be remarkably picturesque. It is the property of one of their principal men, who has abandoned it lately, in consequence of a public road passing near it. 'It is situated on a gentle slope,' says the author, 'near the foot of a range of hills, and just below a graceful opening, through which dark grey mountains appear in the distance, rising up, as it would seem, from the very centre of the earth. At the moment of our approach, the mild rays of a morning sun were fast dispelling the silvery clouds that had collected about the summits of the mountains, gradually opening them to view, in all the splendid variety of tint and shadowy magnificence.' From some parts of the Neilgherry mountains the traveller has a fine view of the Mysore country, the prospects of which are ever varying. 'At first, all below appears a sea of soft and feathery down; the first beams of the rising sun quickly change the scene—cloud rolls over cloud, and each flying off to the mountain top, soon becomes invisible; vallies and plains are partially opened to view, and, as the sun attains its meridian height, a whole expanse of rivers, forests, villages, and fertile fields, lays wide before you.' The wild cock and hen frequent these hills, and the beautiful squirrel of Malabar may be seen skipping like a bird from branch to branch. Among the trees may also be seen numbers of large black apes, who every now and then project their grey-bearded visages from below the foliage, and make the woods resound with their chattering.

Like the Druids, the Tudas have their sacred groves, to which they give the name of Tĕriri. To each are nominated, from two particular families, the Terralis or Paikies, a priest and his atten-

* 'The Cohatars allow from a quarter to half a rupee for each buffalo.'

dant; the former is designated as the Pōl-aul, the latter the Capil-aul. The ceremony of ordination, if we may so express it, is very curious.

'A Paiki having consented to accept the office of Pōl-aul, and the suffrages being obtained of the whole of that class, resident within the limits to which the Tĕriri more immediately belongs, he throws off all his garments, as though, by thus denuding himself, he at the same time threw off all his worldly affections, and proceeding to some forest, which has before been named as the place for the performance of his austerities, dives into its darkest parts, and seeks out a spot, untrodden by human feet, in the vicinity of a pure stream, unpolluted by human touch. He then peels off some of the bark of the sacred Tiurr, and soaking it in water, compresses a liquid from it, of which he swallows a portion, and daubing himself over with the remainder, bathes in the stream. This rite he performs three or four times each day. In the evening he partakes of a little of the parched grain, or such like hard fare as he has brought with him, and in a state of nudity lies down to rest, exposed to every inclemency of the weather.

'On the eighth day of his purification, a black garment is brought to him, in texture like the coarsest sackcloth, four cubits in length and about one and a half in breadth, and this he fastens round his waist. He is now no longer addressed by his former name, but by that of Pōl-aul, and the whole of the Tudas of the district assembling, escort him to the Tĕriri.

'He is bound to lead a life of celibacy; and though one in the married state may accept this office, he must not, after his purification, see or converse with any of his family; but entirely divesting himself of all worldly thoughts, dedicate the whole of his time to the contemplation of the Deity. No other Tuda will now presume to touch, or even to approach within ten or twelve paces of him; and should they see him, on any occasion of his leaving the precincts of the Tĕriri, they flee from him, or abasing their eyes, endeavour to pass without seeming to observe him. Should he on such occasions call to them, they immediately obey, approaching with every respect, and saluting him, by bringing up the hand, and bending the body forwards.'—pp. 62—64.

After the same singular fashion, the appointment of the Capil-aul is conducted, except that his purification lasts only two days. It would appear that they have no idols in their temples: they pay, however, a degree of reverence to the bells which are suspended in a niche, but merely on account of their being sacred instruments.

'To each Tĕriri is attached a herd of milch buffaloes, part of which are sacred, and from which the milk is never drawn, the whole being allowed to go to the calves. One among these sacred animals is the chief. Should it have no female calf, the bell before mentioned is attached to the neck of one of the other sacred ones, and being allowed to remain so during that day, a legal succession is considered to be effected.

'In the morning the Pōl-aul milks one portion of the herd, carries the milk into the temple, laves the bell with a small portion of it, and of such of it as he or his attendant may not require, he makes butter and ghee.

'The Capil-aul takes the herd out to graze, brings in water and firewood for the use of the Pōl-aul, and performs any other such menial offices.

They each occupy separate huts, nor is the former allowed to eat with the Pōl-aul, or in any way to associate with him: his business being, in every respect, that of an attendant or menial to the latter. Neither of them are bound to remain in these offices for any specified period, but may quit whenever they choose. They cannot resume them, however, without going through the same austerities.

'Nor is the Pōl-aul, while in this office, allowed to accumulate wealth, or to benefit by it in a pecuniary way, either himself or his family. It would be thought sacrilege to do so; and whatever he may receive or accumulate beyond what is necessary for the supply of his own and his attendant's immediate wants, must be appropriated to the benefit of the Tĕriri, by the purchase of other buffaloes, to increase the number of the herd.

'The Tudas themselves can give no account of the institution of these Tĕriries, or of the office of Pōl-aul, &c. &c. They say that they believe them to be of divine origin, and that they think this enough for them to know.'—pp. 65, 66.

The temple is of a conical form, the thatch being neatly put on, and surmounted at the top with a stone, about a foot in diameter. There is nothing in them beyond the bells. When the Tudas pray, they look towards heaven, with the right hand up to the face. It seems that although infanticide had at one time prevailed amongst them, it has been discontinued. Schools have been lately introduced into the country, under British auspices, with good effect.

The personal narrative of Pinpurz Kūtan, above referred to, discloses a singular chapter in the history of human manners. He was scarcely seven years old when he was affianced to a mere baby in her second month. He had no brothers, or they also would have been affianced to her, as it was a part of the agreement that had been made between the parents. In that case, she would have been wife in succession to whatever number of brothers he might have had, according as they arrived at manhood; and they would have formed one united family, the supreme authority resting with the elder. However, when Pinpurz grew up, he did not like his affianced, and his father being then dead, he was resolved to please his own fancy. He accordingly prevailed upon the young damsel's parents to exonerate him from the contract, for the consideration of three kine, which he presented to them. He then selected Pīlluvani for his wife, and was affianced to her at the age of six years. She was subsequently betrothed to the two other persons, whose names have been mentioned. When she had arrived at a certain age, which he does not mention, and had complied with the custom of living for eight days with one of her female friends in a dwelling separate from that of her family, intimation was sent to him, and he went to her father's morrt, where he was feasted, and allowed all the privileges of a husband. After a few days, the father, laying on his hands, gave them his blessing, and he returned with his wife to his own morrt, receiving with her in dower four buffalo kine.

Her father also presented to her on this occasion, a pair of earrings, a pair of armlets, a necklace, a brazen salver, and five rupees. According to the Tuda custom, Pilluvani was to spend the first month with Pinpurz, the second with Khakhood, and the third with Tumbut; and the two latter, waiting in succession on the father-in-law, were to ask his blessing, and to claim their privilege in right. They were each to afford her raiment in turn, and were at liberty to claim three of her children, according to the order of their marriage. They all three would have been equally bound to protect the whole of the children, to marry and give them in marriage; but the superior authority would have always rested with the first husband. Pinpurz and his wife, however, were much attached to each other, and were determined not to separate in compliance with the custom. He offered to pay the usual fines; but the other party would not accept them: He had been unfortunate. A murrain had attacked his herd; his possessions had been abandoned by some emigrants who had settled upon them; and in consequence of the persecution of his wife's relations, he was eventually, from being a leading man among his countrymen, reduced to comparative poverty.

We have already mentioned some of the funeral ceremonies of this strange people. After the relics of the deceased are collected from the pile, another ceremony ensues, which is characterized by practices of a still more peculiar description. The relics are folded up in a new mantle, and carried by the female relatives, attended by a few males, to the temple. As they proceed thither, they each responsively chant a solemn dirge. Arrived at the temple, they spread the mantle on the floor of the inner apartment, and seating themselves round it, the lament is renewed, and may be heard echoing through the surrounding hills and vallies. Sometimes whole families move about together, men, women, and children, to the number of sixty or seventy persons. All the young men bear clubs on these occasions, and as they advance through the country, they shout in a national cry of exultation, which is answered by the groups that follow. But whenever they happen, on these excursions, to hear the lament from a temple, their cry is changed into mourning; they enter the temple, ground their clubs, make an obeisance to the relics, and then take their departure. The exhibition of the relics of a person of dstinction attracts to the temple great numbers of families. They may then be seen advancing to the spot by the different winding paths along the sides of the mountains; and their deep responses, as each party tops some eminence, bringing them in view of the temple, or as they catch the notes of the death-song wafted on the breeze, give a striking solemnity and seriousness to the scene.

After they have all made their obeisance to the relics, the different groups assemble together on the green, and some forty or fifty clubmen join hand in hand, and circling round in measured time,

perform a sort of dance, to the music of a pipe and tabor. Before the buffaloes are slain in sacrifice, the young men practice a kind of game, not unlike the Spanish bull-fight in its circumstances, except that they use no swords. Throwing themselves upon the neck of the animal, they seize it by the horns, and twisting themselves behind it, support themselves with one hand; others run to their assistance, and eight or nine powerful and athletic young men may be seen hanging on the neck of one animal, while others strike it with their clubs, and with hideous yells and gestures endeavour still to heighten its rage, and to increase the peril of the party. Meanwhile the animal is not passive, but every now and then rushing as by a sudden impulse, sometimes among the other buffaloes, sometimes against the wall of the inclosure, appears often about to gain the victory. He is at length overpowered, when the successful combatants, shouldering their clubs, join hand in hand and recommence the dance.

During this scene the walls of the area are lined with spectators, some of whom, though still weeping for the deceased, shout and laugh through their tears, as the danger or success of their friends engaged in the combat becomes more decisive. Grey headed old men generally direct the ceremonies, and by relating the feats of their youth, urge the young men to still more active exertions. When these sports are over, the whole party return to the green, and arrange themselves in several rows; the repast, already prepared, is then served out, consisting principally of boiled rice and ghee; the mourners spend the remainder of the day in the renewal of their grief, while the others continue their amusements. On these occasions the Tudas are all dressed in their best attire, the long hair of the women being tastefully curled, and their necks and wrists exhibiting a profusion of gold, silver, and coral ornaments.

These are manifestly all the remains of forms and ceremonies handed down through a succession of generations, from a very remote age—not improbably from a period preceding the deluge. The games are carried on for several days with little variation, but with unrelaxed spirit, and with a degree of order and harmony which is quite surprising. The conclusion of the ceremonies is thus related:—

'Having notice of the period when the ceremonies were to close, we retired at an early hour, and as we had been fully engaged during the day, enjoyed a sound repose till some time after midnight, when we were aroused by the wailing pipe and mourning throng in preparation for the final rite.

'The mists and clouds had now descended to the valley, and forming a dense and vapoury atmosphere, enshrouded the whole party as we slowly wound up an adjacent mountain's side, near the brow of which the flickering of the remaining embers of a fire which had been previously lighted for the purpose, marked the spot where the last funeral pile was to be constructed.

'Shut out from all other objects, the ambient space in which we moved seemed to be invested with a death-like stillness; not a sound was heard

but the deep and sonorous voices of the men, the soft and modulated notes of the women, as each alternately sang the dirge, or mourned the wanderings of the departed * spirit.

'Arriving at the spot where the shelving of the mountain had been partially levelled, we observed a circle of stones, enclosing a space about four and a half feet in diameter, which it was evident had been the site of former piles; close to this was a deep hole, in which lay loosely thrown three or four rude stones. The relics were now laid within the circle, and the officiators taking brands from the fire just mentioned, waved them round the mantle three several times, then placing them at each end of it, fresh billets were added, and a little camphor being sprinkled over them, the whole quickly became ignited.

'The pile was now closely encircled with little baskets, bamboo cups, and variously shaped gourds, some bound with silver, others ornamented with thread and tape of divers colours, and the whole filled with grain, the produce of the hills. The bow and three arrows were then placed on it, after these the rod or wand, and then the axe and wood-craft of the deceased; last of all his standard† staff. Fresh billets being added, the whole was shortly in one general blaze, and when the morning dawned all within the circle was reduced to a heap of charcoal and smouldering ashes.

'During the whole of this period, the lament was continued by the relatives and friends, accompanied by every indication of sincere grief. It was an impressive spectacle. The universal moan,—the addresses to the departed spirit,—the sudden ebullitions of grief,—and the pile occasionally throwing up a flame that illumined the whole group, shewing the strong athletic forms of the men, the slender figures and loose flowing tresses of the women, as each joined tear to tear, and seemed to seek relief in unity of sorrow.

'The charcoal and ashes were then minutely examined, and after selecting from the heap the iron or such pieces of metal as had passed through the fire, the remainder was swept into the hole before mentioned. The loose stones, which had previously been removed, were now replaced, and the whole throng passing over them in succession, bowed their heads to the ground, exclaiming, "Health be to us," and took each his way to his own home, leaving us to wonder and exclaim,—"WHO CAN THEY BE?"'—pp. 169—171.

The publication before us forms but part of a larger work, which the author had projected. We think he was well advised in printing only this volume for the present, as we have lately had many—some of them exceedingly heavy—treatises upon the manners and religions of India. In this fragment Captain Harkness has described, in very animated and interesting colours, the most pastoral, and perhaps the most original, tribe of human beings now in existence.

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* 'The expressions were literally, oh! Kenbali, whither art thou gone? Alas! alas! our father, Kenbali!'

† 'The head of each family has a staff of this description. It is a pole between twenty and thirty feet long, at the end of which, instead of a flag, is tied a bunch of small shells.'

ART. II.—*Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.* By Richard and John Lander. *In three Vols.*, 12*mo*, *illustrated with Engravings and Maps. Being Nos.* 28, 29, *and* 30, *of* "*The Family Library.*" London: Murray. 1832.

THE publication of this work, in the first instance, in the "Family Library," is a proof of Mr. Murray's good sense, and a decided token of the revolution which has taken place in the trading department of literature in this country. In other times, and under different circumstances, the matter contained in these three duodecimo volumes, which are sold for fifteen shillings, and which contain the account of one of the most interesting geographical discoveries that have been made for many years, would have been spread in large type over two quarto tomes, illustrated with maps and engravings, and would have cost at the least the sum of four guineas. Had this plan been pursued in the present instance, very few copies of the work would have been bought—perhaps not two hundred and fifty, notwithstanding the very interesting intelligence which it discloses. The "Diffusion of Knowledge" Society have shown by their numerous publications the extent to which the art of cheap bookselling may be brought. Their example has been followed by the publishers of Constable's Miscellany, Lardner's Cyclopædia, the Family Library, the Standard Novels, and that very beautiful edition of Lord Byron's Life and Productions now in progress. Miss Edgeworth's Tales are about to be given to the world upon a similar plan of elegance, combined with economy; and we have now upon our table four numbers of The Ladies' Cabinet, a little periodical, which we have already more than once mentioned, and which is really quite a curiosity for its cheapness. In each number we find about seventy closely-printed pages of matter, at once entertaining and instructive, diversified by poetry, tales, sketches, and reviews, the style of which may not flinch from a comparison with that which characterises any other publication of the day. This matter is of an order which pre-supposes the ladies of this country generally, to whom it is principally addressed, to be possessed of highly cultivated minds, and that supposition we believe to be substantially well founded. Besides the letter-press, each number of the Cabinet contains a steel engraving, quite as well executed as many that are to be found in the Annuals; a wood-cut illustrative of some scene mentioned in some of the articles, four well-engraved and beautifully-coloured plates of the fashions for the month. To all these attractions we have still to add six or seven pages of the music of a song expressly composed for the work, which is, moreover, got up with uncommon neatness. Nobody would have ventured on selling such a publication as this, a few years ago, under half a crown at the lowest, and yet the price

of the "*Ladies Cabinet*" is no more than *sixpence!!* It is evident that such a surprisingly cheap periodical as this could not go on for three months without entailing a severe loss upon its projector, unless it had already commanded a very extensive circulation. Such a circulation, we are indeed informed, it has actually attained, and here is the secret, upon the discovery of which Mr. Murray has at length resolved to act,—a discovery of much more value to him than that of the course of the Niger. He has found out that, from whatever cause, the aristocratical classes, who were formerly the great patrons of literature, have very generally experienced the great pressure of the times, and that they cannot or will not buy expensive books. He has also observed, that the middling and the lower classes, including the artizans, almost universally, are well educated, and have become great readers of works worth their attention. But they know that they need not, if they could, pay high prices for those works, since they have, in the publications already enumerated, quite sufficient to sate their appetite for literary novelties. All new publications, therefore, to be profitable, must be at least as cheap in their respective lines as those we have mentioned. Mr. Murray knows this well, and, to the credit of his prudence and tact, has acted upon it.

Thus the question which has been for some time in the balance, has been, we hope, decided in favour of cheap literature. It may be, we apprehend, confidently calculated, that small profits on large numbers will fully compensate for the enormous gains which were formerly made upon a more limited sale. It is not possible to contend against the example which is given by the establishment of the "Penny Magazine," the "Omnibus," the "Entertaining Press," and several other periodical publications, which, decorated with wood cuts, and well stored with interesting matter, are sold for a penny each number. We have little doubt that they will go still lower, until they reach the smallest coin we possess, and that a "Farthing Journal" might, in the present appetite of the public for reading, be undertaken with success.

Some persons have been clamorous for the enactment of laws against the latter cheap publications. They are, however, either interested in the matter, or they are timid and half-informed observers of the signs of the times. Instead of repressing or discouraging such periodicals, we wish, on the contrary, that the legislature would give them every facility, and after laying on a small stamp duty, allow them to be transmitted, as the newspapers are, through the post-office. Such a rapid circulation of knowledge would tend essentially to the general benefit. There are those who fear that if such a facility as this were afforded to the cheap periodicals, they might be productive of consequences injurious to morality. We venture to say that no cheap publication of an immoral kind, will ever have in this country a circulation sufficient to meet its expences; and we must in justice add, that we have not

yet observed, in such of these papers as have fallen under our notice, any thing of an improper character.

The discovery of the termination of the Niger is thus fortunately connected with a new state of things in the intellectual history of this country, from which the happiest consequences, as we hope and believe, may be expected. The many disappointments and difficulties, which had previously baffled the attempts that were made for that purpose, are well known. Various conjectures, some of them ludicrously wide of the mark, others strongly illustrative of that right aiming sagacity to which science sometimes gives rise, were made upon the subject, without producing any useful result. One of the mouths of the river had been well known for many years to the Liverpool traders in palm oil, but they called it the river Benin. The Landers have discovered that the Benin is in fact an outlet of the Niger, and the only wonder now is—a wonder generally expressed at discoveries so simple in their nature—that the matter had remained for so many centuries an inexplicable mystery.

We need not detain the reader with any thing like a detailed account of the early part of their journey. They sailed from Portsmouth on the 9th of January, 1830, in a merchant vessel, arrived on the 22nd of the following month, after a quick but boisterous passage, at Cape Coast Castle, where they were fortunate enough to engage several natives who had been employed in the former expedition, and were somewhat acquainted with the English language and manners. Thence they obtained a passage in his Majesty's brig Clinker, to Badagry, a town to the north of the gulph of Guinea, generally first visited by the late missions—where they landed. They were dressed in a most grotesque style—a straw hat larger than an umbrella, a Mahomedan tunic or rather belt, boots and full Turkish trowsers. The men stared at them and laughed out; the women tittered. After a delay of about a week at this place, they were permitted to proceed on their course. Embarking on the river, which took them as far as Wow, in a north-easterly direction, about thirty miles from Badagry, they then continued their route by land, through a wild, romantic, and picturesque country, though in some places deep and marshy, passing through the large and populous town of Bidjie, where Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison fell sick on one of the expeditions. At Bidjie also they first crossed Clapperton's route. Having here procured a horse, which the brothers agreed to ride in turn, they traversed, still pursuing a north-easterly direction, the kingdom of Yarriba, until they reached Boossà, where it may be recollected Mungo Park and his associates were murdered, and his boat destroyed. By some misapprehension, Clapperton supposed Boossà to be an island. Our travellers found it to be on the main land. Here they met the notorious widow Zuma, quarrelling as usual with the king, and rebelling against all lawful authority. The Niger flows by Boossà, where it is no more than a stone's throw across at its widest

part. In order to guard against the jealousy of the king, the most powerful chief in Western Africa, they told him their object was to go to Bornou by way of Yàoorie, which lies to the north of Boossà, and they requested a safe conveyance, which he very kindly promised. To his other avocations, his majesty, it seems, occasionally adds that of a tailor, in which capacity he begged a present of a thimble, and some needles. The Landers, though on the best terms with him and his people, could gain no intelligence as to the papers and other effects belonging to Park. All traces of the white man had been lost, they said, with the late king, who died shortly after that melancholy event. A good deal was said about a book, which, after much solicitation, was at length produced. It was expected to be the long lost journal, but on being opened, it proved to be a nautical publication of the last century, of a thick royal quarto size. Between the leaves were found a few loose papers of no consequence. One of them was a tailor's bill, and the other a note of invitation to dinner, addressed in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Watson, to Mr. Mungo Park, dated "Strand, 9th November, 1804." Thus all hope of finding the journal, or any other paper belonging to Mr. Park, vanished.

Proceeding up the Niger, in a due northerly direction from Boossà, the Landers found it flowing through a rich and charming country, which seemed to improve the farther they advanced. The river widened gradually to a mile, and afterwards to two miles in breadth. 'Beautiful, spreading, and spiry trees adorned the country on each side of the river, like a park; corn, nearly ripe, waved over the water's edge; large, open villages appeared every half hour; and herds of spotted cattle were observed grazing and enjoying the cool of the shade. The appearance of the river for several miles was no less enchanting than its borders; it was as smooth as a lake; canoes, laden with sheep and goats, were paddled by women down its almost imperceptible current; swallows, and a variety of aquatic birds, were sporting over its glossy surface, which was ornamented by a number of pretty little islands.' Where the Niger widened to two miles, it had all the appearance of an artificial canal, the banks being so even and regular, that they looked like a dwarf wall. In most places it was extremely shallow, but in others it was deep enough to float a frigate. The banks were for a considerable distance covered with hamlets and villages, and umbrageous trees, but as they ascended the river, they observed a decided change; the banks became rocky, and there were so many small islands scattered in the river, that they entirely destroyed its appearance. The navigation amongst these islands was extremely difficult. They were frequently obliged to get out of the canoe, in order to render it sufficiently light to pass over the shallows; and sometimes they had to lift it over ledges of rocks, to arrive at deeper water. They were told, however, that above Yàoorie the river is not impeded either by rocks or sand banks. They did not,

however, ascertain the course of the Niger in a northerly direction beyond that town. All that part of the river, therefore, which flows between Yàoorie and Timbuctoo, still remains to be explored. It has been traced from its source as far as the latter city by Park, and is conjectured to take a south-easterly direction from Timbuctoo by Sackatoo to Yàoorie. The Landers have followed it through all its windings from Yàoorie to the Atlantic. The following observations on the river will be read with much interest.

'In its natural bed, when uninterrupted by rocks, and other impediments, the river runs at this time of the year at the rate of between one and two miles in an hour; whenever it is obstructed by them, however, the velocity of the current is considerably increased. Although during the dry season, no communication or intercourse is maintained by water between Boossà, and the countries or states lower down the river, by reason of the dangerous rocks which have been already alluded to more than once; yet in the wet season, after the "Malca" (or fourteen days' incessant rain) has set in, when all the rivers which are dry during the remainder of the year, pour their overplus into the "Great Father of Waters," as the Niger is emphatically styled, then canoes, it is said, pass to and fro, between Yàoorie, Nouffie, Boossà, and Funda. It is immediately after the "Malca," also, that the Niger, by the depth and velocity of its current, sweeps off the rank grass which springs up annually on its borders. Every rock and every low island is then completely covered, and may be passed over in canoes without difficulty, or even apprehension of danger. The enterprising Mr. Park must have had a thousand difficulties to overcome in his voyage down the Niger. It was about this time of the year that he arrived at Yàoorie, and the river it is said, was then about the same height as it is at present. The canoemen, who in all probability were his slaves, were said to be chained to the canoe, in order to prevent their running away; his pilot was unacquainted with the river any further, and therefore he received his wages here in Yàoorie, and returned to his own country; and Mr. Park, with a companion, and three white boys, continued their journey down the Niger without any person whatever to point out the safest channel, or warn them of their danger. When the accident happened at Boossà by which they lost their lives, it is said they preferred being drowned to avoid as they imagined a more dreadful death.

'Many years ago, a large boat arrived at Yàoorie on a trading voyage from Timbuctoo. Having disposed of their merchandise, the boatmen returned to their country by land, because they asserted that the exertion of working their vessel back so great a distance against the stream, was too much for them, and therefore they left it behind at Yàoorie.'—vol. ii. pp. 33—35.

The Landers learned that Park did not visit Yàoorie, but remained in his canoe at a village on the banks of the river. They obtained possession of a handsomely-mounted gun, which they were told had belonged to that ill-fated traveller; but although the sultan had written to Clapperton to say that he was in possession of Park's manuscripts, he now denied that he ever saw them; and indeed there is but too much reason to believe that they have been either by accident or design destroyed. From the description which we

find in this journal of Yàoorie, it seems to be one of the principal cities in Africa.

'Yàoorie is a large, flourishing, and united kingdom. It is bounded on the east by Hàussa, on the west by Borgoo, on the north by Cubbie, and on the south by the kingdon of Nouffie. The crown is hereditary, and the government an absolute despotism. The former sultan was deposed by his subjects for his violent measures and general bad conduct; and the present ruler, who succeeded him, has reigned for the long period of thirty-nine years. The sultan has a strong military force, which has successfully repelled, it is said, the repeated attacks which the ever-restless Felàtahs for a number of years past made on the city and kingdom of Yàoorie; it is now employed in a remote province in quelling a rising insurrection, occasioned partly from the inability of the natives to pay their accustomed tribute, and partly from the harsh measures adopted by the sultan to compel them to do so. The city of Yàoorie is of prodigious extent, and is supposed to be as populous as any other in the whole continent, or at least that part of it which is visited by the trading Arabs. Its wall is high and very excellent, though made of clay alone, and may be between twenty and thirty miles in circuit; and it has eight vast entrance-gates or doors, which are well fortified after the manner of the country. The inhabitants manufacture a very coarse and inferior sort of gunpowder, which, hower, is the best, and we believe the only manufactory of the kind in this part of the country; besides which they make very neat saddles, country cloth, &c.; and they grow indigo, tobacco, onions, wheat, and different kinds of grain; and vast quantities of rice, of superior quality. The inhabitants have likewise horses, bullocks, goats, &c., but notwithstanding their industry and the advantages which they enjoy, they are very poorly clad, have little money, and are perpetually complaining of their bad condition. An indifferent market is held in the city daily under commodious sheds, in which the above articles are offered for sale.

'The better sort of women, or those that can afford time and money for the purpose, wear their hair plaited very ingeniously, and dyed blue with indigo; their lips are likewise stained yellow and blue, which gives them an inexpressibly odd appearance; and their eyes are blackened with powdered antimony, or something of the same nature and properties, which is imported from a place called *Jacoba*. This is in general use, not only here, but in every other place which we have visited.

'The use of hennah is as general at Yàoorie as elsewhere; the more opulent females make use of this most beautiful dye in profusion: they simply apply the pounded leaves of this plant to the teeth, and to the finger and toe nails; for the latter it is made into a kind of poultice, and in the evening is put on those parts, and remains till next morning. The poorer sort of females, however, from necessity, we suppose, rather than from inclination, make use of neither of these ornaments to enhance their natural charms; and, save tattooing, they have no personal embellishments whatever.

'The sultan's residence, as well as the houses of many of the principal inhabitants of the city, are two stories in height, having thick and clumsy stairs of clay leading to the upper apartments, which are rather lofty; and, together with rooms on the ground-floor, have door-ways sufficiently large to enable a person to enter them without putting himself to the inconveni-

ence of stooping. The principal part of the houses are built in the circlaur or coozie fashion, but the inhabitants have a few square ones; and the sultan's are of no regular form whatever. It may be considered somewhat singular that the generality of the natives of western and central, and, we believe, also of northern Africa, " moisten the floors of their huts, and the inside of their walls with a solution of cow-dung and water, two or three times a day, or as often as they can find the materials." " Though disagreeable to the smell of an European, this keeps the interior of a dwelling as cool as it is dark." We should have thought that Dr, Johnson, from whom this quotation is taken, was speaking of the native dwellings of this part of the world, instead of those of the East Indies, so exactly does he describe them.

' Between the clusters or assemblages of huts in Yàoorie there is a considerable quantity of fertile land, which is left for cattle to graze on, or for the purposes of husbandry and agriculture.

' There is a great variety of trees within the walls of the city, consisting of the lime, the palm, the mi-cadania, and the date; but the latter, though it appears very luxuriant, never was known to bear fruit. The palm tree adorns the banks of the Niger, and increases in quantity the further we advance up the river; yet that variety of it which bears the cocoa-nut is nowhere to be seen, owing, most likely, to the distance from the sea.'—vol. ii. pp. 46—49.

Here, and indeed wherever they stopped throughout their journey, the Landers had to submit to the extortion of the chief, who was desirous to exhaust all the wealth they were possessed of in the shape of articles intended for presents. For this purpose it was his policy to detain them as long as possible; and accordingly he hit upon a most ingenious device for that purpose. He had purchased of them some buttons, scissars, and gunpowder, for the sum of twenty-five thousand cowries, and had made them a present of some feathers fresh plucked from the body of a live ostrich. It struck him that the King of England would like to have some feathers also from the same bird; but as it had been already deprived of a considerable number, and might take cold if more were just then taken from it, he suggested the propriety of the travellers waiting until more feathers should grow! By all accounts, this same sultan appears to have been a strange mixture of generosity and meanness. After remaining five weeks at this place, the Landers embarked once more on the Niger, and returned to Boossà, having been prevented from going farther north by an active war which was then carried on against the sultan by the ever-restless Falàttahs. This powerful tribe, distinguished from most of the other African races by their almost European appearance and superior intelligence, seem destined to extend their sway over the whole of Western Africa. It is understood that they had latterly sustained some severe disasters in their conflicts with the chiefs of Haussa, but that their energies have not been impaired to any material extent.

It is remarkable that not far from Garnicassa, a small town

about five miles north of Boossà, all the branches of the Niger meet, and form a body of water at least seven or eight miles in width; that at Boossà it is no more than a stone's throw across, its depth being in proportion to its narrowness; and that about four miles south of Boossà, it again becomes a magnificent river. In order to account for this singular circumstance, it has been supposed, with much probability, that a large portion of the waters is conveyed from Garnicassa to a few miles below Boossà by subterraneous passages. It is equally remarkable, that no person could be found at either of these places, who could afford the slightest information as to the course of the Niger below Boossà. One man said, in confirmation of Denham's theory, that a little below Boossà it took an easterly direction, and disembogued itself into the lake Tshad, in the kingdom of Bornou. This turned out to be a mere fable.

Although the king of Boossà was extremely kind to the Landers, and gave them all the assistance in his power, in order to enable them to prosecute their enterprize, yet they were often embarrassed while they were within his dominions, by the want of ordinary necessaries. It is pleasant to observe the cheerfulness with which they carried themselves through these difficulties.

'The Midiki sends us a bowl of bruised corn, boiled in water, which is called *tuah*, twice a-day for our people; and the king sends daily a little rice and dried fish, seasoned with pepper, salt, and palm-oil, for our own consumption. But we find this insufficient for our people, who are eight in number, and ourselves; their appetites are extremely keen. Guinea-fowl and partidges, which we used too shoot here in great quantities, and which formed the principal part of our food, are now procured with the greatest difficulty and fatigue, owing partly to the prevalence of heavy rains, which have rendered the ground soft and boggy, and partly to the surprising height and stiffness of the corn-stalks, between which these birds always shelter themselves. We are, therefore, often much perplexed about the means of procuring a meal. With buttons the market is already overstocked; they have lost all their powers to charm, because those we have heretofore sold were of inferior quality, and not new, so that they begin already to lose their polished lustre, and to look dull and black; needles are unsaleable; we have disposed of all our bits of coloured cloth, and common red stuff, tea canisters, powder canisters, and almost everything indeed that *would* sell, reserving the very few articles of greater value which are left, for presents to the different chiefs along the banks of the Niger. Amongst other trifles disposed of were several tin-cases, which contained worthless and unpalatable portable soups, &c. These were labelled with slips of tin, which though rather dull and dirty, nevertheless attracted the admiration of many; and we have been highly diverted to see one man in particular walking at large, and strutting about with "Concentrated Gravy," stuck on his head in no less than four places. He appeared quite proud and vain of these ornaments, and was simpering with pleasure wherever he went.'—vol. ii. pp. 107, 108.

At the king's request, the Landers were obliged to pay a visit to

the king of Wowow, a considerable town to the south-west of Boossà, in which Clapperton had already spent some time. They were received in the kindest manner, and treated while they remained there with the greatest attention.

At length, towards the end of September, having been now six months in Africa, they found themselves once more upon the Niger, resolved, if possible, to follow its course to the sea. For some days they ran down with the current in a direction nearly due south. The river was by this time much swollen by heavy rains. At several of the islands where they landed, they were received with the utmost hospitality, and supplied abundantly with provisions. The people generally were, however, very timid, though uniformly courteous. Under the date of the 5th of October, we find the following interesting details:

'Just below the town of *Bajiebo* the Niger spreads itself into two noble branches, of nearly equal width, formed by an island. We preferred journeying on the eastern branch, but for no particular reason. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river, is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes, with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, and others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiades of the river! Yet with all its allurements there is something wanting in an African scene to render it comparable in interest and beauty to an English landscape.

'"By secret charms our native land attracts."

'There is nothing here half so attractive or inspiring. It is seldom, very seldom, that the morn is ushered in by the "song of earliest birds;" which is so eminently enchanting at home, and which induces so much happiness and cheerfulness, benevolence and joy. Here there are no verdant fields, nor hedges, adorned with the jessamine, the daisy, the primrose, the blue-bottle, or the violet, and the hundred other pretty wild flowers, which please the sight, and exhale in spring or summer the most grateful and delicious fragrance. No flowers here

'"Waste their sweetness in the desert air,"

for not a solitary one is any where to be seen. Besides, generally speaking, a loneliness, a solemnity, a death-like silence pervades the noblest and most magnificent prospects, which has a tendency to fill the mind with associations of sadness, and reflections of melancholy, very opposite to the silent cheerfulness, and that internal springing joy which we feel on contemplating those goodly and charming landscapes, which are the pride, the beauty, and the ornament of England. To look at the cleanliness of our cottages, and the tidiness of their occupants is pleasant; but when the dirty mud huts of the natives of this part of the world, with the people

themselves, do appear, in our opinion, they banish every favourable impression, and destroy the effect of all.

'In the course of an hour after leaving Bajiebo, we passed by two towns of considerable extent, and a hill was observed right a-head of us, covered with trees, one of which was of such a singular appearance, that it might easily be mistaken at a short distance for a tall pole, with a flag unfurled, and waving at the top of it.

'At a little before eight in the morning, we saw, and passed along at the base of a high pile of loose granite rocks, large and dark-coloured, which are on the Nouffie or eastern side of the river; and almost close to them and on the edge of the water is a small town. In about a half-hour afterwards we arrived at an extensive town, situated on the same side, and called *Leechee*, which is inhabited by Noufanchie, and said to be a place of considerable rank and consequence. Here we landed by express desire, and finding an empty grass hut near the spot, we entered and took possession of it till such time as the chief should be made acquainted with our arrival. Here also our canoemen left us and returned to Bajiebo, where we had hired them.

'We were not suffered to wait long, but in a few minutes received an invitation from the chief to come and see him; and having walked through a good part of the town, we at length approached his residence, and were introduced without ceremony or hindrance into a large and lofty hut, where we discovered the chief sitting on a platform of mud, in great state, with about forty natives and Falàtahs in earnest conversation on each side of him. He received us with great civility and many demonstrations of gladness, and desired us to draw near his person, that he might have a better opportunity of looking at and talking to us. However he appeared unwilling for us to quit *Leechee* till to-morrow, and pressed us strongly to remain with him for the day, which, however, not all his solicitations and importunities could induce us to accede to. A Falàtah then commenced a long and pithy harangue, in which he endeavoured to prejudice the chief and those that were with him against us, and to fill their minds with alarm and apprehension, on account of our malevolence, and the extraordinary power which he said we possessed; but his eloquence was unavailing, for we had the consolation to hear one of his own companions and countrymen desire him to hold his tongue, and mind his own business, and consequently his remarks were soon forgotten.

'We had provided ourselves with a small present for the chief on our first setting out for his residence, but after what we had seen and heard, we fancied that it was too trifling, and feared that it would be returned as such by the chief, and that we should be exposed to abuse and ribaldry from those that were with him; therefore something was added to the gift before we presented it. We then took our leave of him and his people, and instantly made our way back to the water-side, where we waited in the grass hut, what appeared to us to be a long, long time, for the appearance of the canoemen with whom the chief had promised to supply us. In this interval, the governor sent us a pot of honey, a couple of fine lemons, and a few limes. After a considerable delay, a man for each canoe could only be procured for us, so that two of our own people were obliged to supply the place of others as well as they could.

'The width of the Niger at Leechee is about three miles, and the inha-

bitants have plenty of canoes for the purpose of crossing the river, for fishing, and for other purposes. About half-past ten we got into our canoes, which we pushed off the shore, and proceeded at a good rate down the stream, along the side of a considerable island which is within gun-shot of the town; and after passing a large open village, of respectable appearance, which is on the western bank, we put in at a small town, a few miles below, also on the Yarriba side of the river, where we were constrained to go in quest of other canoemen, because those from Leechee, though they had been with us only forty minutes, and had certainly not laboured very hard, had refused to proceed with us any further, nor could all our enticements induce them to forego this resolution. Here we were detained in our canoes and exposed to the sun for an hour and a half, in order to obtain fresh canoemen, the inhabitants of the town being absent in the fields.

'Immediately after leaving this town we passed another island, of goodly appearance, but we understand it is uninhabited. We then came in sight of a double range of rocky hills, one of which is close to the water, and both running from north-east to nearly due south. At one P. M. we were again obliged to put in and land at a small village, which is situated on an island, for an exchange of canoemen, for, like those from Leechee, these were unwilling to go a great way from their homes. In an hour's time a number of the islanders came down to us, and paddled us to the opposite side of the river, and from thence along the base of the hills already alluded to. The appearance of these hills is wild and gloomy, though highly romantic. Trees of hungry growth and stunted shrubs, whose foliage seemed for the most part dull and withering, shoot out of the hollows and interstices, and overhang immense precipices, whose jagged summits they partly conceal. Indeed, these hills look dismal and lonesome in the extreme, and seem to be visited only by wild beasts and birds of prey, or by the shadow of a passing cloud, which serves to increase, if possible, their dreariness and gloom. On the top of one of them is a huge and singular block of white stone, which, at a certain distance, greatly resembles an ancient fortification. We arrived at the end of our journey, and the termination of the nearer range of hills, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when we landed at a fishing-town on a small island which is called *Madjie*, and belongs to the Noufanchie. Here we were received with cheerfulness by the chief, who accommodated us with a roomy hut, sent us a quantity of dressed provisions, and otherwise treated us in the most hospitable manner. The banks of the river that we have passed to-day are high, and well cultivated. The direction of the river rather to the eastward of south, and the distance from this island to Bajiebo about thirty miles. The thermometer has been at 78°, 92°, 94°, during the day.'—vol. ii. pp. 262—268.

The course of the Niger from this island is still south-east as far Rabba, where it takes quite an eastern direction, until it reaches Kacunda. The banks on the southern, or Yarriba side, are thickly studded with towns and villages, which are, however, for the most part, in low and swampy situations. Below Rabba, which is about mid-way between Yàoorie and Kacunda, the river is about two miles wide; it soon after enlarges to the breadth of four miles,

but varies considerably. The current is supposed to run about three or four miles an hour. From the marshy state of the banks, the Landers found it difficult, and sometimes impossible, to reach a village for the night. On one of these occasions they were obliged to remain all night in their canoe. The account of their nocturnal voyage is one of the best written passages in their journal.

'The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most radiant hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled wildly through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about we knew not how nor where. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, the sound of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as "sceptres grasped in sleep."

'We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could anywhere be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water, and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never, in all their lives, been exposed in a canoe to

such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, plenty of them abound.

'However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; no doubt, at first when we interrupted them, they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement; but had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it.

'We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying that if the *Gowow Roua*, or *water elephant*, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning, and I thought afterwards, that we might have been carried off like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yàoorie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe is only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we have no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely, we should have had no occasion to land excepting to obtain our provisions; and having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night.

'Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, we never recolleot having seen such strong forked lightning before in our lives. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven P. M., it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so furious, that it swept the water over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs dangling half over the sides of the little vessel into the water, which for want of room we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest, which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for

though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to rage,—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till after midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe drenched with rain, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly bailing out the water to keep her afloat. The water-elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe.

'The rain continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads. Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way, and two hours after, we put into a small insignificant fishing-village, called *Dàcannie*, where we landed very gladly. Before we arrived at this island, we had passed a great many native towns and villages, but in consequence of the early hour at which we were travelling, we considered it would be imprudent to stop at any of them, as none of the natives were out of their huts. Had we landed earlier even near one of these towns, we might have alarmed the inhabitants, and been taken for a party of robbers, or, as they are called in the country, *Jacallees*. They would have taken up arms against us, and we might have lost our lives; so that for our own safety we continued down the river, although we had a great desire to go on shore.

'In the course of the day and night, we travelled, according to our own estimation, a distance little short of a hundred miles. Our course was nearly east. The Niger in many places, and for a considerable way, presented a very magnificent appearance, and we believe it to have been nearly eight miles in width.'—vol. iii. pp. 8—15.

In the course of their voyage they visited Egga, which is said to be a town of prodigious extent, and an immense population. Though its chief was a hundred years old, he was still active, and extremely cheerful. He professes the Mahomedan religion, and is quite vain of the energy which he still possesses. The Landers were here told by the elders of the town, that it would be dangerous for them to proceed farther down the river without an escort. Disregarding this advice, they pursued their way, and were delighted beyond expression, when a few miles from the town they saw a sea-gull flying over their heads! It reminded them forcibly of the object which they had in view, and confirmed their hopes of success. They had been informed at Egga that they would soon meet with canoes of a very different construction from any they had yet seen, and would have to communicate with various tribes and nations, different in all respects from the people with whom they had hitherto had intercourse. They were, moreover, cautioned to be guarded in their conduct and demeanour, because those tribes were said to be savage and ferocious in their habits and manners.

Upon their arrival at Kacunda, the people were at first much alarmed at their appearance. But they were soon welcomed on shore by an old Mahomedan priest, and introduced into an excellent

hut, the domicile of a schoolmaster. The priest took the strangers under his protection, and effectually exerted himself in quieting the people. Kacunda, which is a collection of villages rather than a town, has a very fine appearance, and is the capital of a kingdom of the same name. The king treated the Landers with the most engaging kindness. He endeavoured to dissuade them from going farther down the river, assuring them that if they attempted it they would certainly be murdered. At all events, he told them that they ought by no means to leave Kacunda by day, but stop until evening, and then they might have a chance of passing the most dangerous town by midnight. 'We asked him,' says the author, 'whether the people he spoke of had muskets or large canoes?' To which he replied, "yes, in great numbers; they are very large and powerful, and no canoe can pass down the river in the day-time without being taken and plundered by them; and even at night, the canoes from here are obliged to go in large numbers, and keep close company with each other, to make a formidable appearance, in case of their being seen by them."' They accordingly resumed their voyage at night, having delighted all classes of persons at Kacunda, the king especially, by writing for them, at their urgent request, *charms* against all diseases and misfortunes whatsoever! They believe that white men can command the elements, and do whatever they pleased.

At a short distance below Kacunda, the Niger takes a turn due south, passing between hills which soon rise to a considerable height. They passed the night without any mishap. At Bocqua, they were for some time in a perilous position, having landed amongst the natives without the slightest precaution. But by their prudence and firmness they averted the menaces which were directed against them, and even conciliated the kindness of the people. On the 27th of October, they arrived opposite a village called Damuggoo, whence they were hailed by a little squinting fellow, dressed in an English jacket, who kept bawling out to them, as loud as he could, "Holloa, you Englishmen! you come here!" They afterwards found that he was a native agent for the purchase of slaves. The chief received them in a very friendly manner, and made many inquiries about their journey. He told them that he had never heard of Yarriba, or Yàoorie, or indeed of any country higher up the river than Funda, a little above Bocqua, and that they were only eight days' journey from the sea. Besides the man who first hailed them in broken English, they saw, with inexpressible pleasure, several others partially clothed in European apparel, all of whom had picked up a smattering of the English language from Liverpool traders, which frequented the Bonny river for palm oil. The slave agent assured them, that there were then five of these vessels from Liverpool at anchor in that river.

When they quitted Damuggoo (4th November) the brothers were in different canoes, and that in which Richard, the elder, sat,

being lighter than the other, in which most of their luggage was stowed, proceeded down the current with greater rapidity. Their separation was imprudent in the extreme under their circumstances, and turned out to be most unfortunate in its consequences. Arriving opposite the town of Kirree, Richard observed a great number of canoes lying near the bank, and in a short time afterwards he saw about fifty other canoes coming up the river. These had various flags flying, and it cheered his heart to distinguish amongst them the British union ensign. The people, too, were all dressed in European clothing, the trowsers only excepted. This joy, however, soon changed into a different feeling, when he found that they were war-canoes, each well manned and armed, and besides a number of muskets, carrying each a long gun in its bow. His canoe was with little ceremony immediately surrounded, and plundered of every thing: the squadron then passed on towards Kirree, whither he determined to follow them, in order to reclaim his property. But in their way to Kirree the Eboe robbers, for such they were, met John Lander, and resolving to treat him in a similar manner, a large canoe dashed against his, which was in a moment capsized and sunk. The young man with difficulty saved his life by swimming to a canoe apart from the others, in which he observed 'two females, and some little ones,—for in their breasts he thought compassion and tenderness must surely dwell.' He was not disappointed, for they afforded him protection and sympathy. Meanwhile the war-canoes having paddled into the market-place of Kirree, a *palàver*, or general assembly, was held, which was attended by a number of men who landed from those canoes, as well as by natives of the place, and by others who had arrived from Damuggoo; and at this assembly it was determined that the property of the strangers which had been plundered should be restored to them. They were then allowed to land, and to take possession of their goods, which were placed in the middle of the market. Nearly all the valuable articles, however, were missing, and among them the whole of Richard Lander's journal, with the exception of a note-book, which contained only his remarks on that part of the river which runs between Rabba and Kirree. All these were said to have been sunk in the river. The loss of the journal would have been a serious disaster, involving much of the utility of the expedition, had not John Lander fortunately kept a separate journal, which was preserved. From this journal the account of the expedition, as far as Rabba, has been principally taken by his elder brother. John's note-book from Rabba to Kirree was also lost on this occasion, but that of Richard having been saved, the thread of the narrative has suffered in consequence no interruption. It seems that they owed their safety eventually to some Mahomedan priests, who had joined the assembly, and spoke strenuously in their favour. The scene was altogether a most extraordinary one.

'We had been desired to seat ourselves, which, as soon as we had done,

a circle gathered round us, and began questioning us; but at that moment the sound of screams and the clashing of arms reached the spot; and the multitude catching fire at the noise, drew their swords, and leaving us to ourselves they ran away to the place whence it proceeded. The poor women were hurrying with their little property towards the river from all directions, and imagining that we ourselves might be trampled under foot, were we to remain longer sitting on the ground, we joined the flying fugitives, and all rushing into the water, sprang into canoes, and pushed off the land, whither our pursuers dared not follow us. The origin of all this was a desire for more plunder on the part of the Eboe people. Seeing the few things of ours in the market-place which had been taken from their canoes, they made a rush to the place to recover them. The natives, who were Kicree people, stood ready for them, armed with swords, daggers, and guns; and the savage Eboes finding themselves foiled in the attempt, retreated to their canoes without risking an attack, although we fully expected to have been spectators of a furious and bloody battle. The noise and uproar which this produced were dreadful, and beyond all description.

'This after all was a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as my brother and I, having unconsciously jumped into the same canoe, found ourselves in each other's company, and were thus afforded, for a short time at least, the pleasure of conversing without interruption: and he then related to me all that had happened to him since the morning. Like me he had no foresight of mischief, or apprehensions of danger, and therefore he took no means whatever of shunning the immense canoes which he perceived were approaching him with their large flags. But on the contrary these striking and uncommon appendages, to which neither of us had been accustomed, served to excite his curiosity and win his admiration rather than awaken any fear or suspicion of danger.

'The palàver not having yet concluded, we had full leisure to contemplate the scene around us. We had moored a little way from the banks of the river: in front of us was the market-place, which was crammed with people, from all parts of the neighbouring country, of different tribes, a great multitude of wild men, of ferocious aspect, and savage uncouth manners. To these belonged the choice, either of giving us life and liberty, or dooming us to slavery or death. In the latter determination their minds might be swayed by suspicion or caprice, or influenced by hatred; in the former they might be guided by the hopes of gain, or biassed by the fears of punishment,—for many of them had come from the sea-coast, and such an adventure as ours could not long remain concealed from the knowledge of our countrymen. The shore for a long way was lined with their canoes, having the colours of various European nations waving from long poles, which were fastened to the seats. Several of these had as many as three flags in each; they were all of immense size, and fringed with blue cotton (baft) cut into scollops. Besides these there were others of the strangest and most grotesque patterns, such as representations of wild beasts, men's legs, wine glasses, decanters, and things of still more whimsical shapes. Whence the barbarians procured these emblematical banners we cannot tell; but we understand that each tribe has its own peculiar flags, which are unfurled whenever they undertake any enterprise of importance. Canoes were likewise stationed near an island or sand-bank in the middle

of the river, which we considered to be neutral, as their owners did not seem to interfere with the proceedings of the day. But there happened to be among the savages a few well-dressed Mahomedan priests, who had come late to the market from the northward. These were decidedly our friends. Many times they blessed us with uplifted hands and compassionate countenances, exclaiming "*Alla Sullikee!*" (God is king!) Nor did they confine themselves to simple expressions of pity or concern; but, as we subsequently learnt, they joined the assembly, and spoke in our favour with warmth and energy, taxing those who had assaulted us with cowardice, cruelty, and wrong, and proposing to have them beheaded on the spot as a just punishment for their crime. This was bold language, but it produced a salutary effect on the minds of the hearers.

'The women and children took charge of the canoes whilst their husbands and fathers were on shore. From the former we received little presents of bananas and cocoa-nuts, which were our only food during the day, but with the latter we had little communication. Both men and women wore immensely large ivory rings on their legs and arms, which were at least an inch in thickness, and six inches in depth; and these ornaments were so heavy and inconvenient, that when the females walked, they appeared the most awkward and ungraceful creatures in the world; in fact they could not walk without producing a collision of these unweildy rings. The women's necks and bosoms were likewise decorated with strings of coral and other beads, but their dress was confined to a piece of figured cotton, encircling the waists and extending halfway down the leg.

'At about three in the afternoon we were ordered to return to the small island from whence we had come, and the setting of the sun being the signal for the council to dissolve, we were again sent for to the market. The people had been engaged in deliberation and discussion during the whole of the day, and with throbbing hearts we received their resolution in nearly the following words.—"That the king of the country being absent, they had taken upon themselves to consider the occurrence which had taken place in the morning, and to give judgment accordingly. Those of our things which had been saved from the water should be restored to us, and the person that had first commenced the attack on my brother should lose his head, as a just retribution for his offence, having acted without his chief's permission; that with regard to us, we must consider ourselves as prisoners, and consent to be conducted on the following morning to *Obie*, king of the *Eboe* country, before whom we should undergo an examination, and whose will and pleasure concerning our persons would then be explained." We received the intelligence with feelings of rapture, and with bursting hearts we offered up thanks to our Divine Creator for his singular preservation of us throughout this disastrous day.

'It was, perhaps, fortunate for us that we had no article of value which the natives were at all solicitous about; and to this circumstance, added to the envy of those who had joined in the conquest, but who had not shared the plunder, may chiefly be attributed, under Providence, the preservation of our lives. Our medicine-chest, and a trunk containing books, &c. which were all spoiled by the water, were subsequently restored to us; but our wearing apparel, Mr. Park's double-barrelled gun, the loss of which we particularly regretted, and all our muskets, swords, and pistols, with those of our men, were sunk or missing. We likewise lost the elephant's teeth

given us by the kings of Boossà and Wowow, a few natural curiosities, our compass and thermometers, my own journal, my brother's memorandum, note and sketch books, with a small part of his journal and other books which were open in the canoe, besides all our cowries and needles, so that we are left completly destitute, to the mercy of we know not whom.

'The object of the barbarians in coming so far from home was never correctly explained to us; but we have no doubt that it was from motives of plunder, which had our party been larger was to have been carried into effect on an extensive scale. But the capture of two white men, supposed to have valuable goods with them, seems to have disconcerted all their plans for the present by producing division and distrust amongst them. However it was apparent to us that all these savage warriors had left their country not only to plunder whatever might happen to fall in their way, but likewise to attend two or three markets near *Kirree*, for the purpose of trading with the natives whenever they might fancy themselves not sufficiently powerful to take away their property without fighting and bloodshed. For this purpose they were amply furnished with various commodities, such as powder, muskets, cutlasses, knives, cotton cloths, earthenware, skins of wild animals, mats, sweet potatoes, cassada root, and a very large kind of straw hat which they would exchange for slaves, ivory, yams, and palm-oil. It was evident also at Kirree that more than one party of these robbers had made several attempts at plunder, and it was equally notorious that they had been many times repulsed. Hence the dreadful screaming at the market, and the state of hurry, tumult, and alarm that prevailed therein during the whole of the day.

'In the evening, when everything was quiet, fires were kindled in all the canoes, for dressing provisions, and there being a vast number of them, the Niger was illuminated by streams of yellow light, which produced a highly romantic, but melancholy effect. It was a time fitted for adoration and thanksgiving to the beneficent Creator and Monarch of all. But alas! how few hereabouts are bending the knée to him; how few are lifting up their hearts to his mercy-seat!

'The Kirree people are a savage-looking race. They are amazingly strong and athletic, and are also well-proportioned. Their only clothing is the skin either of a leopard or tiger fastened round their waist. Their hair is plaited, and plastered with red clay in abundance, and their face is full of incisions in every part of it; these are cut into the flesh so as to produce deep furrows, each incision being about a quarter of an inch long, and dyed with indigo. It is scarcely possible to make out a feature of their face, and I have never seen Indians more disfigured. The Eboe women have handsome features, and we could not help thinking it a pity that such savage-looking fellows as the men should be blessed with so handsome a race of females. The mark of the Eboe people is the point of an arrow pricked in each temple, the end being next to the eye. We are informed that the leading man, who commanded the first canoe that attacked us in the river this morning, is confined in double irons, and condemned to die by the people who are friends at this place. It is said they have taken our treatment up with so much determination to do us justice, that if the king of Eboe, whose subject he is, refuses to put him to death,

no more of his canoes will be allowed to come to this country to trade. His wives have been crying round him and making great lamentation.

'About seven in the evening large heavy clouds ascending from the horizon, covered the stars like a shroud; a total darkness prevailed, and we were presently visited by a storm, which generally follows a very sultry day; but although it was violent, it was short. The rain descended in torrents, the wind howled through the trees, and all the fires were extinguished in a moment. Our canoe was half filled with water, and ourselves completely drenched; but notwithstanding these inconveniences and discouragements, we lay down as well as we could to sleep till morning, for nature was wearied out with a long day of anxiety and fatigue.'—vol. iii. pp. 148—156.

The sunken canoe having been got up, they bade adieu, early on the morning of the 6th of November, to this scene of 'all their sorrows,' and proceeded with renewed hopes down the river, under the convoy of six large war-canoes. The course of the Niger was now south-west, the banks for the most part being low and regular, and pretty thickly inhabited, and planted 'almost to an incredible extent' with plantains, bananas, and yams, which, in addition to fish, form the sole support of the inhabitants. These are said to be generally mild and even timorous in their manners, and upright in their dealings, though there are many amongst them of a very different character. On the 8th the voyagers arrived at a part of the Niger which opened to so great an extent on both sides that it looked like an immense lake. They were prevented from observing it with any degree of accuracy, as a thick fog filled the atmosphere, and they were moreover ordered to lie down in the canoes, the fog being imputed by the Eboe men to the fear which was entertained by the river at seeing them, for 'it had never beheld a white man before!' When the fog dispersed, however, they were able to ascertain that the Niger here has two great branches, one of which flows to the west, the other to the south-east. In fact, it would seem that from Kirree down to the sea, the whole country to the east and west of Cape Formosa is intersected by nearly a dozen rivers, which have received different names, the del Rey, the Old Castlebar, the Bonny, the New Castlebar, the Nun, the Benin, &c., all of which are either branches, or sub-branches of the Niger, thus forming a delta like that of the Nile.

Upon their arrival at Eboe town, the Landers had the happiness to learn that a Liverpool trader, the "Thomas," was lying in "the First Brass River," as a small branch is called which flows to the south-east, near Cape Formosa, and which is frequented by traders in palm-oil. From the account which they give of Eboe or Obie town, it seems to be a wealthy place, and much superior in cleanliness and architecture to other towns which they had visited. The king's costume was barbarously superb. Obie town, which is immensely large, and contains a vast population, has been for a series of years the principal slave market for native traders from the coast

between the Bonny and Old Castlebar rivers. It is celebrated also for its palm-oil, which has hitherto been purchased by our traders at the Bonny and other adjacent rivers, whither it is conveyed, as well as the slaves, by the Eboe people, who are said, perhaps unjustly, to be cannibals,. Though very impatient to see the white men, they behaved on the whole tolerably well. After a good deal of negotiation it was agreed that, as the king considered them his prisoners, they should be ransomed for a certain quantity of goods to be given him by the master of the brig "Thomas," and that they should be conducted to the Brass River, under the care of a slave dealer named "King Boy," who took upon himself the responsibility of seeing the ransom duly paid. It was with feelings of no ordinary delight, that on the 12th of November they found themselves once more upon the Niger, the course of which was still south-west. In the widest part it did not appear to be above a mile and a half across, and as they advanced it became gradually narrower, until it dwindled into an ordinary stream. On the 14th they departed from the main stream and took their course up the small branch which flows by Brass-town, and in the evening they found themselves influenced by the tide. They arrived on the 16th at Brass-town, which they describe as one of the most wretched, filthy, and contemptible places they had ever seen. Here, however, they saw a white man, the captain of a Spanish slave-schooner, whose appearance and courteous behaviour to them compensated for their other miseries. The father of "King Boy," who was called "King Forday," having exacted a tribute from the Landers, for which they were obliged to give a bill upon the master of the "Thomas," it was arranged that only one of them should go to the brig, in order to see whether the bill would be paid. Accordingly Richard Lander set out for that purpose: the result must be described in his own language.

'*Wednesday, November 17th.*—I had determined that one of our men should accompany me down the river; and at ten o'clock, having taken leave of my brother and the rest of our party, we embarked in King Boy's canoe, with a light heart and an anxious mind. Although distant about sixty miles from the mouth of the river, our journey appeared to me already completed, and all our troubles and difficulties I considered at an end. Already, in fond anticipation, I was on board of the brig, and had found a welcome reception from her commander,—had related to him all the hardships and dangers we had undergone, and had been listened to with commiseration,- already had I assured myself of his doing all he could to enable me to fulfil my engagements with these people, and thought ourselves happy in finding a vessel belonging to our own country in the river at the time of our arrival. These meditations and a train of others, about home and friends, to which they naturally led, occupied my mind, as our canoe passed through the narrow creeks, sometimes winding under avenues of mangrove-trees, and at others expanding into small lakes occasioned by the overflowing of the river. The captain of the canoe, a tall sturdy

fellow, was standing up, directing its course, occasionally hallooing, as we came to a turn in the creek, to the fetish, and where an echo was returned, half a glass of rum, and a piece of yam and fish, were thrown into the water. I had never seen this done before; and on asking Boy the reason why he was throwing away the provisions thus, he asked, "Did you not hear the fetish?" The captain of the canoe replied, "Yes." "That is for the fetish," said Boy; "if we do not feed him, and do good for him, he will kill us, or make us poor and sick." I could not help smiling at the ignorance of the poor creatures, but such is their firm belief.

'We had pursued our course in this manner, which had been principally to the west, till about three in the afternoon, when we came to a branch of the river about two hundred yards wide, and seeing a small village a short distance before us, we stopped there for the purpose of obtaining some dried fish. Having supplied our wants and proceeded on, about an hour afterwards we again stopped, that our people might eat something. Boy very kindly presented me with a large piece of yam, reserving to himself all the fish we had got at the village, and after making a hearty meal off them, he fell asleep: while he was snoring by my side, the remainder of the fish attracted my notice, and not feeling half satisfied with the yam he had given me, I felt an irresistible inclination to taste them. Conscience acquitted me on the score of hunger, and hinted, that such an opportunity should not be lost; and accordingly, I very quickly demolished two small ones. Although entirely raw, they were delicious, and I do not remember to have enjoyed anything with a better relish in all my life.

'There is scarcely a spot of dry land to be seen any where, all is covered with water and mangrove-trees. After remaining about half an hour here, we again went forward, and at seven in the evening, arrived in the Second Brass River, which is a large branch of the Quorra. We kept our course down it about due south, and half an hour afterwards, I heard the welcome sound of the surf on the beach. We still continued onwards, and at a quarter before eight in the evening, we made our canoe fast to a tree for the night, on the west bank of the river.

'*Thursday, November 18th.*—This morning I found my clothes as thoroughly wet from the effects of the dew, as if I had been lying in the river all night instead of the canoe. This was disagreeable enough, but I had gone through as bad before, and a short time I flattered myself would put an end to all such trouble. At five in the morning, we let go the rope from the tree, and took our course in a westerly direction up a creek. At seven we arrived in the main branch of the Quorra, which is called the river Nun, or the First Brass River, having entered it opposite to a large branch, which King Boy informed me runs to Benin. The direction of the riven Nun was here nearly north and south, and we kept on our course down the stream.

'About a quarter of an hour after we had entered the river Nun, we descried, at a distance before us, two vessels lying at anchor. The emotions of delight which the sight of them occasioned are quite beyond my powers of description. The nearest to us was a schooner, a Spanish slave-vessel, whose captain we had seen at Brass-town. Our canoe was quickly by her side, and I went on board. The captain received me very kindly, and in-

vited me to take some spirits and water with him. He complained sadly of the sickly state of the crew, asserting that the river was extremely unhealthy, and that he had only been in it six weeks, in which time he had lost as many men, The remainder of his crew, consisting of thirty persons, were in such a reduced state, that they were scarcely able to move, and were lying about his decks more resembling skeletons than living persons. I could do no good here, so I took my leave of the captain, and returned into the canoe.

'We now directed our course to the English brig, which was lying about three hundred yards lower down the river. Having reached her, with feelings of delight mingled with doubt, I went on board. Here I found everything in as sad a condition as I had in the schooner: four of the crew had just died of fever; four more, which completed the whole, were lying sick in their hammocks, and the captain appeared to be in the very last stage of illness. He had recovered from a severe attack of fever, and had suffered a relapse in consequence of having exposed himself too soon, which had nearly been fatal to him. I now stated to him who I was, explained my situation to him as fully as I could, and had my instructions read to him by one of his own people, that he might see I was not imposing on him. I then requested that he would redeem us by paying what had been demanded by King Boy, and assured him that, whatever he might give to him on our account, would certainly be repaid him by the British government. To my utter surprise and consternation, he flatly refused to give a single thing, and ill and weak as he was, made use of the most offensive and shameful oaths I ever heard. "If you think," said he, "that you have a —— fool to deal with, you are mistaken: I'll not give a b——y flint for your bill, I would not give a —— for it." Petrified with amazement, and horror-struck at such conduct, I shrunk from him with terror. I could scarcely believe what I had heard, till my ears were assailed by a repetition of the same. Disappointed beyond measure by such brutal conduct from one of my own countrymen, I could not have believed it possible, my feelings totally overpowered me, and I was ready to sink with grief and shame. I returned to the canoe, undetermined how to act, or what course to pursue. Never in my life did I feel such humiliation as at this moment. In our way through the country we had been treated well; we had been in the habit of making such presents as had been expected from us; and, above all, we had maintained our character among the natives, by keeping our promises. This was now no longer in my power, as my means were all expended; and when, as a last, and, as I had imagined, a certain resource, I had promised the price of our ransom should be paid by the first of our countrymen, that we might meet with, on the best of all securities, to be thus refused and dishonoured by him, would, I knew, degrade us sadly in the opinion of the natives, if it did not lessen us in our own.

'As there were no hopes that the captain of this vessel would pay any thing for us, I went on board again, and told King Boy that he must take us to Bonny, as plenty of English ships were there. "No, no," said he, dis captain no pay, Bonny captain no pay, I won't take you any further." As this would not do, I again had recourse to the captain, and implored him to do something for me, telling him that if he would let me have only

ten muskets, Boy might be content with them, when he found that he could get nothing else. The only reply I received was, "I have told you already I will not let you have even a flint, so bother me no more." "But I have a brother and eight people at Brass-town," I said to him; "and if you do not intend to pay King Boy, at least persuade him to bring them here, or else he will poison or starve my brother before I can get any assistance from a man of war, and sell all my people." The only answer I received was, "If you can get them on board, I will take them away, but as I have told you before, you do not get a flint from me." I then endeavoured to persuade Boy to go back for my people, and he should be paid some time or other. "Yes," said the captain, "make haste and bring them." Boy very naturally required some of his goods before he went, and it was with no small difficulty I prevailed on him afterwards to go without them.'—vol. iii. pp. 241—247.

The conduct of this Captain Lake was so disgraceful, and so utterly inconsistent with the character of an English sailor, that it can be accounted for only on the supposition that his moral feelings had been wholly destroyed by his habits of traffic with the natives of that part of Africa. Richard Lander repeated his efforts to persuade him to pay the promised ransom, but he might as well have addressed himself to the waves of the sea. The man appeared, in all his words and actions, a grosser savage than even the most ferocious of the Obies. King Boy, though disappointed, and having reason to consider himself ill treated, appears to advantage, compared with such a monster as Lake. Upon his return to Brass-town, he thus vented his rage against John Lander:

'We heard King Boy quarrelling with his women, and afterwards walking through their apartments towards ours, muttering as he went along. He entered it, and stood still. I was reposing, as I usually do for the greater part of the day, upon a mat which is placed on the seat of wet clay; but on perceiving him, I lifted my head without arising, and reclined it on my hand. He looked fixedly upon me, and I returned his glance with the same unshrinking steadfastness. But his dark eye was flashing with anger; whilst his upturned lip, which exposed his white teeth, quivered with passion. No face in the world could convey more forcibly to the mind the feeling of contempt and bitter scorn, than the distorted one before me. It was dreadfully expressive. Drawing up the left angle of his mouth on a parallel with his eyes, he broke silence with a sneering, long-drawn "Eh!" and, almost choked with rage, he cursed me; and in a tone and manner, which it is infinitely out of my power to describe, he spoke to the following effect:—"You are thief man; English captain no will! You assured me, when I took you from the Eboe country, that he would be overjoyed to see me, and give me plenty of beef and rum; I received from him neither the one, nor the other. Eh! English captain no will. I gave a quantity of goods to free you from the slavery of Obie; I took you into my own canoe; you were hungry, and I gave you yam and fish; you were almost naked; I was sorry to see you so, because you were white men and strangers; and I gave each of you a red cap and a silk handkerchief. But you are no good—you are thief man. Eh! English captain no will; he no will. You also told me that your countrymen

would do this, (taking off his cap and flourishing it in circles over his head,) and cry Hurra, hurra, on receiving me on board their vessel: you promised my wife a necklace, and my father four bars. But Eh! English captain no will: he tell me he no will; yes I will satisfy your hunger with plenty more of my fish and yams; and your thirst will I quench with rum and palm-wine. Eh! you thief man, you are no good; English captain no will!" He then stamped on the ground, and gnashing at me with his teeth like a dog, he cursed me again and again.'—vol. iii. pp. 260—262.

The two brothers were now, in the very moment of their triumphant discovery, in a situation far from being enviable. John was obliged to send away the Damuggoo people, who had attended and protected them, without the reward which had been promised for their services, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could prevail on Boy to take him to the "Thomas," which he reached on the 24th of November, but all his entreaties, added to those of his brother, were insufficient to induce Lake to give the slightest compensation to King Boy, and the "Thomas" having got under way, dropped down the river with the two Landers on board. It is satisfactory, however, to know that steps have been since taken by the government to set right our national character with King Boy, as well as the other people, to whose services the Landers had been indebted for their safety, as well as for the successful execution of their undertaking.

There is a most dangerous bar at the mouth of the Niger; 'it extends across the river in the form of a crescent, leaving a very narrow and shallow entrance for vessels in the middle, which is generally concealed by the surf and foam of the adjacent breakers.' The "Thomas" was several times upon the verge of destruction in endeavouring to pass it; the sea raged in mountainous waves, and the brig must have perished, had not a fine sea-breeze set in at a moment when every man on board had made up his mind for the worst. Hence the mouth of the river has been but little frequented, only five English vessels having been known to come to it, two of which are said to have been lost on the bar. The brothers having been landed at Fernando Po, by Lake, they subsequently found their way in another vessel to Rio Janeiro, whence they returned to England. It seems that Lake has had a most unfortunate fate. After leaving Fernando Po, he was captured by a pirate, and not having since been heard of, it is supposed that he and all his crew were murdered, and the "Thomas" sunk, after being plundered of every thing valuable on board.

ART. III.—*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les deux premieres assemblées Legislatures.* Par Etienne Dumont, de Geneve. 8vo. pp. 342. Londres: Bull. 1832.

FEW of our readers are unacquainted with the name of Dumont. He was the bosom friend of the late much lamented Sir Samuel

Romilly, and, if we rightly recollect, gave evidence on the inquest as to the state of mind under which that great man laboured during the latter days of his existence. But perhaps the name of the Genevese philosopher is still more familiar to us as the translator of Mr. Bentham's works into French, and, what was infinitely more difficult, into an intelligible form of phraseology. He was originally a preacher in his native city, whence, on account of the political troubles by which it was then agitated, he took his departure in 1783. After spending some time in Russia, he came to London, where he was engaged by Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, as preceptor to his children. At the house of that nobleman he became acquainted with most of the celebrated men of the day, Sheridan, Fox, Sir Samuel Romilly, and others. To know him was to esteem him. He was a man well-informed, and equally distinguished for the solidity of his judgment, the purity of his taste, and the excellence of his character.

It was through Sir Samuel Romilly, with whom he first went to Paris, that he knew Mirabeau. The results of that acquaintance will be found in the volume before us, one of the most philosophical, and at the same time one of the most authentic and interesting memoirs that have yet been published upon the events of the French revolution. Dumont was admitted behind the scenes during the earlier acts of that grand drama; he was thus enabled to explain the motives by which many of the actors were governed, and to point out the sources of the most important errors by which it was characterised. He shews us the men in their private societies and committees, displays the puerility of many of their discussions and propositions, throws much new light upon intrigues of the court, which have hitherto been imperfectly traced, and affords some most valuable materials for the historian of the States General and the National Assembly. There is throughout his work an air of sincerity, simplicity, and truth, which induces us at once to accept his testimony without question. He was moreover an impartial observer of the events which he relates. Being a foreigner, he took no personal share in those transactions, although from his peculiar position, he was as intimately conversant with many of the most important of those transactions as any man then living.

He informs us that it was the revolution of Geneva which occasioned, in 1789, his journey to Paris. He went thither, accompanied by Duroverai, who had been previously Procureur General of Geneva, their principal object being to avail themselves of M. Necker's return to the ministry, in order to gain entire liberty for their country, by removing the guarantee which hitherto had prevented it from making laws without the approbation of the guaranteeing powers. He had already spent the August and September of the previous year at Paris with his friend, Sir Samuel Romilly, who had been acquainted with Mirabeau in London. The reputation of the latter was at that period at the lowest possible ebb. His

immoral character was so notorious, that Sir Samuel, who had known him some years before in England, was ashamed to renew their intercourse, and studiously refrained from visiting him. But Mirabeau was not wedded to etiquette. Having learned where Sir Samuel lodged, he called upon him, and was received by Dumont. He talked of Geneva, of the interest he felt in its fate, of the number of distinguished men whom it had produced, and expressed the delight he should feel in breaking the chains which the revolution had imposed. He remained two hours; they passed as a minute: Dumont was enchanted with the manner of Mirabeau, and above all flattered by the sympathy which he felt for Geneva, and he promised to dine the same day with his new acquaintance. Sir Samuel was at home all the time, but he had given orders to be denied. He overheard the whole of the conversation, and, without recognizing the voice of Mirabeau, he too was charmed with his eloquence, and with the topics which he treated so well; for Sir Samuel was also a Genevese. Mirabeau came soon after, and took them both away in his carriage to dine with him!

Such was the origin of Dumont's intimacy with Mirabeau. They saw each other frequently; and so completely did the latter surmount Sir Samuel's prejudices, that they became more intimate than ever. It being the summer time, they often took excursions into the country, to the Bois de Bologne, Saint Cloud, or Vincennes, where they dined together; at Vincennes, Mirabeau shewed them the dungeon in which he had been confined for three years. He completely fascinated them by his attentions. He was what is called a pleasant companion, in the fullest sense of that term, obliging, full of spirits, and it was impossible not to be on familiar terms with him. He told them they must call him by his name, Mirabeau, although he was at bottom fond of his title of Count, and vain of his nobility.

When Mirabeau was in London (1784) he was very poor, and laboured in the precarious paths of literature for his bread. Even then he indicated strongly that trait in his character by which he was in after-life so much distinguished; namely, the faculty which he possessed of appropriating to his own use the labours of others. He had at that time many works on hand, the outlines of which he had collected in his portfolio. He became acquainted with an eminent geographer, and forthwith devised a plan for a Universal Geography. 'If any body,' says Dumont, 'had given him the elements of a Chinese grammar, he would have forthwith written a treatise upon that language. He studied his subject while composing his work; he only wanted some *collaborateur* to furnish him with the materials; he knew how to employ twenty other persons in making notes and additions, and he would have undertaken an Encyclopædia, if any body had paid him for such an enterprise!'

The activity of Mirabeau was prodigious. He had the happy art of bringing into the light talents which lay in obscurity, and to

attach to him those from whom he could derive any assistance. In conversation he lost nothing. The thoughts expressed by his friends, their reflections, the results of their studies, he turned to his purpose with so much cleverness, that they seemed, when dressed out in his language, to be the produce of his own mind and industry. While he was at Berlin, where he remained only a few months, he collected in this way the materials for eight volumes, in which he embraced everything that was connected with the administration of the kingdom. All this he was enabled to do by putting into requisition the talents of an officer, who was unknown to his own government. The Prussian ministers were astonished to find that a man who had only just arrived in the country should have undertaken such an enterprise, and have actually furnished them with more information than all their departments put together were possessed of. Such was Mirabeau's literary system; his fame as a writer chiefly depended, at the time when Dumont first became acquainted with him, upon his Treatise on the Bank of St. Charles, his Denunciation of Stock Jobbing, his Considerations on the Order of Cincinnatus, and his Lettres de Cachet. But 'if all those,' says Dumont, 'who had contributed to these works had claimed their share of them, there would have remained nothing to Mirabeau beyond the mere arrangement, a few bold traits, biting epigrams, and some bursts of masculine eloquence, which, however, would not be considered legitimate by the French Academy.'

For his financial writings, Mirabeau, it seems, was indebted to Claviere or to Panchaud. De Bourgeres was the real author of his Address to the Batavians, and its success having gained great distinction for Mirabeau, De Bourgeres was furiously angry to find himself sacrificed to the glory of another. Mirabeau did not at all deny the debt; but his fame was already so well established, that even his coadjutors could not, by revealing the assistance they had given him, diminish the reputation which they had contributed to make. He conceived that he had the right to consider all their writings as his own, because he presided at the execution of them, and but for him they would never have been published.

Among those of his acquaintances whom Mirabeau introduced to Dumont, was M. Dupont, the editor of the Ephemerides du Citoyen, an intimate friend of the celebrated Turgot, and one of the numerous economists with whom Paris then abounded. They found him one morning writing an elaborate treatise on *hides*, of which he compelled them to hear him read eight tremendously tiresome chapters, with which he said they would be as much amused as with a romance. He compensated them, however, for this sacrifice of their attention, by telling them several anecdotes of the assembly of Notables, of which he had been secretary. One of them particularly dwelt on Dumont's memory. A discussion was on foot about tithes. "The tithes," said the Archbishop of Aix, in a melancholy tone, "that voluntary offering of the piety of the

faithful." "The tithes," rejoined the Duke de la Rochefaucauld, in a tone of simplicity and modesty which made his remark the more piquant, "The tithes, that voluntary offering of the piety of the faithful, for the recovery of which there exist, at this moment, forty thousand suits throughout the kingdom."

During the two months which Dumont spent with Sir Samuel Romilly at Paris, they went to visit the Salpetriere and the Bicetre. The former, a prison, they found the school of every crime; and the latter, an hospital, they found the hot-bed of every disease. Sir Samuel was shocked with the sights which he witnessed in those two establishments, and described them in his feeling and energetic language, in a letter which he addressed to a friend. Dumont mentioned it to Mirabeau, who forthwith translated it into French, added to it an appendix, consisting of a translation of an anonymous tract on the Administration of the Penal Laws in England; and thus he formed, in a day or two, a little volume, which was published under his name with great success.

Some of Mirabeau's friends were men by no means of good character, on the score of morality: others, however, were persons whose names are not yet forgotten, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, for instance, M. de Malesherbes, M. de Lafayette, M. Jefferson, the American Minister, Mallet du Pan, and the Abbé Morellet. Their conversation at this period was in the highest degree interesting, turning principally on the approaching convocation of the States General, upon important questions relating to public liberty, and the approach of a crisis which was likely to produce a decisive influence on the destinies of the country. These and a variety of other political topics had been already generally discussed in the private circles in Paris, and had produced a general feeling of alarm which, though as yet muttering lowly and indistinctly, was prophetic of the coming storm. Men's minds were directed to the future, which they saw and shaped according to their hopes or fears.

'These two months,' says the author, 'of my sojourn at Paris, were so well filled up, so varied was our society, so fully occupied was every hour of our time from morning to night, so interesting was every object, so changeable each scene, that I lived more in this short interval than in the whole year. I owed, for the most part, the kind attention with which we were treated to my friend and companion, Romilly; I was under his auspices; it was he who was sought, but I was by no means neglected. I was proud of his deserts, and when I saw him so universally courted and esteemed, I derived happiness, as his friend, from the reputation which, without being conscious of it, he enjoyed. I hardly know how we were able to get through all we did in so short a time. Romilly, always tranquil and collected, was incessantly engaged; he husbanded his minutes; he gave up his whole mind to whatever he was doing, and, like the hand of a watch, he never stopped, although his regular movement almost escaped the eye.

'I have seen him overburthened with business in a most laborious pro-

fession; and although one of the lawyers in greatest practice, he found leisure to read the most important new works that appeared, to revert frequently to the classics, to see a good deal of society, and yet he never appeared to be fatigued. Economy of time is a virtue which I have never acquired; my days pass away without leaving any trace behind them. He gave me an example by his industry, and shewed me an art of which I have not known how to profit.

'Upon our departure, Mirabeau accompanied us as far as Chantilly, where we spent a very agreeable day, making plans for seeing each other again, and for establishing a correspondence which never took place. He was then full of the projected meeting of the States General, he foresaw the difficulties of its election; but he already aspired to be one of the representatives of the *tiers-état*, apparently actuated by a presentiment that he would play a distinguished part in that assembly, and that his nobility even would add a novel merit to his popular principles. I shall here give a proof of his literary industry, I might almost say of his avarice, in gleaning together small profits in this way. He sent me a detailed list of subjects, on which we had occasionally conversed, and on some of which we entertained opposite sentiments: it was entitled, "List of articles which Dumont engages, on the faith of friendship, to treat conscientiously, and to send to Mirabeau in a very short time after his return to London;" for example, different anecdotes of his sojourn in Russia, biographical sketches of celebrated Genevese, reflections on national education, &c. Altogether they amounted to eighteen; it was a proof of his attention and memory. He wished to form a depôt of materials of this description, and to work upon them at his leisure; he would have desired nothing better than to be a bureau for communications from every part of the world. He was all things to all men, and if he was not virtuous himself, he had at least a decided taste for many individuals whose rigorous principles and manners were in every respect the contrast of his own. It was his way to avow frankly the errors and passions of his youth, to express his regret for the follies he had committed, and to declare, that for the future he hoped to redeem his faults by employing his talents as usefully as possible, and by devoting himself to the cause of humanity and liberty, without allowing any personal interest to divert him from his course. He had preserved, even through all his irregularities, an indescribable elevation and dignity of mind, and a certain energy of character which distinguished him from all those disfigured men, those walking shadows, whom we met in Paris; one was tempted to find an excuse for him in the circumstances in which he was placed, and to believe that his virtues were his own, but that his vices were the result of example. I have known no man more jealous of the esteem of those whom he esteemed himself, and who could be led farther by a sense of honour; but, as the sequel will shew, he wanted uniformity and firmness; his mind went forward by leaps and bounds, it was the slave of many masters; he had terrible passions: inflamed by pride, and devoured by jealousy, he committed errors without giving them a thought, and scarcely knew what he did.'—pp. 17—20.

Upon Dumont's second visit to Paris (1789), he was accompanied, as he has already said, by Duroverai. They obtained an audience of M. Necker, but as the arrangements which he contemplated would necessarily require more time than he had fore-

seen, he went for some weeks to Surene, a country house belonging to Claviere, where he drew up his "Address to the citizens of Geneva." This was his first political production: he was assisted on the occasion by Claviere, Duroviere, and Reybaz: the latter corrected his style; the address was well received by his countrymen. Several persons who played distinguished parts in the French revolution, were in the habit of assembling at Claviere's house—among them, Mirabeau and Brissot were the most remarkable. Sometimes these meetings, or committees, as they were called, were held at Brissot's. They were frequently employed in drawing up declarations of right, and principles of operation for the States General. Dumont was simply a spectator on these occasions, and often went away 'with a mortal disgust for the babble of these talkers.' Nevertheless he found himself in Paris at a time when great changes were expected. His curiosity to know what was going on, led him wherever there was any thing to be heard or seen. He entertained sanguine hopes of the future. His republican education and the notions which he had acquired in England, had created in his mind strong prejudices against the French, whom he looked upon as the most frivolous of nations; but they now appeared under a new and striking aspect, they were men aspiring to freedom, and they consequently called forth all his sympathies in favour of liberty. At these committees he took no part, his delicacy as a stranger would have prevented him from mixing in the debate, even if he had not been restrained by a natural timidity. Though attentive to the discussions in which he felt at the time a lively interest, he remembered nothing of them except that they were a chaos of confused opinions; the only predominant idea was hostility to the court and the aristocracy. Necker was the divinity of the day. Sieyes was little known, although he had by his writings formed the elements of a party. Those who were inclined to foresee a civil war, looked upon Lafayette as a man who would be ambitious to become the Washington of France. The following piquant anecdote is too characteristic of the nation to be passed over.

'At one of these assemblies which was held at Brissot's, the committee were engaged in deciding on the subjects of the articles which were to be inserted in the small newspapers of Paris. In the midst of a multitude of propositions, we were astonished to hear Palissot insisting on the necessity of an express article on *the right of representation*. We, Genevese, entertained no doubt that by that phrase he understood the right of making representations to the government. He added, soon after, that this essential right, this public right, one of the most valuable branches of liberty, was, at that moment, violated by the government in the most open manner, for that M. Chenier was refused permission to play his tragedy of Charles IX. Such was the nature of the right of representation claimed by M. Palissot! We smiled with contempt, and some one, whispering in my ear, said, "You see how, with the French, the theatre is the end of all things."'—p. 26.

The body of the nation at this time looked forward to the States General as the instrument by which the taxes would be reduced: those who had money in the funds expected to find in that assembly a barrier against national bankruptcy. Amongst the decided classes there were many contrarieties of opinion; the nobility had in its bosom an aristocracy and a democracy, the clergy the same, the *tiers-état* the same. Hence the ideas of all parties were so confused, their imaginations so wild, their notions of popular principles so ludicrous, their apprehensions, their hopes, their passions so extravagant, that no pen could describe them. Lauraguais justly said of them, that they wanted to see a world the day after its creation. At the sectional assemblies for the nomination of electors, although the right of voting belonged only to the inhabitants, everybody decently dressed was allowed to exercise the franchise. No lists of candidates were allowed to be formed; the elections were in consequence protracted, and difficult beyond measure. When the electors were at length nominated, their proceedings in choosing the deputies, were, if possible, still more tedious; and owing to this circumstance arising out of the optimism of the day, the States General had assembled at Versailles several days before the deputies for Paris had been elected. The Abbé Sieyes was the last deputy chosen, and it is believed the only ecclesiastic nominated by the *tiers-état*. Thus the very man who gave an impulse to the States General, and who had the greatest influence on their formation, was very near having no seat in that assembly.

It was a terrible blunder in the ministry not to have decided beforehand, whether the states were to sit separately or together. By leaving this question open, and to be settled by the States themselves, a channel was at once made for all the bad passions of individuals of every rank. The disputes that followed on this point, inflamed the prejudices of the different orders against each other, and the authority of the king became the prey of them all. The aristocracy and the clergy were next successively vanquished, and the *tiers-état* resolved itself into the National Assembly. The author directs the attention of the historian of the revolution to this period, as the most important to him who would desire to trace, as from the fountain head, some of the most disastrous events which marked that great national change. His picture of the assembly is curious.

'When I entered the hall of the States General, there was no subject under their deliberation, nor any kind of order whatever. The deputies were wholly unknown to each other; they began, however, to be acquainted by degrees. During their proceedings, they took their places any where, chose the oldest among them to preside at their sittings, and spent their whole time in discussing trifling incidents, listening to news; and, the provincial deputies, in making themselves acquainted with Versailles.

'The hall was constantly full of visitors who went every where and even

took possession of the benches of the deputies, without any jealousy on the part of the latter, or claims of privilege. It is true that, not being yet constituted, they considered themselves rather as members of a club than of a body politic.'—pp. 36, 37.

Mirabeau, upon his first appearance in the States General, was very badly received; when his name was read from the list of deputies it was hooted from all quarters. He had been elected both for Marseilles and Aix, but took his seat for Aix, as he feared from the irregularities which had taken place, his return for Marseilles would be cancelled. He rose to speak several times, but the murmurs of the assembly prevented him from proceeding. He lampooned the States General first in an anonymous journal, and next openly in his "Letters to his Constituents." He was vexed, and gave way to his anger in the most sarcastic terms. Dumont remonstrated against this course, and advised him to change it, otherwise he would have no chance of ever succeeding.

'I told him plainly,' he relates, in language that breathes at once the spirit of anxious friendship and mild wisdom, 'that his *début* had offended every one; that nothing was more dangerous than for a deputy who, like him, might aspire to the first rank in the assembly, to write a journal; that to censure the body to which he belonged, was not the way to become a favourite with its members; that if, like me, he had lived in a republic, and seen the concealed springs of party intrigue, he would not so readily yield to discouragement; that he should quietly suffer all the half-talents, and half-reputations, to pass before him; that they would destroy themselves, and in the end, each individual would be placed according to his specific gravity; that he was on the greatest theatre in the world; that he could not attain to eminence, except through the assembly; that the slight mortification he had undergone, will be more than compensated by a single successful day; and that if he were desirous of obtaining a permanent ascendancy, he must follow a new system. This long conversation, which took place in the garden of Trianon, had an excellent effect. Mirabeau, feelingly alive to the voice of friendship, softened by degrees, and at length admitted that he was wrong. Soon after, he showed me a letter to his constituents, which he was about to publish. We read it together; it was less bitter than former ones, but was still too much so. We spent a couple of hours in remodelling it, and entirely changing its tone. He even consented, though with repugnance, to praise certain deputies, and represent the assembly in a respectable light. We then agreed that he should not attempt to speak until some extraordinary occasion shall offer.'—pp. 40—42.

From this time, Mirabeau was accustomed to consult frequently with Dumont, and his friend Duroverai. The latter proposed a coalition between Mirabeau and Necker, and for some time both parties seem to have entertained the idea, especially as soon as the talents of the former became conspicuous, and his influence in the States General was on the increase. He was promised the embassy to Constantinople after the dissolution of the assembly; but although his ambition soon after aspired to something higher, yet

the prospect of this mission flattered him much at the time. 'He wanted to have me appointed secretary,' says Dumont, 'and was already meditating the plan of an Ottoman Encyclopædia!'

Mirabeau's first decided success in the States General was quite accidental. The circumstances attending it are worth relating.

'Duroverai was seated in the hall of the assembly, with some deputies of his acquaintance. He had occasion to pass to Mirabeau, a note written with a pencil. M...., who was already one of the most formidable declaimers of the assembly, saw this, and asked the member next him, who that stranger was, that was passing notes and interfering with their proceedings. The answer he received was a stimulus to his zeal. He rose, and in a voice of thunder, stated, that a foreigner, banished from his native country, and residing in England, from whose government he received a pension, was seated among them, assisting at their debates, and transmitting notes and observations to the deputies of their assembly. The agitation on every side of the hall, which succeeded this denunciation, would have appeared to me less sinister, had it been the forerunner of an earthquake. Confused cries were heard of, "Who is he?"—"Where is he?"—"Let him be pointed out!" Fifty members spoke at once; but Mirabeau's powerful voice soon obtained silence. He declared that he would himself point out the foreigner, and denounce him to the assembly. "This exile," said he, "in the pay of England, is M. Duroverai, of Geneva; and know, that this respectable man, whom you have so wantonly insulted, is a martyr to liberty; that as attorney-general of the republic of Geneva, he incurred the indignation of our visirs, by his zealous defence of his fellow citizens; that a *lettre de cachet*, issued by M. de Vergennes, deprived him of the office he had but too honourably filled; and when his native city was brought under the yoke of the aristocracy, he obtained the honors of exile. Know further, that the crime of this enlightened and virtuous citizen, consisted in having prepared a code of laws, in which he had abolished odious privileges.

'The impression produced by this speech, of which the above is only an abstract, was electrical. It was succeeded by a universal burst of applause. Nothing that resembled this force and dignity of elocution had ever been heard before in the tumultuous assembly of the *tiers-état*. Mirabeau was deeply moved at this first success. Duroverai was immediately surrounded by deputies who, by their kind attentions, endeavoured to atone for the insult they had offered him.'—pp. 45—49.

Dumont draws an amiable, and we doubt not an accurate, character of the celebrated Abbé Sieyes, who was in the assembly of the States the acknowledged leader of the *tiers-état*. When the Abbé, was after the emigration, living in a village in Germany, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had known him at Spa, sent him anonymously, through Dumont, a letter of credit for one hundred pounds. The good Abbé at first declined accepting it, declaring himself unable to discharge such a debt; nor were his scruples removed until he knew the name of his benefactor, as he would not be exempted at all events from the debt of gratitude.

It was chiefly through the influence of this Abbé that the *tiers-*

état resolved itself into the "National Assembly." The question had been already discussed in Mirabeau's private committee, as we may call it, consisting of Duroverai, Dumont, and one or two others. They were of opinion that the commons ought to be separated from the two other orders, after the plan of the British constitution; but they found it extremely difficult to persuade Mirabeau to adopt and support their sentiments. The popular inclination then was for only one assembly, and Mirabeau was afraid to risk his influence by opposing the general wishes. He, however, made a proposition to that effect, which he introduced in rather a feeble manner. It was eagerly caught at by the court party, and was, chiefly for that reason, violently denounced by the democrats. Dumont and Duroverai came to his aid. One wrote a refutation of the arguments that were urged against the proposition; the other furnished him with an exordium and a peroration, and the speech thus made up, Mirabeau delivered as his own of course. He was heard throughout the argumentative part with alternate murmurs and applause; 'but the peroration,' says Dumont, 'which he delivered in a voice of thunder, and which was heard with a species of terror, produced an extraordinary effect. It was succeeded, not by cries, but by convulsions of rage. The agitation was general, and a storm of invectives burst upon the speaker, from all parts of the hall.' Such was the effect of this occurrence upon his mind, that when the question was put, he did not stay to vote, and thus it happened that his name was not one of the minority of eighty, who voted against the title of "National Assembly," and who were denounced as traitors to the people.

To the historian of France, the whole of this part of Dumont's work will be highly interesting and useful. He suggests that the king, if he had been well advised, might at this crisis have saved, or at least deferred the fall of, the monarchy: by annulling the decree of the commons, he left the other question undecided. The royal authority was easily overthrown in the contest which followed. The scene is described by a master-hand.

'The measures attendant upon the royal session were as badly combined as if they had related to the acts of unruly school-boys. The hall of the states-general was closed for three or four days. A display of soldiers imparted to this measure the appearance of violence. The deputies, driven from their hall at the point of the bayonet, met in the famous *Jeu-de-Paume*, or Tennis-court, where they swore never to separate until they had obtained a constitution.

'Even the eighty members forming the minority who had opposed the decree, took this oath; for being ignorant of what was going on, they imagined that the King was about to dissolve the states-general; and Mirabeau, then labouring under the same mistake, spoke so energetically against such dissolution, that even his greatest enemies began to look upon him as a giant, whose strength in the present crisis of affairs, had become necessary to them. This scene,—where fear was masked by an appearance of bold determination—where the most timid became the most violent—

must have been witnessed to convey an adequate conception of the evils it produced in the course of the revolution. The alarmed deputies were for ever alienated from the King's government; the oath was a tie of honour, and from that day, the deputies of the *tiers-état* were confederated against the royal authority. This appearance of persecution redoubled the popularity of the commons, and the Parisians were alarmed at their danger.—The Palais-Royal was a scene of absolute frenzy; and dark rumours seemed to menace the lives of some of the most distinguished individuals at court. In a hazy horizon, objects cannot be seen as they really are. The alarmed populace became suspicious and active, nor could any subsequent conciliatory measures of the court, restore the public confidence. Such was the true origin of that burning excitement so carefully kept alive by two classes of men, the factious and the timid.

'The day after the meeting at the *Jeu-de-Paume*, the deputies, still excluded from their hall, in which preparations were being made for the King's sitting, presented themselves at the door of several churches, but were not admitted. The sight of the representatives of the nation thus seeking an asylum and finding none, increased the popular discontent.—At length they entered the church of St. Louis, where a doubtful majority of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Vienne, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and the Bishop of Chartres, joined the deputies of the *tiers-état* amid transports, which the approaching danger rendered sincere. Greetings, applauses, pathetic speeches, and even tears, announced that all were united heart and hand against a common peril; and the conduct of the clergy, on this occasion, was the more meritorious because it was voluntary. Who would have anticipated, at this period, that very shortly after, an ecclesiastic would be unable to appear in public without suffering the most degrading insults!

'On the day of the royal session, I went to the palace to witness the splendid pageant. I well remember the hostile and triumphant looks of many individuals, in their way to the chateau. They thought their victory sure. I saw the King's ministers, whose emotions, though they affected unconcern, was but too apparent. The attitude of the Count d'Artois was haughty; the King seemed pensive and sad. The crowd was great, and the silence profound. When the King got into his carriage, there were rolling of drums and flourishes of trumpets, but not a sign of approbation from the people, and fear alone prevented an explosion of popular discontent. At length the vast procession began to move. The royal household and its officers, the guards, infantry and cavalry, proceeded towards the hall of the states-general, in which the three orders assembled were defying each other with looks of mute indignation, and impatiently awaiting the result of this important day. Never had passions so violent and so diametrically opposed to each other, been before pent up in so small a space. The ceremony was precisely the same as on the opening of the states-general, but what a difference was there in the feelings of the assembly! The day of the first ceremony was a national festival,—the regeneration of political freedom; but now, the same pomp which had delighted every eye, was covered with a veil of terror. The sumptuous dresses of the nobles, the magnificence of regal state, and the splendour of royal pageantry, seemed the accompaniment of a funeral procession.'—pp. 73—77.

When the royal message was delivered to the *tiers-état* to sepa-

rate, Mirabeau answered in words that formed an epoch in the revolution :—"Go, tell your master, that we are here by the power of the people, and nothing but the force of bayonets shall drive us hence!" The king's decree was then annulled in turn, and the commons became triumphant. Mirabeau was already the most powerful leader in the assembly. His reputation rose to its height in consequence of his famous speech upon the removal of the troops. It is curious to learn from Dumont that this speech was a sort of abstract of every thing that had been said upon the subject in their private conversations. 'I wrote it,' he adds with his characteristic simplicity, 'and Duroverai drew up the resolutions containing the proposed measure.' Nor was this all. The address to the king by which the resolutions were followed, and which has hitherto been attributed to the pen of Mirabeau, was also Dumont's production. 'Animated by the success of the speech, and full of the subject, encouraged, moreover, by the flattery and affectionate caresses of Mirabeau, whom the applause of the assembly had filled with delight, I wrote with great ease and rapidity, in the interval between one sitting and another, the address to the king.' The matter had been delegated to a committee, who had requested Mirabeau to undertake it, and he imposed the task on Dumont. The best of the thing is, that Mirabeau looked upon these, and several other similar writings penned by Dumont, as his own the moment he adopted them. 'He would then,' says the author, 'have defended them even against me; more than that—he would have allowed me to admire them as an act of esteem and friendship for himself.' Though Dumont and Duroverai kept secret the assistance which they rendered to Mirabeau, yet they were suspected of being his writers. Dumont's delicacy was much hurt by seeing himself as thus designated in the "Acts of the Apostles" and other pamphlets of the day, and he therefore no longer had the same pleasure in working for his friend. He wrote, however, as usual, in conjunction with Duroverai, to either of whom belong all Mirabeau's letters to his constituents after the eleventh. The whole three next engaged in a journal, called "Le Courrier de Provence," which was published by Le Jay, the bookseller. The profits were to be divided between Mirabeau, Duroverai, Dumont, and Le Jay, to whom, or rather to whose wife, Mirabeau was under more than ordinary obligations. Duroverai and Dumont were to report the debates of the assembly, and Mirabeau to supply leading articles. The account of this project and its failure is amusing.

'So many subscribers appeared, that we all fancied our fortunes made. In a few days, our list contained more than three thousand names. Orders from the provinces were large in proportion. If Le Jay had been a man of business, or if his wife, who managed everything, had shown a little order and probity, they would have acquired a rapid fortune; for they had a considerable allowance for printing and commission. They had, besides, their fourth part of the net profits, and Mirabeau had given up his share to them

also; but their impropriety of conduct and rapacity ruined the undertaking. Being entirely occupied in writing the articles, and residing, moreover, at Versailles, we were obliged to trust wholly to their integrity. The subscribers were continually making complaints; and those in the provinces were so neglected that they were sometimes a whole month without receiving any paper. For Le Jay had often not money enough to pay for the carriage of the papers by the diligence. The parcels were delayed, and the country booksellers complained without obtaining redress. The printer at Paris, refused to print when his payments were behind hand, and Mirabeau was often obliged to make advances to keep the thing going. When, at the expiration of four months, we called for an account, there was none forthcoming. Madame le Jay concealed her books. She had furnished her house and stocked her shop with the money received, and her small pamphlet stall had been converted into a splendid bookseller's shop; in short all her establishment announced opulence; but having appropriated to herself the amount of the subscriptions, she would come to no settlement. I left it to Duroverai to settle this business, for litigation did not accord with my habits. Money matters interested me very little, and I understood them not. Mirabeau was placed between two fires. He was irritated at Madame le Jay's dishonesty, and said to her one day in my presence, "Madame le Jay, if probity did not exist, it should be invented as a means of growing rich." But Madame le Jay had other means of obtaining the victory, and Mirabeau's *liaison* with this artful and determined female permitted him not to make too much noise. She was in possession of all his secrets; knew too many anecdotes about him; and was too dangerous and too fond of mischief for him to think of a rupture, although he was tired of her, and in the high sphere in which he was moving, often felt that such a connection degraded him. This is the only time, during the whole course of my life, that I was ever involved in a dispute relative to money matters, and had an opportunity of closely observing the manœuvres of fraud and the passion of cupidity. Le Jay was a fool who promised every thing; but he trembled like a child before his wife. Mirabeau, ashamed of our disappointment, swore that the national assembly was easier to govern than a woman who had made up her mind. But violence is always overcome by *sang-froid*. She replied to his reproaches with the most piquant raillery. "All the bar," said he, "would grow grey before they could convince her. I defy the most artful lawyer to find the subtelties which she invents." As it was impossible to recover our money by a law-suit, we came to a determination of ceasing our contributions to the journal. This disconcerted her at first; but she thought she could easily induce me to go on again, and undertook it in a conversation full of artifice. Without anger, and without even alluding to the subject of our quarrel, I drily told her that I would never separate from Duroverai. "Very well," replied she, "do as you please. I am sorry for it; but there are other writers in this great city besides you, and I have already received advances from several." On leaving me, she applied to all the literary men she knew, and proposed her journal; for in her own opinion it was as much her property as any estate she might have purchased; and she had considered Duroverai and me merely as two labourers in her hire. After many fruitless attempts, she at length got two individuals to undertake it; one of whom was M. Guirandez, a man of talent and learning, whom I had met at Mirabeau's. Such a proceeding,

more than uncivil and which surprised me much, met with its just reward; for had these gentlemen possessed more talent than really belonged to them, they had not been in the practice of attending the national assembly, were unable to designate individuals, and having no communication with any of the deputies, through whom alone they could have ascertained what was going on behind the scenes, they gave nothing but long and tame extracts from speeches, without being able to afford any interesting information.—Mirabeau was furious at the abuse of his name, and wanted to insert notices in all the public prints.

'Complaints to Madame le Jay poured in from all quarters. Guirandez and his colleague, ashamed of their conduct and still more at their want of success,—overwhelmed, moreover, with reproaches from Mirabeau,—repented of what they had done; and without coming to any settlement with Madame le Jay, about the past, we entered into a new arrangement for the future.

'The composition of this journal became a source of amusement to us. Duroverai and I undertook the alternate sittings of the assembly. A few words written in pencil, sufficed to call to our recollection the arguments of a speech and the order of a debate. We never intended to give all the idle prating in the tribune. As most of the important speeches were written, Mirabeau took care to ask for them for us, and many deputies sent them as from themselves. The most diffuse sometimes complained of our reducing their dropsical and turgescent productions.

'Though few were satisfied, yet Mirabeau received thanks which he did not fail to transmit us. "The provincials must think," said Chapelier to him, "that we speak like oracles, when we are read stripped of our verbiage and nonsense."

'Our principal care in important discussions, was to omit no argument advanced by either party. It was an impartial *exposé* of the case. Even Mirabeau, although his extravagances were palliated, obtained no flattery. Barring a few innocent pleasantries, which served to amuse our readers, we never indulged in personalities, and, except in a few particular cases, Mirabeau himself felt that the greatest service we could render him was never to lend ourselves to the vengeance of his self-love. Sieyes complained bitterly of some criticisms upon his "Rights of Man," and upon his "Principles of Constitutions." "Do not make me quarrel with that man," said Mirabeau, "for his vanity is implacable."

'I have lately read many articles of this journal, and am now surprised at the boldness with which the assembly is censured. The want of order and connexion in its constitutional and financial operations; its manner of laying down general principles and overlooking details; its insidious manner of anticipating decisions; its having overthrown the old established authority before other institutions were formed to replace it; its constituting itself an office of delation; and its usurpation of ministerial duties, are all visited with severe comments. The defects of its internal regulations are presented with the boldness of naked truth, and a faithful picture is given of its incoherent disorder, and the fiery impatience always attendant upon its proceedings.

'During an absence of Duroverai, in 1790, M. Reybaz, who had already supplied us with several very interesting articles, undertook his share of the work, and executed it with much more accuracy than he. I ended my

labours, in the beginning of March, by a discussion on religious communities and the spirit of monarchism. Duroverai and Reybaz continued together for some months, and the paper, abandoned at length by Mirabeau, became a mere compilation of speeches and decrees, and retained nothing of our journal but the name.

'I was often disgusted with this work, because the simple operation of abridging speeches and reporting the tumultuous proceedings of the assembly was not a kind of occupation to afford me pleasure. On the other hand, the rapidity of the whirlwind by which the assembly was swept along, left no time for study and meditation. Thus the work, in spite of some tolerable articles, is mediocre and often very bad. I am not surprised that it incurred at last the same contempt as all the ephemeral productions of that period. I shall, however, extract in another place, some passages which may serve to give an idea of the interior of the assembly, and which no one would take the trouble of looking for in a large compilation.

'Besides my contributions to this journal, I continued to supply my share of Mirabeau's legislative labours.'—pp. 98—105.

Among the various measures in which Dumont assisted Mirabeau, was the famous declaration on the Rights of Man. Several draughts had been presented to the assembly, but at length a committee of five members was appointed to frame a new one. Mirabeau was one of this committee; 'he undertook the work,' says Dumont, 'with his usual generosity, but imposed its execution upon his friends.' 'He set about the task, and there were he, Duroverai, Claviere, and I, writing, disputing, adding, striking out, and exhausting both time and patience upon this ridiculous subject.' Dumont was strongly and rightly of opinion that no such things exist as natural rights—all rights are the creatures of law. He succeeded in winning over his little committee to the same opinion, and Mirabeau, on presenting the project, objected to the principle upon which it was founded. He added, in his bold and energetic language, "I can safely predict that any declaration of rights anterior to the constitution, will prove but the *almanack of a single year*." Was this fine phrase the origin of Lord Plunkett's celebrated observation that to a certain class of politicians "history was nothing more than an old almanack?"

Dumont flatters, at the same time that, as we believe, he very justly appreciates, our national character, in a comparison which he draws between the legislative habits of the English with those of the French.

'I have been able to compare the English and French of the same rank in life, and I have attended assidiously the sittings of the English parliament and those of the national assembly. There is no point of opposition in the character of the two nations more striking than the reserve, approaching timidity, of the Englishman, and the confidence in himself displayed by the Frenchman. I often used to think that if a hundred persons indiscriminately were stopped in the streets of London, and the same number in the streets of Paris, and a proposal made to each individual to undertake the government of his country, ninety-nine would accept the offer at Paris and ninety-nine refuse it in London.

'Few of the speeches made in the assembly were written by the parties who uttered them. A Frenchman made no scruple of using the composition of another, and acquiring honour by a species of public imposture. No Englishman of character would consent to play such a part. A Frenchman would put himself forward and make any motion suggested to him, without once troubling himself about the consequences; whilst an Englishman would be afraid of exposing himself, if he had not sufficiently studied his subject to be able to answer every reasonable objection, and support the opinion he had advanced. A Frenchman affirms upon very light grounds; an assertion costs him nothing;—an Englishman is in no haste to believe, and before he publicly advances a fact, he traces it to its source, weighs his authorities, and makes himself master of particulars. A Frenchman believes that with a little wit he can stem a torrent of difficulties. He is ready to undertake things the most foreign to his habits and studies, and it was thus that Mirabeau got himself appointed reporter to the committee of mines, without having the slightest knowledge concerning mines. An Englishman would expose himself to eternal ridicule if he dared invade a department of which he knew nothing; and he is more disposed to refuse undertaking that which he is able to perform, than to be ambitious of doing what he knows to be beyond his powers. The Frenchman believes that wit supplies the place of everything; the Englishman is persuaded that nothing can be properly done without both knowledge and practice. A French gentleman being asked if he could play upon the harpsichord, replied, "I do not know, for I never tried; but I will go and see." Now this is *badinage*; but make it sérious, for harpsichord, substitute government, and for music, legislation, and instead of one French gentleman you would find twelve hundred.'—pp. 130—133.

Dumont vindicates Mirabeau from his imputed connexion with the Duke of Orleans. Indeed, strange and hostile to the court as was the conduct of that prince upon many occasions, we are inclined to believe that history has exaggerated, rather than understated, the share which he had in bringing about the disasters of the revolution. M. Talleyrand probably disclosed the truth when, in his oracular and comprehensive manner, he said to Dumont, "The Duke of Orleans is the slop-pail into which is thrown all the filth of the revolution."

Although we have seen that Mirabeau shone occasionally in borrowed plumes, yet it is not to be doubted for a moment that he possessed great resources of his own. He was a most eloquent speaker at all times, and though not a very profound thinker, he had the art of saying bold things in the finest language. His speech in favour of Necker's plan for a kind of patriotic loan, is a masterpiece. His object was to shew, that if this plan were not adopted, national bankruptcy was inevitable, and the force with which he represented the consequences of such an event, was miraculous. 'They who heard this speech,' says Dumont, 'will never forget it; it excited every gradation of terror, and a devouring gulph, with the groans of the victims it swallowed, of which the orator gave a very appalling description, seemed pictured to the senses of the audience.' From that day Mirabeau was considered

to be without a rival. It was intended after this to bring him into the ministry, but he refused to take office unless he was also to remain in the assembly. The project was whispered about, and the assembly passed a resolution, that none of its members should accept office in the executive. Thus his ambitious hopes were effectually marred.

There were several schemes on foot at this period, for liberating the monarchy from the ascendancy which the assembly had acquired. In most of these schemes Mirabeau was concerned, for even in the zenith of his popularity, he looked up to the court as the proper theatre of his career. There is no doubt that the court also placed great dependence on his fidelity, and hoped to avail itself of his talents. Monsieur paid him a secret pension of twenty thousand francs a month, for a short period. Dumont also mentions another pension, and, in short, it would seem that Mirabeau was all this time the perfect courtier at home, and the tribune of the people in the assembly—a kind of mixed character, which no man of delicate feelings would ever think of assuming.

'He received another pension from the court, at this time, through the Prince Louis d'Aremberg, who was devoted to the Queen and perceived, much better than the other courtiers, the fault of neglecting to acquire influence in the assembly. Mirabeau introduced me to the prince as he also did Duroverai and Claviere. The conversations at which I was present related to the necessity of opposing, by prudent and measured publications, the unrestrained licentiousness of the public press, of obviating the excesses which could not but prove fatal to freedom, of convincing the nation that the King had entered with sincerity into the spirit of the revolution, and of eradicating that eternal mistrust which enervated all the measures of government. Certain it is that, at this period, it was a duty incumbent upon every honest man in the kingdom to embrace the King's cause, because the latter felt himself bound, not only from honour and weakness of character, but from a dread of civil war, to proceed in concert with the national assembly; and because nothing but violent measures and direct attacks, upon the last remnants of royalty, could detach the King from the assembly. Mirabeau, who knew how to set off his friends to advantage as well as to shine by their means, and who displayed a sort of generous pride in placing them in the most favourable light, had answered for our serving the King with zeal in all his exertions against anarchy. Claviere anticipated making his way to the ministry, through his connexion.'—pp. 186, 187.

We cannot forbear adding a scene, which shews Mirabeau's character in a strange light. We suppose that, in such a scene, no human beings save Frenchmen could have been the *dramatis personæ*.

'But it must not be imagined that our little society was always free from disputes. I never quarrelled with any of its members, because I had no personal object and was independent. I had been of service to every one of them, and was under no obligation to either in return. I was often under the necessity of appeasing or reconciling them; but on one occasion

I thought a rupture inevitable. We dined with the Prince Louis d'Amerberg. Just as the dessert was put upon the table, the Queen sent for the Prince, who, as he should not be long absent, made us promise not to go till he returned. There had been a little altercation in the course of the morning, but it had blown over, although enough of excitement remained to require little to fan it into a flame. Mirabeau was playing with one of his rings, which Claviere looked at, and said in a sarcastic tone:—"Is it a Sphinx?" "No," replied Mirabeau, "it is a beautiful head of Cicero, and here is one of Minerva, which is much admired." "Very good!" observed Claviere ironically, "Cicero on one side, Minerva on the other, and Demosthenes between the two." "As for you," retorted Mirabeau, who could never bear a joke, "if ever you get yourself painted as a Minerva, do not forget the owl." "I am not gay, I confess, my dear Count, and your means of making me so, are rather too much for me." "Oh! if my means won't suit you, you have your own. Have you not de Bourges' libels on me? Have you not Brissot's little productions? And have you not Madame le Jay's shop, where you state to all who will listen to you, that my reputation is a usurped one, that I am indebted for it to the labours of my friends, and that if I were reduced to my own resources, I should be little or nothing?" After this reply, the storm burst. The most violent reproaches rapidly succeeded each other; each accused the other of libelling him, of leaguing with his enemies, and of reports injurious to his character. Their anger at length became so impetuous that they could no longer moderate their voices; and a servant, excited no doubt by curiosity at hearing this noise, opened the door and inquired if they had called. In an instant Mirabeau resumed his *sang-froid*, and with the greatest politeness thanked the man, telling him that if any thing was wanted they would ring. Duroverai now joined Claviere, bitterly reproached Mirabeau with many points of his conduct, and declared that what with his whims and temper, it was almost impossible to carry on any plan in conjunction with him. All soon became confusion—a medley of bitter sarcasms and mutual accusation. Mirabeau and Claviere, in great agitation, had often occasion to wipe their eyes, which were certainly not filled with tears of compassion. As I had hitherto remained neuter, and said nothing except now and then a few conciliatory words which proved of no avail, Duroverai made a direct appeal to me, calling upon me to declare whether I had not often blamed such and such parts of Mirabeau's conduct, and whether I were not of their opinion on every point in dispute. Mirabeau, desirous perhaps of keeping open a road to reconciliation, said that if I had blamed him, it was openly and in a friendly conversation, but that I had never leagued with his enemies as they had done, nor endeavoured to undermine his character behind his back, by representing him as a plagiary. When I thought my turn was come to speak, I simply observed that such disputes must terminate, and could not twice occur between men of honour. That if they chose to come to a rupture, I should be much grieved at it, but my resolution was taken, and Mirabeau, could not blame me for not separating, in such an event, from my oldest friends and fellow-countrymen. But they would all three repent of such a rupture, founded, as it would be, merely upon those little inequalities of temper which they ought mutually to pardon in each other, or upon the exaggerated and malicious reports of evil-disposed persons. "No further

discussion is necessary;" said I, "this must be brought to an issue. You are met here for a common object, and what fresh discovery have you made since dinner, that obliges you to separate? Your being friends at three o'clock was ridiculous, if you are not to be so now." By degrees the conversation resumed a milder tone, and we went home in the same carriage, without any thing but public measures being talked of on the way.'—pp. 187—191.

We are not surprised to find a man of Dumont's nice sense of honour, becoming gradually alienated from Mirabeau at this period. He plainly saw, that though Mirabeau was desirous of serving the king, his actions were governed by impure motives. Dumont was, moreover, attacked in several publications which were directed against Mirabeau; these, and other circumstances, joined to the entreaties of his friends, induced him to return to England, in March, 1791, where he remained, with few intervals, until 1814.

We shall add some sketches of the different characters with whom Dumont became acquainted during his residence in Paris. He thus speaks of Barnave:—

'Barnave had a lodging in the house at Versailles, of which we occupied a part, after we left the hotel Charost. I never could have become intimate with him, even had he not belonged to the Lameth faction and been consequently Mirabeau's enemy. He displayed the most irritable self-love, an appearance of jealousy and ill-temper, and the most disgusting presumption. His talents in debate were powerful; that is to say, after he had exercised them; for in the beginning of his parliamentary career, he was dreadfully prolix and heavy. He was one of those men who owe their talents to their own exertions, and the development of his was very rapid.* His jealousy of his co-deputy Mounier, had, as much as his revolutionary, principles estranged him from the latter.'—pp. 199, 200.

We could wish that his description of Volney had been more ample.

'Volney, a tall, lathy, splenetic man, was in a course of reciprocal flattery with Mirabeau. He had exaggeration and much dryness, but he was not one of the working members of the assembly. It was deemed necessary one day to order the galleries to be silent. "What!" exclaimed Volney, "are we to impose silence upon our masters?"'—pp. 201, 202.

We find a very brief sketch of Robespierre.

'I had twice occasion to converse with Robespierre. He had a sinister expression of countenance, never looked you in the face, and had a continual and unpleasant winking of the eyes. Having once asked me for some information relative to Geneva, I urged him to speak upon the subject in the assembly; but he told me that he was a prey to the most childish timidity, that he never approached the tribune without trembling, and that when he began to speak, his faculties were entirely absorbed by fear.'—p. 202.

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* 'Mirabeau once said of Barnave, at a time when he was satisfied with him: "He is a tree growing to become some day the mast of a line-of-battle ship."—*Note by Dumont.*'

The Abbé Morellet.

'I sometimes met the Abbé Morellet, who had already become very violent against the national assembly. He would have pardoned its democracy, had it only respected—not the church, which he did not much respect himself—but church property, of which he had but lately received his share and thought it hard to lose it so soon. As he had been one of the promoters of the then all-absorbing spirit of liberty, Lord Lansdowne wrote to him that he ought to consider himself *as a wounded soldier in a victorious army*. The victory, if it were one, did not, however, console him for his wound. I met Marmontel at his house. The topics of conversation were what the philosophers of the age had done for the eradication of prejudices, and the errors into which they had led the people, by their exaggerations. The general anticipations were far from realized by the aspect which public affairs then presented, and Marmontel, who was one of the discontented, said, "The national assembly often reminds me of a saying of Mme. de Sévigné, '*I should like Provence if there were no Provençaux.*'"'—pp. 102, 103.

Lafayette.

'"He would fain be a *Grandison-Cromwell*," said he, alluding to M. de Lafayette, whom he looked upon as an ambitious man without power, "and would coquet with the supreme authority without daring to seize it, or indeed possessing the means of doing so." His hatred in this particular instance, made him unjust. He also said of Lafayette, "he has made a good leap and fallen backwards;—" alluding to his not keeping up the high reputation he had gained in America. He accused him besides of desiring only the glory of gazettes. M. de Narbonne said that Lafayette had every great quality, but something was wanting in each. However, Mirabeau gave him credit for his *sang-froid*. "He has always professed," said he, "the same degree of talent as he possesses now."—p. 241.

This last sentence is incorrectly translated. It should have been rendered: "All the talent he has, he always possesses," that is to say, he is master of it, and can make it useful at all times. We might point out many other inaccuracies in this translation, but it is hardly worth our while to do so, as almost everybody who wishes to read these memoirs will prefer consulting the original. The following string of anecdotes will be found to relate chiefly to Mirabeau:—

'He could not bear that praise should be bestowed on mediocre talents; for that is one of the secrets of envy to debase men of superior genius. He loved to repeat a saying of mine. I am not a man of *bon-mots*, nor is it a *bon-mot* that I am about to relate. "We call Clermont-Tonnere, the French Pitt," said some one, desirous of lowering Mirabeau. "Be it so," I replied, "but I should like to know whether Mr. Pitt would be flattered at being termed the English Clermont-Tonnere."

'Mirabeau used to relate, with great glee, an anecdote of his brother. The Viscount de Mirabeau was a very fat and heavy man; the people called him *Tun-Mirabeau*. One evening, going to pay his court to *Mesdames* the King's aunts, the usher of the chamber, deceived by the darkness of the corridor and the heavy walk of the Viscount, mistook him for *Monsieur*, the King's brother, whose gait was very similar, and

annouced him as such. "*Monsieur*," said he, throwing open the door of the apartment. "Oh! it is only *Monsieur*, brother of King Mirabeau," said the Viscount, and the courtly circle laughed heartily at an allusion which was not entirely devoid of truth.

'Mirabeau, dining one day with the Count de Montmorrin, was asked by the latter what he thought of his brother. "He would be," replied Mirabeau, "a man of wit and a scapegrace in any family but ours." The Viscount was not behind-hand with him in epigrams. The friends of *Tun-Mirabeau*, reproaching him with having one evening attended the assembly almost in a state of intoxication, he replied, "My brother has left me only that one vice."

'Doubts have been entertained of Mirabeau's personal courage; because he had wisely determined to decline every duel, during the sittings of the national assembly. "They can procure as many bullies as they like," he said, "and thus, by duels, get rid of every one who opposes them. For if a man kills ten of these fellows, he may fall by the hand of the eleventh." He was always armed with pistols, and so were his servants. He feared assassination, but without any good ground, for no attempt was ever made upon his life. And who indeed would have dared to commit so dangerous a crime, knowing his immense popularity? One evening at Versailles, having left us at about eleven o'clock, he returned some minutes after in manifest agitation. He was attended by one of his servants, who had stopped him in the street and pointed out a man, wrapped up in a cloak, apparently lying in wait. We went out with him to see who it could be. The suspicious individual was still in the same place. He allowed himself to be accosted. "Pray, Sir," said Mirabeau, "may I ask what you are doing here at this late hour?" "Sir," replied the stranger, "I am waiting for my master, who is in a neighbouring house." "And may I ask, why you have a sword under your cloak?" "Because my master gives it to me when he enters that house, and resumes it on coming out." After this, we easily saw that the adventure was not a sinister one, and having escorted Mirabeau to his own door, returned home without any suspicious encounter.

'Mirabeau had imbibed much regard and esteem for Cabanis, then a very young physician, but who was amiable, witty, and had a most unbounded admiration for him. He trusted Cabanis from friendship, and was delighted at being able to contribute to his reputation. In his last illness, Mirabeau would have no other physician, although the danger was manifest; for he was anxious to show Cabanis that he did not doubt his abilities, and desirous of giving him the full credit of his cure. Cabanis published an account of Mirabeau's illness, and a copy of his will. I was then at Geneva. From this *exposé*, our best practitioners were of opinion that, from the second day, the physician mistook the complaint and lost his presence of mind; that the charge, in short, had been too much for him. Two years after, I ascertained that the physicians of Edinburgh were of the same opinion. They did not say that his death had been caused by the mode of treatment, but that nothing had been done to effect a cure; in a word, that the disorder which is distinctly described in the work of Cabanis, had not been treated at all. There was not the slightest appearance of poison; and that idea was therefore deemed totally unfounded. The complaint was acute enteritis brought on by excesses. Even the actresses at the

opera sought the glory of captivating this Hercules, who, trusting to the strength of his constitution, gave himself up, without restraint, to every kind of pleasure.

'The Bishop of Autun, who saw much of him during his last illness, which lasted only four or five days, told me, that as soon as the fits of dreadfully acute pain were over, he would resume his serenity, his mildness, and his amiable attentions to those about him. He was the same to the last moment. He perceived that he was an object of general interest, and did not for a moment cease speaking and acting as if he were a great and noble actor performing his part. *He dramatized his death,* was the happy expression of the Bishop of Autun. In the extreme agony of convulsions, and covered with a chilly perspiration, there were moments when it required more than the force of a philosopher to support life. "I shall suffer," he would mildly say, "so long as you have the least hopes of my cure: but if you have no longer any, have the humanity to put an end to my sufferings of which you can form no idea." After one of these violent attacks which had overcome his fortitude, and forced him to groan aloud, he called for his papers, and having selected a speech upon *wills*, "There!" said he to the Bishop of Autun, "these are the last thoughts the world will have of mine. I deposit this manuscript with you; read it when I am no more; it is my legacy to the assembly." This speech on wills was, to my knowledge, written by M. Reybaz. It is done with great care, and its style is not at all like that of Mirabeau. It is a remarkable fact that, on his very death-bed, Mirabeau preserved this thirst for artificial fame, when he had so much personal glory that his reputation required not to be decked with the laurels of others.

'Had I not lived with Mirabeau, I never should have known all that can be done in one day, or rather in an interval of twelve hours. A day to him was of more value than a week or a month to others. The business which he carried on simultaneously, was prodigious; from the conception of a project to its execution, there was no time lost. *To-morrow* was not to him the same imposter as to most other men. Conversation alone could seduce him from his labours, and even that he converted into a means of work; for it was always at the end of some conversation that active labour was begun and writings prepared. He read little; but he read with great rapidity, and discovered, at a glance, whatever was new and interesting in a book. Writings were copied in his house with prodigious quickness. As fast as a speech changed its form by corrections or additions, he had fresh copies of it made. This labour sometimes proved too much for those who undertook it; but his haste of temper was known, and he must be obeyed. "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that *foolish word* in my presence!"'—pp. 244—256.

We shall close these gossiping extracts with Dumont's sketch of Talleyrand, the most extraordinary man, perhaps, next to Napoleon, who has figured in the French revolution.

'I do not remember the exact time when M. de Talleyrand came to London. By a decree of the national assembly which prohibited, during two years, its members from being employed by the executive, he could not have an ostensible public mission. But he had an equivalent. His

was a journey of observation, and he was to negociate, if he found the English ministers accessible; that is to say, disposed to consider the constitutional King of France in a new light, and maintain the neutrality of Great Britain, in the event of war, which began to appear inevitable on the continent.

'I had formed no intimacy with the Bishop of Autun at Paris, but we were acquainted, and he had not been long in London before he made me such advances as from our relative ranks, ought to have come from him, if he were desirous of a closer acquaintance. He had particular letters of introduction to Lord Lansdowne; and his distinguished reputation, which opened to him the road to the highest political honours, caused his society to be courted by such as had not already imbibed strong prejudices against all who were connected with the French revolution.

'M. de Talleyrand is descended from a family of sovereign counts, one of the most ancient houses in France. He was the eldest of three brothers; but being lame from infancy, he had been thought unworthy of figuring in the world, and was destined for the church, although he possessed not one of the qualifications which, in the Roman communion, can render this profession even tolerable. I have often heard him say, that, despised by his parents as a being disgraced by nature, and fit for nothing, he had contracted, from his earliest youth, a sombre and taciturn habit. Having been forced to yield the rights of primogeniture to a younger brother, he had never slept under the same roof with his parents. At the seminary, he had but few intimate associates! and from his habitual chagrin, which rendered him unsociable, he was considered very proud. Condemned to the ecclesiastical state against his will, he did not imbibe sacerdotal sentiments and opinions, any more than Cardinal de Retz, and many others. He even exceeded the limits of indulgence granted to youth and gentle blood; and his morals were any thing but clerical. But he managed to preserve appearances, and, whatever were his habits, no one knew better when to speak, and when to be silent.

'I am not sure that he was not somewhat too ambitious of producing effect by an air of reserve and reflection. He was always at first very cold, spoke little, and listened with great attention. His features, a little bloated, seemed to indicate effeminacy; but his manly and grave voice formed a striking contrast with this expression. In society, he was always distant and reserved, and never exposed himself to familiarity. The English, who entertained the most absurd prejudices against the French, were surprised at finding in him neither vivacity, familiarity, indiscretion, nor national gaiety. A sententious manner, frigid politeness, and an air of observation, formed an impenetrable shield around his diplomatic character.

'When among his intimate friends he was quite a different being. He was particularly fond of social conversation, which he usually prolonged to a very late hour. Familiar, affectionate, and attentive to the means of pleasing, he yielded to a species of intellectual epicurism, and became amusing that he might be himself amused. He was never in a hurry to speak, but selected his expressions with much care. The points of his wit were so acute, that to appreciate them fully required an ear accustomed to hear him speak. He is author of the *bon-mot* quoted somewhere by Champfort, where Rulhière said, "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed but one act of

wickedness." The bishop of Autun, who had not previously taken any part in the conversation, immediately exclaimed, with his full sonorous voice, and significant manner, "*But when will this act be at an end?*" One evening at whist, whilst he was in London, a lady of sixty was mentioned as just having married a footman. Several expressed their surprise at such a choice. "When you are nine," said the Bishop of Autun, "you do not count honours!" This kind of wit belonged exclusively to him. He imbibed it from the writings of Fontenelle, of whom he was always a great admirer. He once related to me an abominable act of his colleague, C—, at which I indignantly exclaimed, "The man who would do that, is capable of assassination!" "No," said M. de Talleyrand, "not of assassination, but of poisoning!" His manner of story-telling is peculiarly graceful; and he is a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born to wealth and grandeur, he had yet, during his exile, accustomed himself to a life of privation; and he liberally shared with his friends the only resources he had left, arising from the sale of the wreck of his superb library, which fetched a very low price, because, even in London, party-spirit prevented a competition of purchasers.

'Talleyrand did not come to London for nothing. He had a long conference with Lord Grenville, of which I have read his written account. Its object was to point out the advantages which England might derive from France having a constitutional king, and to form a close connexion between the two courts. For, although the British cabinet appeared determined, in the event of war, to preserve the strictest neutrality, it was extremely reserved towards France, because it neither sympathised with the French government, nor believed in the stability of the French constitution. This coldness gave great disquietude to the cabinet of the Tuileries, and it was Talleyrand's object to bring them closer together, even if he could not unite them, and thus make sure that, at all events, France had nothing to fear from England. Lord Grenville was dry and laconic; nor did he lend himself, in any way, to the furtherance of Talleyrand's views, notwithstanding the advantages they held out to England. It is well known that Lord Grenville afterwards represented the Bishop of Autun as a clever, but dangerous man. Mr. Pitt, when very young, visited France, and spent some time with the Archbishop of Rheims, Talleyrand's uncle. Here the latter became acquainted with him, and these young men passed several weeks together in friendly and familiar intercourse. But in the only interview they had in England, Talleyrand thought it Pitt's place to recall this circumstance, and therefore did not mention it. Pitt, who was decidedly opposed to the object of Talleyrand's mission, took good care not to remember the uncle, lest he should be obliged to show some civility to the nephew.

On Talleyrand's presentation at court the King took but little notice of him, and the Queen turned her back upon him with marked contempt, which she subsequently imputed to his immoral character. From that period he was excluded from the higher circles of society, as a dangerous man, and the agent of a faction,—who could not actually be turned out of doors, but whom it was improper to receive well; and he could not hope for much success in a mission which began under such unfavourable auspices."—pp. 294—300.

We think that we rather like these 'recollections' the better for

having been presented to us in a sort of *negligée* dress. They are fragments which the author would have framed into a memoir, had he lived to accomplish his design. They serve their purpose just as well in their present shape, and are, perhaps, much more agreeable, on the whole, than if they had been more methodically arranged.

ART. IV.—*The Hunchback. A Play in Five Acts.* By James Sheridan Knowles. 8vo. pp. 118, London: Moxon. 1832.

THIS is a play worthy of all the success which it has won. It reminds us more strongly than any composition we have ever read, of the racy, fervent, yet chaste and truly English style of our best dramatists—the Massingers and Fords of a former day. The incidents are simple, extremely well worked out, and they follow in so natural an order, that whether perusing them in the book, or witnessing them on the stage, we almost feel as if we saw an episode of real life, detached from the great drama that is constantly in progress on the floor of that vast theatre which we call the world. The language also is exactly of that description which suits a domestic drama; the author is uniformly content to let each person speak for himself, in words that can clearly express his meaning and develope his character. It never rises beyond the level of conversation until it is lifted by the force of passion, and that force is never assisted by any artificial attempt at fine phraseology. The author, in fact, nowhere appears throughout the whole play; his characters appear for him, and we know of no criterion more decisive of success than this. It is by the same sort of test that we judge the actor. When Kean in his best day represented Richard or Othello, we saw nothing before us but the ruthless usurper, or the Moor of Venice. When Kean lost his powers through a course of dissipation, which he has lived to repent, we saw Richard or Othello no more, but in their place a very ordinary man, who had reduced himself by the indulgence of his passions from the highest rank of fame to the lowest shade of his profession.

We have been asked whether we thought the plot of the 'Hunchback' original. It is, we think, of much more importance to feel that it is natural and throughout interesting; for whatever the story of a drama may be, the object of it is to act upon the passions by which men and women are governed, and which are much the same in every heart, varied only by circumstances. We have had much the same course of action already in more than one play, familiar to every body. The example of a violent and haughty female tamed into an humble and amiable wife, might have been taken from "The Provoked Husband." But it would be unjust to pursue this inquiry. The question is, whether the plot of the drama before us be in itself consistent, be conducted exclusively by the author's original powers, and be conducive to the purpose at which he aims,—fine stage effect, not without a moral in its meaning. We think

that no person who has seen in representation, or read, 'the Hunchback' can fail to solve this question in the affirmative.

The short outline of the story is this. Master Walter, the Hunchback, on account of his deformity, had been disliked and disinherited by his parents. He was therefore peculiarly jealous of the manner of his reception by others, and although he found one to love and wed him, he concealed his parental character from their daughter Julia, being desirous of trying the experiment, whether with all his outward imperfections he could win her attachment under the title of her guardian. When grown to womanhood, he selects Sir Thomas Clifford as a husband for her. They meet, a mutual liking improves on both sides into passion, and the day of their nuptials is already appointed, when a little wayward exhibition of vanity on the part of Julia alarms the mind of her lover. He had thought her a retired, sensible woman, fond of the country, and attached to a moderate style of living. But he happens to overhear a conversation in which she bears a part, threatens after her marriage to have a splendid equipage, a costly wardrobe, a town house with all the luxuries which London can supply, and to outshine all her neighbours at the county ball. Sir Thomas is nettled at his disappointment; the marriage, however, having been agreed to, he would not violate his word, but the moment that saw her his wife, would see her also a widow, for with such a dangerous wife he would not live. This announcement is a dagger to her soul. Shortly after, he learns that his cousin, who was supposed to be dead, still lives, and that he has no longer any right to the title or estates of Sir Thomas Clifford. He then resolves to break off the match altogether, and tenders to Julia, through her guardian, the power of withdrawing from her engagement. But Walter valued Clifford for his personal worth, not for his title or possessions, and refuses, especially now that Clifford is in adverse circumstances, to accept the offer. Clifford, however, insists upon it.

The pride of Julia, who has not yet learned the change in Clifford's fortunes, is wounded to the quick by his conduct. In the mean time her hand is solicited by the youthful earl of Rochdale, to whom in her resentment she agrees to give it. Walter approves of her resolution, and encourages it: but in the midst of her supposed triumph over a lover who had discarded her with so little ceremony, the feelings of her heart revolt against her present proceedings. Those powerful feelings are delicately indicated in the following fine scene.

'*Scene II.—An Apartment in Master Heartwell's House.*
(MASTER WALTER *discovered looking through title-deeds and papers.*)

So falls out every thing as I would have it,
Exact in place and time. This lord's advances
Receives she,—as, I augur, in the spleen

Of wounded pride she will,—my course is clear.
She comes—all's well—the tempest rages still.

(JULIA *enters, and paces the room in a state of high excitement.*)

JULIA.

What have my eyes to do with water? Fire
Becomes them better!

WALTER.

True.

JULIA.

Yet, must I weep
To be so monitor'd, and by a man!
A man that was my slave! whom I have seen
Kneel at my feet from morn till noon, content
With leave to only gaze upon my face,
And tell me what he read there,—till the page
I knew by heart, I 'gan to doubt I knew,
Emblazon'd by the comment of his tongue!
And he to lesson me! Let him come here
On Monday week! He ne'er leads me to church!
I would not profit by his rank, or wealth,
Tho' kings might call him cousin, for their sake!
I'll shew him I have pride!

WALTER.

You're very right!

JULIA.

He would have had to-day our wedding day!
I fix'd a month from this. He pray'd and pray'd,
I dropp'd a week. He pray'd and pray'd the more!
I dropp'd a second one. Still more he pray'd!
And I took off another week,—and now
I have his leave to wed, or not to wed!
He'll see that I have pride!

WALTER.

And so he ought.

JULIA.

O! for some way to bring him to my foot!
But he should lie there! Why, 'twill go abroad,
That he has cast me off. That there should live
The man could say so! Or that I should live
To be the leavings of a man.

WALTER.

Thy case
I own a hard one.

JULIA.

Hard! 'Twill drive me mad!
His wealth and title! I refused a lord—
I did! that privily implored my hand,
And never cared to tell him on't! So much
I hate him now, that lord should not in vain
Implore my hand again!

WALTER.

You'd give it him?

JULIA.

I would.

WALTER.

You'd wed that lord?

JULIA.

That lord I'd wed;
Or any other lord, only to show him
That I could wed above him!

WALTER.

Give me your hand
And word to that.

JULIA.

There! Take my hand and word!

WALTER.

That lord hath offered you his hand again.

JULIA.

He has?

WALTER.

Your father knows it: he approves of him.
There are the title deeds of the estates,
Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound,—
No flaw, or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law
Itself could find. A lord of many lands!
In Berkshire half a county; and the same
In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire! Across
The Irish Sea a principality!
And not a rood with bond or lien on it!
Wilt give that lord a wife? Wilt make thyself
A countess? Here's the proffer of his hand.
Write thou content, and wear a coronet!

JULIA (*eagerly*).

Give me the paper.

WALTER.

There! Here's pen and ink.
Sit down. Why do you pause? A flourish of
The pen, and you're a countess.

JULIA.

My poor brain
Whirls round and round! I would not wed him now,
Were he more lowly at my feet to sué
Than e'er he did;

WALTER.

Wed whom?

JULIA.

Sir Thomas Clifford.

WALTER.

You're right.

JULIA,

His rank and wealth are roots to doubt;

And while they lasted, still the weed would grow,
Howe'er you pluck'd it. No! That's o'er—That's done!
Was never lady wronged so foul as I! (*Weeps.*)

WALTER.

Thou'rt to be pitied.

JULIA (*aroused*).

Pitied! Not so bad
As that.

WALTER.

Indeed thou art, to love the man
That spurns thee?

JULIA.

Love him! Love! If hate could find
A word more harsh than its own name, I'd take it,
To speak the love I bear him! (*Weeps.*)

WALTER.

Write thy own name,
And show *him* how near a kin thy hate's to hate.

JULIA (*writes*).

'Tis done!

WALTER.

'Tis well! I'll come to you anon; [*Exit.*

JULIA (*alone*).

I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis done!
I've done the thing I ought. From my disgrace
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—
That idly wags its tongue, where wealth and state
Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!
Then how the tables change! The hand he spurn'd
His betters take! Let me remember that!
I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it
As I was born to it! I warrant none
Shall say it fits me not:—but, one and all
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!
And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall see it!
I will roll by him in an equipage
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own
His slight of me was my advancement! Love me!
He never lov'd me! if he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on't! He never lov'd me!
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make their woes
Deserve them! what have I to do with tears?'—pp. 54—59.

Julia now learns the alteration which had taken place in Clifford's condition: the intelligence brings back her woman's heart again: she softens by degrees; she pities him, and would, if she could,

console him. But the preparations for her nuptials proceed; the deeds are drawn, and she is conveyed to Lord Rochdale's house, attended by her guardian. Another capital scene is presented here, which, besides being in itself interesting and well wrought up, is calculated to reveal to the audience, as plainly as if she wore a mirror in her breast, the passion that is agitating her inner soul. The scene is better for this purpose than a whole volume of declamation.

'*Scene II.—The Banquetting Room in the Earl of Rochdale's Mansion.* *Enter* MASTER WALTER *and* JULIA.

WALTER.

This is the banquetting room. Thou see'st as far
It leaves the last behind, as that excels
The former ones. All is proportion here
And harmony! Observe! The massy pillars
May well look proud to bear the gilded dome.
You mark those full length portraits? They're the heads,
The stately heads, of his ancestral line.
Here o'er the feast they aptly still preside!
Mark those medallions! Stand they forth or not
In bold and fair relief? Is not this brave?

JULIA (*abstractedly.*)

It is.

WALTER.

It should be so. To cheer the blood
That flows in noble veins is made the feast
That gladdens here! You see this drapery?
'Tis richest velvet! Fringe and tassels, gold!
Is not this costly?

JULIA,

Yes.

WALTER.

And chaste, the while?
Both chaste and costly?

JULIA.

Yes.

WALTER.

Come hither! There's a mirror for you. See!
One sheet from floor to ceiling! Look into it,
Salute its mistress! Dost not know her?

JULIA (*sighing deeply.*)

Yes.

WALTER.

And sighest thou to know her? Wait until
To-morrow, when the banquet shall be spread
In the fair hall; the guests—already bid,
Around it; here, her lord; and there, herself;
Presiding o'er the cheer that hails him bridegroom,
And her the happy bride! Dost hear me?

JULIA (*sighing still more deeply.*)

Yes.

WALTER.

These are the day rooms only, we have seen,
For public, and domestic uses kept.
I'll show you now the lodging rooms. (*Goes, then turns and observes* JULIA *standing perfectly abstracted.*)
You're tired.
Let be 'till after dinner then. Yet one
I'd like thee much to see—the bridal chamber.
(JULIA *starts, crosses her hands upon her breast, and looks upwards.*)
I see you're tired; yet is it worth the viewing,
If only for the tapestry, which shows
The needle like the pencil glows with life;
(*Brings down chairs, they sit.*)
The story's of a page who lov'd the dame
He served—a princess!—Love's a heedless thing!
That never takes account of obstacles;
Makes plains of mountains, rivulets of seas,
That part it from its wish. So proved the page,
Who from a state so lowly looked so high,—
But love's a greater lackwit still than this.
Say it aspires—that's gain! Love stoops—that's loss!
You know what comes. The princess lov'd the page.
Shall I go on, or here leave off?

JULIA.

Go on.

WALTER.

Each side of the chamber shows a different stage
Of this fond page, and fonder lady's love.
First—no, it is not that.

JULIA.

O, recollect!

WALTER.

And yet it is!

JULIA.

No doubt it is. What is't?

WALTER.

He holds to her a salver, with a cup:
His cheek more mantling with his passion, than
The cup with the ruby wine. She heeds him not,
For too great heed of him;—but seems to hold
Debate betwixt her passion and her pride,
That's like to lose the day. You read it in
Her vacant eye, knit brow, and parted lips,
Which speak a heart too busy all within
To note what's done without. Like you the tale?

JULIA.

I list to every word.

WALTER.

The next side paints
The page upon his knee. He has told his tale;
And found that, when he lost his heart, he play'd

No losing game; but won a richer one!
There may you read in him, how love would seem
Most humble when most bold,—you question which
Appears to kiss her hand—his breath or lips!
In her you read how wholly lost is she
Who trusts her heart to love. Shall I give o'er?

JULIA.

Nay, tell it to the end. Is't melancholy?

WALTER.

To answer that, would mar the story.

JULIA.

Right.

WALTER.

The third side now we come to.

JULIA.

What shews that?

WALTER.

The page and princess still. But stands her sire
Between them. Stern he grasps his daughter's arm,
Whose eyes like fountains play; while thro' her tears
Her passion shines, as, thro' the fountain drops,
The sun! His minions crowd around the page!
They drag him to a dungeon.

JULIA.

Hapless youth!

WALTER.

Hapless indeed, that's twice a captive! heart
And body both in bonds. But that's the chain,
Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure, touch
Define the texture of, or eye detect,
That's forged by the subtle craft of love!
No need to tell you that he wears it. Such
The cunning of the hand that plied the loom,
You've but to mark the straining of his eye,
To feel the coil yourself!

JULIA.

I feel 't without!
You've finish'd with the third side! now the fourth!

WALTER.

It brings us to a dungeon, then.

JULIA.

The page,
The thrall of love, more than the dungeon's thrall,
Is there?

WALTER.

He is. He lies in fetters.

JULIA.

Hard!
Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on.

WALTER.

Some one unrivets them!

JULIA.

The princess? 'Tis!

WALTER.

It is another page.

JULIA.

It is herself!

WALTER.

Her skin is fair; and his is berry-brown.
His locks are raven black; and her's are gold.

JULIA.

Love's cunning of disguises? spite of locks,
Skin, vesture,—it is she, and only she!
What will not constant woman do for love
That's lov'd with constancy! Set her the task,
Virtue approving, that will baffle her;
O'ertax her stooping, patience, courage, wit!
My life upon it, 'tis the princess' self,
Transform'd into a page!

WALTER.

The dungeon door
Stands open, and you see beyond—

JULIA.

Her father!

WALTER.

No; a steed.

JULIA (*starting up*).

O, welcome steed,
My heart bounds at the thought of thee! Thou com'st
To bear the page from bonds, to liberty.'—pp. 73—78.

This scene is shortened in the representation, by leaving out some of the descriptive matter in the earlier part of it. But that portion of the matter will well bear reading; and the whole passage seems to us to be finely imagined.

Clifford has now been appointed Rochdale's secretary, and though there is something in this that violates probability, and indicates management in order to get the parties again together, yet, being brought into such a situation, we must admit that it is one admirably calculated for stage effect. Clifford, in his new capacity, attends with a letter from his Lordship; Walter persuades her to see him, as 'to show slight to him, was slighting him that sent him.'

'JULIA.

Speaks he not?
Or does he wait for orders to unfold
His business? Stopp'd his business till I spoke,
I'd hold my peace for ever! (CLIFFORD *kneels; presenting a letter.*)
Does he kneel?
A lady am I to my heart's content!
Could he unmake me that which claims his knee,
I'd kneel to him,—I would! I would!—Your will?

CLIFFORD.

This letter from my lord.

JULIA.

O fate! who speaks?

CLIFFORD.

The secretary of my lord.

JULIA.

I breathe!
I could have sworn 'twas he!
(Makes an effort to look at him but is unable.)
So like the voice—
I dare not look, lest there the form should stand!
How came he by that voice? 'Tis Clifford's voice,
If ever Clifford spoke! My fears come back—
Clifford the secretary of my lord!
Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that!
It cannot be—it should not be!—a look,
And all were set at rest.
(Tries to look at him again but cannot.)
So strong my fears,
Dread to confirm them takes away the power
To try and end them! Come the worst, I'll look. *(She tries again; and again is unequal to the task.)*
I'd sink before him, if I met his eye!

CLIFFORD.

Wilt please your ladyship to take the the letter?

JULIA.

There Clifford speaks again! Not Clifford's heart
Could more make Clifford's voice! Not Clifford's tongue
And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech!
A question, and 'tis over! Know I you?

CLIFFORD.

Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends:
It turns them into strangers. What I am,
I have not always been!

JULIA.

Could I not name you?

CLIFFORD.

If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold
When hollow fortune call'd him favourite,—
Now by her fickleness perforce reduced
To take an humble tone, would suffer you—

JULIA.

I might?

CLIFFORD.

You might!

JULIA.

O Clifford! is it you?

CLIFFORD.

Your answer to my lord. *(Gives the letter.)*

JULIA.

Your lord! *(Mechanically taking it.)*

CLIFFORD.

Wilt write it?
Or, will it please you send a verbal one?
I'll bear it faithfully.

JULIA.

You'll bear it?

CLIFFORD.

Madam,
Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.
My lord's impatient, and to use despatch
Were his repeated orders.

JULIA.

Orders? Well,
I'll read the letter, Sir. 'Tis right you mind
His lordship's orders. They are paramount!
Nothing should supersede them!—stand beside them!
They merit all your care, and have it! Fit,
Most fit they should! Give me the letter, Sir.

CLIFFORD.

You have it, Madam.

JULIA.

So! How poor a thing
I look! so lost, while he is all himself!
Have I no pride? (*She rings, the servant enters.*)
Paper, and pen and ink!
If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold!
I'll read the letter. (*Opens it, and holds it as about to read it.*)
Mind his orders! So!
Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!
He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's
In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?
'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring on't!
Most fit I let him see me play the fool!
Shame! Let me by myself!
(*A servant enters with materials for writing.*)
A table, Sir,
And chair. (*The servant brings a table and chair, and goes out. She sits awhile, vacantly gazing on the letter—then looks at* CLIFFORD.)
How plainly shows his humble suit!
It fits not him that wears it! I have wronged him!
He can't be happy—does not look it! is not.
That eye which reads the ground is argument
Enough! He loves me. There I let him stand,
And I am sitting!
(*Rises, takes a chair, and approaches* CLIFFORD.)
Pray you, take a chair. (*He bows as acknowledging, and declining the honour. She looks at him awhile.*)
Clifford, why don't you speak to me? (*She weeps.*)

CLIFFORD.

I trust,

You're happy.

JULIA.

Happy! Very, very happy!
You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears
Are signs, you know, of nought but happiness!
When first I saw you, little did I look
To be so happy! Clifford!

CLIFFORD.

Madam?

JULIA.

Madam!
I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me Madam!

CLIFFORD.

Such the address my duty stints me to.
Thou art the wife elect of a proud Earl—
Whose humble secretary sole, am I.

JULIA.

Most right! I had forgot! I thank you, Sir,
For so reminding me; and give you joy,
That what, I see, had been a burthen to you,
Is fairly off your hands.

CLIFFORD.

A burthen to me!
Mean you yourself? Are you that burthen, Julia?
Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth!
Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart!
Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,
Fame, riches, honours! every thing that man
Desires, and gives the name of blessing to!—
E'en such a burthen, Julia were to me,
Had fortune let me wear her.

JULIA (*aside.*)

On the brink
Of what a precipice I'm standing! Back!
Back! while the faculty remains to do't!
A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self
More sure to suck thee down! One effort! There!
(*She returns to her seat, recovers her self-possession, takes up the letter, and reads.*)
To wed to-morrow night! Wed whom? A man
Whom I can never love! I should before
Have thought of that. To-morrow night! This hour
To-morrow! How I tremble! Happy bands
To which my heart such freezing welcome gives,
As sends an ague through me! At what means
Will not the desperate snatch! What's honour's price?
Nor friends, nor lovers,—no, nor life itself!
Clifford! This moment, leave me! (CLIFFORD *retires up the stage, out of Julia's sight.*)
Is he gone!
O docile lover! Do his mistress wish
That went against his own! Do it so soon!—

Ere well 'twas utter'd! No good bye to her!
No word! no look! 'Twas best that so he went!
Alas, the strait of her, who owns that best,
Which last she'd wish were done! What's left me now?
To weep! To weep! (*Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the desk,—her other arm hanging listless at her side.* CLIFFORD *comes down the stage, looks a moment at her, approaches her, and kneeling, takes her hand.*

CLIFFORD.

My Julia!

JULIA.

Here again!
Up! up! By all thy hopes of heaven go hence!
To stay's perdition to me! Look you, Clifford!
Were there a grave where thou art kneeling now,
I'd walk into 't, and be inearth'd alive,
Ere taint should touch my name! Should some one come
And see thee kneeling thus! Let go my hand!
Remember, Clifford, I'm a promis'd bride—
And take thy arm away! It has no right
To clasp my waist! Judge you so poorly of me,
As think I'll suffer this? My honour, Sir!
(*She breaks from him, quitting her seat.*)
I'm glad you've forc'd me to respect myself;
You'll find that I can do so!

CLIFFORD.

I was bold;
Forgetful of your station and my own.
There was a time I held your hand unchid!
There was a time I might have clasp'd your waist;
I had forgot that time was past and gone!
I pray you, pardon me!

JULIA (*softened*).

I do so, Clifford.

CLIFFORD.

I shall no more offend.

JULIA.

Make sure of that.
No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post
In's lordship's household. Give it up! A day —
An hour remain not in it!

CLIFFORD.

Wherefore?

JULIA.

Live
In the same house with me, and I another's?
Put miles, put leagues between us! The same land
Should not contain us. Oceans should divide us;
With barriers of constant tempests—such
As mariners durst not tempt! O Clifford!

Rash was the act so light that gave me up,
That stung a woman's pride, and drove her mad;
'Till in her phrensy, she destroy'd her peace!
O, it was rashly done! Had you reprov'd—
Expostulated,—had you reason'd with me—
Tried to find out what was indeed my heart,—
I would have shewn it—you'd have seen it. All
Had been as nought can ever be again!

CLIFFORD.

Lov'st thou me, Julia?

JULIA.

Dost thou ask me, Clifford?

CLIFFORD.

These nuptials may be shunn'd—

JULIA.

With honour?

CLIFFORD.

Yes.

JULIA.

Then take me! Stop—hear me, and take me then!
Let not thy passion be my counsellor!
Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be
The jealous guardian of my spotless name!
Scan thou my cause as 'twere thy sister's! Let
Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it,
Nor turn it over once, but many a time:
That flaw, speck, yea—the shade of one,—a soil
So slight, not one out of a thousand eyes
Could find it out,—may not escape thee; then
Say if these nuptials can be shunn'd with honour!

CLIFFORD.

They can.

JULIA.

Then take me, Clifford! (*They embrace*).'—pp. 81—88.

The morning arrives, however, for her marriage with Lord Rochdale. Walter summons her to the performance of her contract, and then follows a scene which might bear comparison with any thing of the kind known to our stage. The whole passage is one of true poetry. There is no apparent labour, no fine phraseology: the language, everywhere glowing and natural, is inspired by the feelings of the parties—feelings that run through the whole gamut of the heart, from anger and despair, to the most yearning tenderness,

'WALTER.

What! run the waves so high? Not ready yet!
Your Lord will soon be here! The guests collect.

JULIA.

Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials! Do it!
Some opening for avoidance or escape,
Or, to thy charge, I'll lay a broken heart!

It may be, broken vows, and blasted honour!
Or else a mind distraught!

WALTER.

What's this?

JULIA.

The strait
I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear!
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue!
Religion! changes me into a thing,
I look at with abhorring!

WALTER.

Listen to me!

JULIA.

Listen to me, and heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to—abide thou the result!
Answer to heaven for what I suffer!—act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have link'd them with me, as no past mishap,
How ever rare, and marvellously sad
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorr'd, abandon'd of thy kind; as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,
Look'd on, and saw her rashly peril it;
And when she saw her danger, and confess'd
Her fault, compell'd her to complete her ruin!

WALTER.

Hast done?

JULIA.

Another moment, and I have.
Be warn'd! Beware how you abandon me
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienc'd! tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—
Power, freedom,—Every thing that I have not,
Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save me,
Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee at his feet
I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave:—
And quickly too! The hour of sacrifice
Is near! Anon the immolating priest
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!
Nor leave the task to me!

WALTER.

Hast done?

JULIA.

I have.

WALTER.

Then list to me—and silently, if not

With patience.—(*Brings chairs for himself and her.*)
How I watch'd thee from thy childhood,
I'll not recal to thee. Thy father's wisdom,
Whose humble instrument I was, directed
Your nonage should be pass'd in privacy,
From your apt mind that far outstripp'd your years,
Fearing the taint of an infected world;
For, in the rich ground, weeds once taking root,
Grow strong as flowers. He might be right or wrong!
I thought him right; and therefore did his bidding.
Most certainly he lov'd you—so did I;
Ay! well as I had been myself your father!

(His hand is resting upon his knee, Julia attempts to take it; he withdraws it; looks at her; she hangs her head.)

Well; you may take my hand! I need not say
How fast you grew in knowledge, and in goodness;
That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams
So soon fulfilment realized them all!
Enough. You came to womanhood. Your heart,
Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,
That's new unfolded to the smiling sun,
And ne'er knew blight nor canker!

(Julia attempts to place her other hand on his shoulder; he leans from her; looks at her; she hangs her head again).

Put it there!
Where left I off? I know! When a good woman
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good so e'er before! I found the man
I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found
Propos'd him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,
Occasion offering, you should be married
Soon as you reach'd to womanhood. You lik'd
My choice—accepted him. We came to town;
Where, by important matter summon'd thence,
I left you an affianced bride!

JULIA.

You did!
You did! (*Leans her head upon her hand, and weeps.*)

WALTER.

Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment now,
Not passion be awake. On my return,
I found thee—what? I'll not describe the thing
I fourd thee then! I'll not describe my pangs
To see thee such a thing! The engineer
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,
It cost him years and years of toil to raise,
And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
To roar and whistle now; but, in a night,
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,
May look aghast as I did!

JULIA (*falling on her knees*).

Pardon me!
Forgive me! pity me!

WALTER.

Resume thy seat. (*Raises her.*)
I pity thee; perhaps not thee alone
It fits to sue for pardon.

JULIA.

Me alone!
None other!

WALTER.

But to vindicate myself,
I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee.
What wast thou then with wounded pride? A thing
To leap into a torrent! Throw itself
From a precipice! Rush into fire! I saw
Thy madness—knew to thwart it were to chafe it—
And humour'd it to take that course, I thought,
Adopted, least 'twould rue.

JULIA.

'Twas wisely done.

WALTER.

At least 'twas for the best!

JULIA.

To blame thee for it,
Was adding shame to shame! But, Master Walter;
These nuptials! Must they needs go on?

SERVANT (*entering*).

More guests
Arrive.

WALTER.

Attend to them. [*Exit* SERVANT.

JULIA.

Dear Master Walter!
Is there no way to escape these nuptials?

WALTER.

Know'st not
What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?

JULIA.

What?

WALTER.

Nothing! I did tell thee of a thing.

JULIA.

What was it?

WALTER.

To forget it was a fault!
Look back and think.

JULIA.

I can't remember it.

WALTER.

Fathers, make straws your children! Nature's nothing!

Blood, nothing! Once in other veins it runs,
It no more yearneth for the parent flood,
Than doth the stream that from the stream disparts.
Talk not of love instinctive; what you call so,
Is but the brat of custom! your own flesh
By habit only cleaves to you—without,
Hath no adhesion! (*Aside.*) So, you have forgot
You have a father, and are here to meet him!

JULIA.

I'll not deny it.

WALTER.

You should blush for't.

JULIA.

No!
No! no! dear Master Walter! what's a father
That you've not been to me? Nay, turn not from me,
For at the name a holy awe I own,
That now almost inclines my knee to earth!
But thou to me, except a father's name,
Hast all the father been; the care—the love—
The guidance—the protection of a father.
Can'st wonder then, if like thy child I feel;
And feeling so, the father's claim forget
Whom ne'er I knew, save by the name of father?
Oh turn to me, and do not chide me: or
If thou wilt chide, chide on! but turn to me!

WALTER. (*Struggling with emotion.*)

My Julia! (*Embraces her.*)

JULIA.

Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!
Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?

WALTER.

Julia,
A promise made, admits not of release,
Save by consent or forfeiture of those
Who hold it; so it should be ponder'd well
Before we let it go. 'Ere man should say
I broke the word I had the power to keep,
I'd lose the life I have the power to part with!
Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day,
Must to thy father of thy training render
A strict account. While honour's left to us,
We have something—nothing, having all but that!
Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia!
Present thyself before thy bridegroom! (*she assents.*)
Good!
My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,
And to his honour leav't to set thee free,
Or hold thee bound. Thy father will be by!

[*Exeunt severally.*—pp. 105—111.

Walter is faithful to his promise. The parties all meet before the

nuptial ceremony takes place. Rochdale insists upon his right to Julia; but Walter now discloses to him two unwelcome secrets, first that he, the Hunchback, is the true Earl of Rochdale; and next, that he is the father of Julia. In that capacity, he refuses his consent to the intended marriage, and he gives her hand to Clifford, who is moreover reinstated in his title and fortune. There is rather too much of these dealings about of rank and honours, but they do not at all mar the interest of the story, which is kept up to the last. We have not seen so successful a performance on the stage for many years. There is an underplot which might have been advantageously omitted, if it were not worth enduring, inasmuch as it serves to give by its shade, a bolder relief to the more prominent characters.

ART. VI.—*Altrive Tales: collected among the Peasantry of Scotland, and from Foreign Adventurers.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. *With Illustrations* by George Cruikshank. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 341. London: Cochrane & Co. 1832.

"THE effects of a strong mind and vigorous imagination to develop themselves even under the most disadvantageous circumtances, may be always," says Sir Walter Scott, "considered with pleasure, and often with profit." In this point of view it is, that every man of intelligence and education must feel an interest in the literary productions of the Ettrick Shepherd. What the value of those productions may be in a critical sense, is an inquiry into which we are not disposed to enter at the present moment. That they are far above the standard of compositions which might be expected from a self-taught rustic, it would be unjust to deny. But it would be gross flattery to say that they are as worthy of immortality as the verses of Burns. What is most surprising in them is the "town air," if we may so express ourselves, which pervades almost all Hogg's writings. They savour little of the raciness of clownish genius, and shew very few traces of the difficulties under which they were elaborated.

The tales, called Altrive, from the name of a farm which the author holds at a nominal rent from the Buccleugh family, are to consist of selections from his most approved writings, interspersed occasionally with original pieces not yet published; the whole to be comprised in twelve volumes. We have three tales in the volume now before us, all distinguished by a wildness of imagination, which bounds from incident to incident with an enviable facility. The story entitled 'Captain John Locky,' furnishes abundant evidence of his teeming fancy. The hero is from the beginning to the end the sport of the most unlooked for events, alternately raised from the abyss of despair to the summit of hope, and as quickly thrown from the heights of prosperity to the depths of misfortune. He is the offspring of a forced Scottish marriage, which was afterwards

dissolved. No one but his mother knows of his existence, and he is watched by her parental care through life, although her family would have murdered him if they had been aware of his identity. He serves in the wars under Marlborough, and in the Swedish army under Charles "the Mad." His adventures on the continent follow each other with so much rapidity, that it is difficult to remember them. We must say that they are too often not worth remembering, and yet the tale is upon the whole calculated to interest the reader from the very number, if not from the attractiveness of its incidents. The two other stories are short, and, though of a different character, are calculated to afford a favourable specimen of the compositions by which they are to be followed.

We must own, however, that we have given our attention principally to the memoirs of his own life, and the reminiscences of several of his distinguished contemporaries, which occupy the first hundred and fifty pages of his volume. Of these also portions have been published before, but there are some things in them that will bear repetition. We find no fault with his egotism; on the contrary, we like him the better for it. Autobiography is in general the most charming kind of reading that we know of, and bears the same relation to mere biography, as the sound of the human voice to that of an instrument. We easily pass over the little vanity, the love of praise, and the consciousness of notoriety which now and then break out through his narrative. We could forgive much more than this in order to get at any man's account of his own history, especially of any literary man, the mysteries of whose art are celebrated so often in complete solitude.

Mr. Hogg tells us that he is the second of four sons, and that he was born on the 25th of January, 1772. He was brought up, as his progenitor had been, to the toils of a shepherd's life, upon the farms of Ettrick, of which his father, in an evil hour, had taken a lease, depending for capital upon the slender earnings he had accumulated. He was eventually ruined, and our hero was obliged to go to service, having been able to attend the parish school but for a short time, during which he learned to read. He was only seven years of age when he was hired by a farmer in the neighbourhood to herd a few cows, his wages for the half year being a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. The latter were a luxury, however, in which he seldom actually indulged, as from habit he preferred being without them. His father having been appointed shepherd to a gentleman who took a short lease of the Ettrick farms, he was taken home during the winter quarter and put to school, where he made some progress in reading, but very little in writing. This, he tells us, was all the education he ever had; in all it did not extend beyond the period of half a year. This is a curious fact, and ought to operate as an encouragement to those who meet with difficulties of any kind in the pursuit of knowledge.

When the spring returned, the young lad was sent away to his old occupation of herding cows, and 'in this employment,' he says, 'the worst and lowest known in our country, I was engaged for several years under sundry masters, till at length I got into the more honourable one of keeping sheep.' The juvenile pastor was not without a Daphne—a little shepherdess who had charge of a flock of new-weaned lambs, and whom he was desired to assist. He loved the girl dearly, and ever after, on her account, liked the women better than the men. When he was fifteen years old he had already served nearly as many different masters. He perhaps was fond of variety, but he imputes his frequent changes to an ambition for higher wages, which he thought he deserved as his strength improved. He from his outset obtained a character for the inoffensiveness of his behaviour, which was a recommendation for him wherever he went. He had a hard life of it with some of his masters, one especially, in whose service he was often nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. All this time he neither read nor wrote, nor had he access to any book except the Bible. His wages he took to his parents, who supplied him with the scanty clothing he had. He speaks pathetically of his want of shirts, and of the difficulty consequent thereupon which he felt in keeping up his trowsers, braces not having been yet invented. When fourteen years of age he made an important acquisition—an old violin, which he purchased for five shillings saved out of his wages. With this he generally amused himself before he went to bed, and that too without disturbing others, as his couch was the straw in stables or cow-houses. We infer that his performance was not of the most enchanting description, inasmuch as whenever he attempted his strains within the reach of human ears, he was unceremoniously compelled to leave off. But we dare say that the fiddle was not a Cremona.

In his eighteenth year he went into the service of Mr. Laidlaw, of Ellibank upon Tweed, from whom he went to Mr. Laidlaw's father at Willenslee, and subsequently to a gentleman of the same name, of Block House. Of the Laidlaws, especially the latter, with whom he lived as shepherd for ten years, he speaks in terms of affectionate recollection. During this period, he had more frequent access to books. His prime favourites were—"The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," and the "Gentle Shepherd." Having accidentally stumbled on Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth," it filled his mind for a season with all sorts of horrible dreams. In 1796, he began to read with considerable attention, and then to write. His first efforts in composition, were songs and ballads for the lasses to sing in chorus, 'and a proud man I was,' he declares, 'when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of "Jamie the poeter."' He adds,

'I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at pre-

sent; and I was equally well-pleased with them. But then the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write, save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but, in place of it, I borrowed a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study, without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing.

'My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper, and then I write it down as fast as the A, B, C. When one is written, it remains in that state, it being, as you very well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

'It is a fact, that, by a long acquaintance with any poetical piece, we become perfectly reconciled to its faults. The numbers by being frequently repeated, wear smoother to our minds; and the ideas having been expanded by our reflection on each particular scene or incident therein described, the mind cannot without reluctance, consent to the alteration of any part of it.

'The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1799, the year after he died. One day during that summer, a very daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated Tam O'Shanter. I was delighted! I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him, how he was born on the 5th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August.

'This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns! I wept, and always thought with myself—what is hinder me from succeeding Burns! I too was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns.

'I remember in the year 1812, the year before the publication of the "Queen's Wake," that I told my friend, the Rev. James Nicol, that I had an inward consciousness that I should yet live to be compared with Burns; and though I might never equal him in some things, I thought I might excel

him in others. He reprobated the idea, and thought the assumption so audacious, that he told it as a bitter jest against me in a party that same evening. But the rest seeing me mortified, there was not one joined in the laugh against me, and Mr. John Grieve replied in these words, which I will never forget, " After what he has done, there is no man can say *what* he may do." '—vol. i. pp. xiv.—xvii.

His great censor and patron, Mr. William Laidlaw, at the same time that he pointed out the faults in his compositions, commended them highly, and introduced them to the notice of Sir Walter Scott, by whom they were treated with his usual amiable and generous attention, which gave the young poet encouragement to proceed. He entered into a poetical contest with two other shepherd lads, one of whom was his brother. Their theme was " The Stars," and the arbitrators awarded to his brother the palm of superiority. He continued to add annually to his store of ballads and other small pieces, chiefly on ideal or legendary subjects. His first published song was, " Donald M'Donald," which he composed in the year 1800, upon Buonaparte's then threatened invasion. It was set to music, and sung everywhere in Edinburgh, while he was tending sheep upon the mountains. He complains sadly, that although the popularity of his song was unbounded, ' no one ever knew, or inquired who was the author.'

' There chanced,' he further observes in a strain of increasing indignation, ' to be about that time a great masonic meeting in Edinburgh, the Earl of Moira in the chair; on which occasion Mr. Oliver, of the house of Oliver and Boyd, then one of the best singers in Scotland, sung " Donald M'Donald." It was loudly applauded and three times encored; and so well pleased was Lord Moira with the song, that he rose, and in a long speech descanted on the utility of such songs at that period—thanked Mr. Oliver, and proffered him his whole interest in Scotland. This to the singer; yet, strange to say, he never inquired who was the author of the song!

' There was at that period, and a number of years afterwards, a General M'Donald, who commanded the northern division of the British army. The song was sung at his mess every week day, and sometimes twice and thrice. The old man was proud of and delighted in it, and was wont to snap his thumbs and join in the chorus. He believed, to his dying day, that it was made upon himself; yet neither he nor one of his officers ever knew or inquired who was the author—so thankless is the poet's trade.'—pp. xxii., xxiii.

In 1801 he resolved on commencing poet in good earnest. So being at the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being detained for a day or two, he spent his leisure hours in writing off from memory some poems which he had left in manuscript at home, and gave them to a printer, who struck off a thousand copies. They were sad stuff, he says, and he was afterwards heartily ashamed of them. The appearance of " the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" taught him the art of imitating ancient ballads. He selected a number of traditionary stories, and

'put them in metre by chanting them to certain old tunes.' In these he was more successful, he says, than in any thing he had hitherto tried.

These ballads he afterwards collected, and having been recommended by Sir Walter Scott to publish them, he went to Edinburgh from Mitchell Slack, in Nithsdale (where he was then living with Mr. Harkness as shepherd), for the purpose of treating about his manuscript, for which and for that "celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep," he received in private subscriptions and otherwise nearly three hundred pounds. His riches drove him almost out of his senses. He took first one farm and then another, much too large for his capital. From one difficulty he only plunged deeper into another, and at length after three years of miserable struggling, during which the muses altogether neglected him, he was fairly run aground, and abandoned the scene of his labours, having given up every thing he possessed to his creditors. 'None of these matters,' he pleasantly tells us, 'had the least effect in depressing my spirits—I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate.' Returning to Ettrick Forest he met with a most disheartening reception from his old friends, who absolutely disowned him. As he had appeared as a speculating farmer and a poet, nobody would now employ him as a shepherd, and for a whole year he found himself without occupation or money in his native country. By what means he continued to subsist all that time the deponent saith not.

He had nothing then for it, but to set up as a literary man; so taking his plaid about his shoulders, off he marched to Edinburgh, where he had the mortification to find that his poetical talents were estimated at a very low rate. In vain he sought for employment from booksellers, editors of magazines, and newspapers. They would all be glad to publish his lucubrations, but none would pay for them. In this plight, he once more went to Constable.

'I again applied to Mr. Constable to publish a volume of songs for me; for I had nothing else by me but the songs of my youth, having given up all these exercises so long. He was rather averse to the expedient, but he had a sort of kindness for me, and did not like to refuse; so after waiting on him three or four times, he agreed to print an edition and give me half the profits. He published one thousand copies at five shillings each; but he never gave me anything; and as I feared the concern might not have proved a good one, I never asked any remuneration.

'The name of this work was the "Forest Minstrel," of which about two-thirds of the songs were my own, the rest furnished by correspondents—a number of them by the ingenious Mr. J. M. Cunningham. In general they are not good, but the worst of them are all mine, for I inserted every ranting rhyme that I had made in my youth, to please the circles about the firesides in the country; and all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to nothing—was now in the thirty-eighth year of my age—and knew no more of human life or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something; but, on finding

myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as enemies to all genius. My plan was to begin a literary weekly paper, a work for which I was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me. No; not one of them would print it without a bookseller's name to it as publisher. "D—n them," said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, "the folks here are all combined in a body." Mr. Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me that he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr. Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for ten pounds' worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentleman, whom he named, should contribute. At length I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicholson Street, whom I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms; and on the first of September, 1810, my first number made its appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price fourpence.

'A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he was to have delivered gratis. They showed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis: "So they are," said he, "I take nothing for the delivery, but I must have the price of the paper if you please."

'This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of half pence, was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making since my arrival in Edinburgh in February. On the publication of the first two numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidiousness and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in, set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this,—"Gaping deevils! wha cares what they say? If I leeve ony time, I'll let them see the contrair o' that."

'My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet when I went out, I was at times so dizzy I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it.

'Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing he generally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connexions, and found that they never would do; and that instead of pushing myself forward, as I wished, I was going straight to the devil. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if they ever knew or suspected what

was going on; but, on some pretence or other, I resolved to cut all connexion with Robertson; and, sorely against his will, gave the printing to Messrs. Aikman, then proprietors of The Star newspaper, showing them the list of subscribers, of which they took their chance, and promised me half profits. At the conclusion of the year, instead of granting me any profits, they complained of being minus, and charged me with the half of the loss. This I refused to pay, unless they could give me an account of all the numbers published, on the sale of which there should have been a good profit. This they could not do; so I paid nothing, and received as little. I had, however, a good deal to pay to Robertson, who likewise asked more; so that after a year's literary drudgery, I found myself a loser rather than a gainer.

'The name of this periodical work was "The Spy." I continued it for a year, and to this day I cannot help regarding it as a literary curiosity. It has, doubtless, but little merit, but yet I think that, all circumstances considered, it is rather wonderful. In my farewell paper I see the following sentence occurs, when speaking of the few who stood friends to the work:—

'"They have at all events the honour of patronising an undertaking quite new in the records of literature; for, that a common shepherd, who never was at school; who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty; yet who, smitten with an unconquerable thirst after knowledge, should leave his native mountains, and his flocks to wander where they chose, come to the metropolis with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius,—has much more the appearance of a romance than a matter of fact; yet a matter of fact it certainly is; and such a person is the Editor of 'The Spy.'"'—vol. i., pp. xxx—xxxv.

His next attempts were in the dramatic line, but they were not successful. He then published "The Queen's Wake," which has been ever since the chief pillar of his fame. It obtained for him the acquaintance of most of the literary characters of the northern metropolis, and brought him a considerable sum of money—more than it was worth, according to his own sober estimate, the whole of it, with few exceptions, being, as he candidly admits, 'little better than trash!' It was dedicated to the Princess Charlotte.

'During all this time I generally went on a tour into the Highlands every summer, and always made a point of tarrying some time at Kinnaird House, in Athol, the seat of Chalmers Izett, Esq., whose lady had taken an early interest in my fortunes, which no circumstance has ever abated. I depended much on her advice and good taste; and had I attended more to her friendly remonstrances it would have been much better for me. In the summer of 1814, having been seized with a severe cold while there, it was arranged that I should reside at Kinnaird House two or three weeks; and as Mrs. Izett insisted that I should not remain idle, she conducted me up stairs one morning, and introduced me into a little study, furnished with books and writing materials. "Now," said she, "I do not wish you to curtail your fishing hours, since you seem to delight so much in it, but whenever you have a spare hour, either evening or morning, you can retire

to this place, either read or write as the humour suits you." "Since you will set me down to write," said I, "you must choose a subject for me, for I have nothing in hand and have thought of nothing."—"How can you be at loss for a subject," returned she, "and that majestic river rolling beneath your eyes?"—"Well," said I, "though I consider myself exquisite at descriptions of nature and mountain scenery in particular, yet I am afraid that a poem wholly descriptive will prove dull and heavy."—"You may make it the shorter," said she, "only write something to prevent your mind from rusting."'—vol. i. pp. liii., liv.

Mr. Hogg now fully acquiesces in the justice of the criticisms by which his poems, "Mador of the Moor," and "The Pilgrims of the Sun," were derided for their extravagance of fiction. 'After my literary blunders are a few months old,' he says, 'I can view them with as much indifference, and laugh at them as heartily, as any of my neighbours.' His next literary adventure was the most Quixotic he had yet undertaken. He resolved on soliciting a poem from every living author in Britain, with a view to publish them in one volume. Among others, Wordsworth sent him one, which he afterwards reclaimed. Lord Byron and Rogers both promised contributions, but failed to transmit them. Hogg believes that Lara was intended for his book, but that it was withheld through some sinister influence. Sir Walter Scott returned a downright refusal to his request; this frustrated his whole plan; he in consequence abused the northern minstrel in strong language, and for some time carried on war against him. Looking over the pieces which he had received, he thought that they were none of them of such distinguished merit as to ensure the success of his book. He had the vanity to believe that he could, in imitation of the style of each writer, produce better poems than they had sent him. This conceit gave rise to his "Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain," which was moderately successful, though it imposed on nobody. He next published two volumes of tragedies, which have never been performed, and, we believe, very little read. He had at one time determined on writing a drama every year, hoping to perfect himself by degrees; but his failure discouraged his ambition in this line. He had commenced an epic poem on a regular plan, aspiring to make it his greatest work; two books were finished, when finding that the poetical portions of his dramas obtained no favour in the public eye, he despaired of doing anything better. He was, however, afterwards induced to finish and send to press, "Queen Hinde," the utter failure of which gave the finishing blow to his poetical career. He consoles himself, however, with the belief—a belief peculiar, we apprehend, to himself—that it is the most estimable of all his productions.

Hogg claims credit to himself for having been the originator of "Blackwood's Magazine," concerning which he gives some anecdotes that may amuse the modern Athenians. He assures us that his "Brownie of Bodsbeck," which was said at the time to be an

imitation of "Old Mortality," was written long before the latter was published. He mentions some facts with reference to this his first novel, which will be instructive to young authors.

'That same year I published "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," and other tales, in two volumes. I suffered unjustly in the eyes of the world with regard to that tale, which was looked on as an imitation of the tale of "Old Mortality," and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of "Old Mortality" was heard of: and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground, which I thought clear, pre-occupied before I could appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion. It was wholly owing to Mr. Blackwood that this tale was not published a year sooner, which would effectually have freed me from the stigma of being an imitator, and brought in the author of the "Tales of my Landlord" as an imitator of me. That was the only ill turn that Mr. Blackwood ever did me; and it ought to be a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts.

'I mentioned to Mr. Blackwood that I had two tales I wished to publish, and at his request I gave him a reading of the manuscript. One of them was "The Brownie," and, I believe, was not quite finished. He approved of it, but with "The Bridal of Polmood," however, it was published from the same copy, and without the alteration of a word, and has been acknowledged by all who have read it as the most finished and best written tale that I ever produced. Mr. Blackwood himself must be sensible of this fact, and also that in preventing its being published along with "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," he did an injury both to himself and me. As a farther proof how little booksellers are to be trusted, he likewise wished to prevent the insertion of "The Wool-gatherer," which has been a universal favourite; but I know the source from whence it proceeded. I would never object trusting a bookseller, were he a man of any taste; for unless he wishes to reject an author altogether, he can have no interest in asserting what he does not think. But the plague is, they *never read works themselves*, but give them to their minions, with whom there never fails to lurk a literary jealousy; and whose suggestions may uniformly be regarded as anything but the truth. For my own part, I know that I have always been looked on by the learned part of the community as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is that I am so. The walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their peculiar right; else what could avail their dear-bought collegiate honours and degrees? No wonder that they should view an intruder from the humble and despised ranks of the community with a jealous and indignant eye, and impede his progress by every means in their power.'—vol. i. pp. lxxix—lxxxi.

In consequence of some rather dissipated nights which Hogg spent at a jovial club, called "The right and wrong Club," he drank himself into an inflammatory fever, which confined him for some time to his bed. At one period the disease assumed a serious aspect. It is a proof of that truly kind disposition which is known to form so admirable a trait in Sir Walter Scott's character, that although Hogg had renounced his friendship, and had told him that he held his literary talents in contempt, he nevertheless during

his illness constantly inquired after him with marked solicitude. "I would fain have called," he said to a friend of the invalid, "but I knew not how I would be received. I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health. And in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for I shall see it paid." It is equally creditable to Hogg to add, that when he afterwards heard accidentally of this conversation, he wrote a letter of apology to Sir Walter, and they were again upon the best terms of friendship. The author concludes his autobiographical sketch with a catalogue of his works, which amount in all to about thirty volumes; an extraordinary number for any man, but more especially for a self-educated man, who had spent the greater part of his life in the humble capacity of a shepherd. He adds some further details concerning himself in a chapter entitled 'Reminiscences of former days.'

'From 1809 until 1814, I resided in Edinburgh, having no home or place of retirement in my native district of Ettrick Forest, a want which I felt grievously in summer. But in the course of the last-mentioned year I received a letter from the late Duke Charles of Buccleugh, by the hands of his chamberlain, presenting me with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. The boon was quite unsolicited and unexpected, and never was a more welcome one conferred on an unfortunate wight, as it gave me once more a habitation among my native moors and streams, where each face was that of a friend, and each house was a home, as well as a residence for life to my aged father.

'The letter was couched in the kindest terms, and informed me that I had long had a secret and sincere friend whom I knew not of, in his late Duchess, who had in her lifetime solicited such a residence for me. In the letter he said, "the rent shall be nominal;" but it has not even been nominal, for such a thing as rent has never been once mentioned. Subsequently to that period I was a frequent guest at his Grace's table; and as he placed me always next him, on his right hand, I enjoyed a good share of his conversation, and I must say of my benefactor, that I have never met with any man whom I deemed his equal. There is no doubt that he was beloved and esteemed, not only by his family and friends, but by all who could appreciate merit; yet strange to say, Duke Charles was not popular among his tenantry. This was solely owing to the change of times over which no nobleman can have any controul, and which it is equally impossible for him to redress; for a more considerate, benevolent, and judicious gentleman I never saw. It is natural to suppose that I loved him, and felt grateful towards him; but, exclusive of all feelings of *that* nature, if I am any judge of mankind, Duke Charles had every qulification, both of heart and mind, which ought to endear a nobleman to high and low, rich and poor. From the time of his beloved partner's death his spirits began to droop; and though, for the sake of his family, he made many efforts to keep them up, the energy that formerly had supported them was broken, and the gnawings of a disconsolate heart brought him to an untimely grave. Blessed be the memory of my two noble and only bene-

factors! they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were but shortly divided.

'I then began and built a handsome cottage on my new farm, and forthwith made it my head-quarters. But not content with this, having married in 1820 Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr. Phillips, late of Longbridge-moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had in the hands of Mr. Murray, Mr. Blackwood, Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, and Messrs. Longman and Co., debts due, or that would soon be due, to the amount of a thousand pounds, I determined once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's domains. His lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount Benger, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well qualified farmers in the preceding six years: but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleugh estate were never suffered to be great losers, and that at all events, if I could not make the rent, I could write for it. So accordingly I took a lease of the farm for nine years.

'I called in my debts, which were all readily paid, and amounted to within a few pounds of one thousand; but at that period the sum was quite in inadequate, the prices of ewes bordering on thirty shillings per head. The farm required stocking to the amount of one thousand sheep, twenty cows, five horses, farming utensils of all sorts, crop, manure, and, moreover, draining, fencing, and building, so that I soon found I had not half enough of money; and though I realized by writing, in the course of the next two years, seven hundred and fifty pounds, besides smaller sums paid in cash, yet I got into difficulties at the very first, out of which I could never redeem myself till the end of the lease, at which time live stock of all kinds having declined one half in value, the speculation left me once more without a sixpence in the world—and at the age of sixty it is fully late enough to begin it anew.

'It will be consolatory, however, to my friends to be assured, that none of these reverses ever preyed in the smallest degree on my spirits. As long as I did all for the best, and was conscious that no man could ever accuse me of dishonesty, I laughed at the futility of my own calculations, and let my earnings go as they came, amid contentment and happiness, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way.'—vol. i. pp. xciv—xcvii.

Among these reminiscences we find two or three anecdotes of eminent literary men, which we shall transcribe for the reader's amusement.

Sir Walter Scott.

'I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse which had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes the rider kept his seat despite of the animal's plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr. Scott, that is the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

'"Ay," said he, "he and I have been very often these two days past like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoe-latchets." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

'We visited the old castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon and the night with Mr. Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude which we traversed exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise in the fields. On the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass his own but that of all other men. His memory, or perhaps I should say his recollection, surpasses that of all men whom I ever knew. I saw a pleasant instance of it recorded lately regarding Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one.

'He and Skene of Rubislaw, and I were out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, and, on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found to our inexpressible grief that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question, so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher home all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

'While Fletcher was absent we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of "Gilmanscleuch." Now be it remembered, that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed by rote, and, on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but at the eigth or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had lately been on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's, ("The Abbot of Aberbrothock,") both of which ballads he had heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without misplacing a word.

'Rob Fletcher came at last, and old Laidlaw of the Peel with him, and into the foaming river we plunged in our frail bark, with a fine blazing light. In a few minutes we came into Gliddy's Weal, the deepest pool in Tweed, when we perceived that our boat gave evident signs of sinking. When Scott saw the terror that Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always the more mischief the better sport for him! "For God's sake push her to the side!" roared Peel. "Oh she goes fine!" said Scott; "An' gin the boat were bottomless, and seven miles to row;" and by the time he had well got out the words, down she went to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed over head and ears. It was no sport to me at all; but that was a glorious night for Sir Walter, and the next day was no worse."

'I remember leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by my dear friend, William Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Ferguson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of the Grey Mare's Tail and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path which, if not rode by Clavers, was I dare say never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter in the very worst paths never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We

went to Moffatt that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

'I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works, laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

'There are not above five persons in the world who I think know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the mean time this is only a reminiscence in my own lines of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

'The enthusiasm with which he recited and spoke of our ancient ballads during that first tour of his through the forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated "the Mountain Bard" to him:—

Bless'd be his generous heart for aye,
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest trill;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.'

—vol. i. pp. cxvi.—cxxi.

Southey.

'My first interview with Mr. Southey was at the Queen's Head-inn, in Keswick, when I had arrived, wearied, one evening, on my way to Westmoreland; and not liking to intrude on his family circle that evening, I sent a note up to Greta Hill, requesting him to come down and see me, and drink one half mutchkin along with me. He came on the instant, and stayed with me about an hour and a half. But I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted, in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland, I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

'Before we had been ten minutes together, my heart was knit to Southey, and every hour thereafter my esteem for him increased. I breakfasted with

him next morning, and remained with him all that day and the next; and the weather being fine, we spent the time in rambling on the hills and sailing on the lake; and all the time he manifested a delightful flow of spirits, as well as a kind sincerity of manner, repeating convivial poems and ballads, and always between hands breaking jokes on his nephew, young Coleridge, in whom he seemed to take great delight. He gave me, with the utmost readiness, a poem and ballad of his own, for a work which I then projected. I objected to his going with Coleridge and me, for fear of his encroaching on his literary labours; and as I had previously resided a month at Keswick, I knew every scene almost in Cumberland; but he said he was an early riser, and never suffered any task to interfere with his social enjoyments and recreations; and along with us he went both days.

'Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and afield, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eye-lids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him, because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out. We have only exchanged a few casual letters since that period, and I have never seen this great and good man again."—vol. i. pp. cxxi—cxxiv.

Wordsworth.

'I have forgotten what year it was, but it was in the summer that the "Excursion" was first published, when Mr. James Wilson came to me, one day, in Edinburgh, and asked me to come to his mother's house in Queen Street to dinner, and meet Mr. Wordsworth and his lady. I said I should be glad to meet any friend of his kind and venerated mother's at any time, and should certainly come; but not having the least conception that the great poet of the Lakes was in Edinburgh, and James having called him *Mr.* Wordsworth, I took it for the celebrated horse-dealer of the same name, and entertained some shrewd misgivings how he should chance to be a guest in a house where only the first people in Edinburgh were wont to be invited.

'"You will like him very much," said James; "for although he proses a little he is exceedingly intelligent."

'"I dare say he is," returned I; "at all events he is allowed to be a good judge of horse-flesh." The Entomologist liked the joke well, and carried it on for some time; and I found in my tour southward with the celebrated poet, that several gentlemen fell into the same error, expressing themselves as at a loss why I should be travelling the country with a *horse-couper*. He was clothed in a grey russet jacket and pantaloons, be

it remembered, and wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat; so that to strangers he doubtless had a very original appearance.

'When I finally learnt from James that it was the Poet of the Lakes whom I was to meet, I was overjoyed, for I admired many of his pieces exceedingly, though I had not then seen his ponderous "Excursion." I listened to him that night as to a superior being, far exalted above the common walks of life. His sentiments seemed just, and his language, though perhaps a little pompous, was pure, sentient, and expressive. We called on several noblemen and gentlemen in company; and all the while he was in Scotland I loved him better and better. Old Dr. Robert Anderson travelled along with us as far as the sources of the Yarrow, and it was delightful to see the deference which Wordsworth paid to that venerable man. We went into my father's cot, and partook of some homely refreshment, visited St. Mary's lake, which that day was calm and pure as any mirror; and Mrs. Wordsworth in particular testified great delight with the whole scene. In tracing the windings of the pastoral Yarrow from its source to its confluence with the sister stream, the poet was in great good-humour, delightful, and most eloquent. Indeed it was impossible to see Yarrow to greater advantage; and yet it failed of the anticipated inspiration; for "Yarrow Visited" is not so sweet and ingenious a poem as "Yarrow Unvisited," so much is hope superior to enjoyment.

'From Selkirk we were obliged to take different routes, as Wordsworth had business in Teviotdale, and I in Eskdale; and, at last, I landed at Ryedale Mount, his delightful dwelling, a day and a night before him and his lady. I found his sister there, however, a pure, ingenuous child of nature; kind, benevolent, and greatly attached to her brother. Her conversation was a true mental treat; and we spent the time with the children delightfully till the poet's arrival.

'I dined with him, and called on him several times afterwards, and certainly never met with anything but the most genuine kindness; therefore people have wondered why I should have indulged in caricaturing his style in the "Poetic Mirror." I have often regretted that myself; but it was merely a piece of ill-nature at an affront which I conceived had been put on me. It was the triumphal arch scene. This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly; and was likewise brought forward in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," as a joke; but it was no joke; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus:—

'It chanced one night, when I was there, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfection; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than any where else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it. Now be it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincey, and myself were present, besides several other literary gentlemen whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expsessing some fears that the splendid stranger

might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing: "Hout, me'm I. it is neither mair nor less than joost a treeumphal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets."

'"That's not amiss. Eh? Eh?—that's very good," said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincey's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside, he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—"Poets? Poets? What does the fellow mean? Where are they?"

'Who could forgive this? For my part I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth, as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-will at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in any man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The "*Where are they?*" was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincey was *leeing*, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words.

'I have only a single remark to make on the poetry of Wordsworth, and I do it because I never saw the remark made before. It relates to the richness of his works for quotations. For these are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottoes and quotations, and all three of them are alike rich. These are the Old Testament, Shakespeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth; and, strange to say, the "Excursion" abounds most in them.'—vol. i. pp. cxxiv.—cxxx.

Lockhart.

'When it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity, that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him, that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery, and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation, but got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat.

'A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only *one* black servant, but

that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him.

'After Wilson and he, and Sym and I, had resolved on supporting Blackwood, it occasioned us to be oftener together; but Lockhart contrived to keep my mind in the utmost perplexity for years, on all things that related to that magazine. Being often curious to know, when the tremendous articles appeared, who were the authors, and being sure I could draw nothing out of either Wilson or Sym, I always repaired to Lockhart to ask him, awaiting his reply with fixed eyes, and a beating heart. Then with his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer fat body, Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne, and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar that was in it, except one. I remember once, at a festival of the Dilletanti Society, that Lockhart was sitting next me, and charming my ear with some story of authorship. I have forgot what it was, but think it was about somebody reviewing his own book. On which I said, the incident was such a capital one, that I would give a crown bowl of punch to ascertain if it were true.

'"What? said Bridges, "did any body ever hear the like of that? I hope you are not suspecting your young friend of telling you a falsehood?"

'"Haud your tongue, Davie, for ye ken naething about it," said I. "Could ye believe it, man; that that callant never tould me the truth a' his days but ainee, an' that was merely by chance, and without the least intention on his part?" These blunt accusations diverted Lockhart greatly, and only encouraged him to farther tricks.

'I soon found out that the *coteris* of my literary associates had made it up to act on O'Doherty's principle, never to deny a thing that they had *not* written, and never to acknowledge one that they *had*. On which I determined that in future I would sign my name or designation to every thing I published, that I might be answerable to the world only for my own offences. But as soon as the rascals perceived this, they signed my name as fast as I did. They then contrived the incomparable "Noctes Ambrosianæ," for the sole purpose of putting all the sentiments into the shepherd's mouth, which they durst not avowedly say themselves, and those too often applying to my best friends. The generality of mankind have always used me ill till I came to London.

'The thing that most endeared Lockhart to me at that early period was some humourous poetry, which he published anonymously in Blackwood's Magazine, and which I still regard as the best of the same description in the kingdom. He at length married, on the same day with myself, into the house of my great friend and patron, and thenceforward I regarded him as belonging to the same family with me, I a step-son, and he a legitimate young brother.'—vol. i. pp. cxxxix—cxli.

A pretty well engraved portrait of the "Ettrick Shepherd," in

his sixtieth year, is prefixed to the volume, which is also illustrated by one of Cruikshank's humorous sketches. It is moreover very elegantly printed, and bound in a neat cover lettered in gold at the back, and sells at the same price as the " Life of Lord Byron."

ART. V.—*England and France; or a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania.* 8vo, pp. 286. London: Murray. 1832.

IF any proof were wanted of the selfish, illiberal, and mischievous tendency of Tory principles, we should have found an abundance of it in the volume now before us. There is scarcely any thing base in the conduct of any European government, which the author of these pages does not endeavour to defend. He approves so highly of the famous ordinances which hurled Charles X. from the throne of France, that he gives us in his small publication two copies of them, one in French the other in English. He of course desires to see the Bourbons restored to that throne. He takes Don Miguel by the right hand, as the most legitimate, the most excellent, and the most beloved of kings. The ruler of Holland, that bigotted and calculating Dutchman, who was destined by nature for a pedlar, though raised by accident to a throne, is the very god of this writer's idolatry. Returning home from the continent, after an absence of two years, he finds here nothing but revolution and the impending ruin of every thing that was valuable in our constitution. He has come surcharged with bile against every thing of a popular character, and especially against the new state of things in France, and the great object of his work is to show the impolicy of any kind of treaty, convention, or compact, which should change into mutual friendship, or even restrain *the natural hatred* that for centuries has existed between that country and England! He manifestly hopes that in seeking to attain this object, he may be able, aside as it were, to assist the cause of the conservatives here, as the anti-reformers call themselves; but the flag which he has unfurled, and under which he seems to think he may gather an imposing number of the people, has written upon it in letters of blood, " War—eternal war with France!"

We trust that Christianity and knowledge have made sufficient progress among the people of England, to induce them to treat with the most perfect indifference, this wicked appeal which has just been made to their worst passions. Is it possible that any man who has not sacrificed his mind to the exaggerated and unnatural views of a bad political party, can seriously accept for the rule of his conduct a proposition which declares, that "England and France have been enemies for many centuries, and therefore they never can be, and, if they could, they never ought to be, friends?" But this is the proposition which the author of this work advocates with all the power of his abilities—and they are not inconsiderable. This is the political maxim in which he thinks

all wisdom is embodied. He does not disguise it in diplomatic phraseology, or attempt to soften it by any arts of style. He lays it down in just so many words, and openly calls upon the country to adopt it, and for ever to abide by it.

'An hereditary enmity between two nations! It is a barbarous idea, it is cruel, it is anti-Christian. No doubt—but is it true? That is the only consideration of the statesman.' This is language worthy of Machiavel. If statesmen were indeed always to look exclusively at nations as they are, and never attempt to eradicate false ideas and unqualified vices from the principles of action by which great communities are influenced, it were much better that the whole race of such meddlers should be swept from the earth. They would be among the worst enemies of mankind. What! are we never to arrive at a degree of civilization which shall teach us, that nations may rival each other in the arts of peace, be equally rich, equally skilled in the sciences and pursuits which dignify and embellish life, without wasting their blood, and treasure, and happiness in savage contests for supremacy?

It may be true enough that many of the leading men of France desire at this moment, as much as Louis XIV. or Napoleon himself did, to see their country the monopolist of all commerce, the ruler of India, the mistress of our colonies, and queen of the ocean. It is perfectly natural that they should wish, as all good patriots must wish, to see their country the first in the scale of empire. But if they reflect at all, as we presume they do, upon the probabilities of things, they must be convinced that such hopes are mere phantoms of the imagination, and that a new contest undertaken for the purpose of giving them reality, would be not merely useless, but ruinous to the prosperity and liberty of France. At least, if they do not entertain these reflections, it becomes us to make them, and it is with us a positive duty to act upon them to the very last moment. If there be a bad spirit in France, with reference to this country, it is for us to avail ourselves of all the means within our reach to subdue it by the tender of our friendship, by the expression of our desire to cultivate a good understanding with her, and not by fresh enmity and opposition to her legitimate aspirations, to irritate that evil disposition and madden it into frenzy. Upon us devolves the duty of the stronger—generosity, patience, love of peace: our example has an extensive effect upon the world at large, and sure we are, that they are no lovers of peace, no friends to liberty, no contributors to the welfare of mankind, who would throw any obstacles in the way of that intimate alliance, which Lord Grey and Prince Talleyrand are understood to be engaged in bringing about between the two countries.

The present era is one of great change, for which it will be distinguished in history as much as the age which witnessed the revival of letters. It will, we have every reason to hope, be an era of amelioration, as well as of change. All decided alterations

that in the social or political existence of nations have yet taken place, have been for the better. It is the tendency of mankind, by their accumulation of the results of knowledge, which form experience, to go on perpetually improving. We may not all see at the moment, the good consequences that are necessarily to arise out of the periodical conflicts, which are carried on between those who look for improvements and those who think that none are required. Such conflicts never occur by chance; they cannot arise, or, if they do, they cannot be long maintained, unless there be an indispensable necessity for them. Their appearance is a symptom that, from whatever cause, the depression of the higher, or the elevation of the lower, orders, the equilibrium of the community has been disturbed, and restored it must be, according to a standard taken from the new circumstances, from whatever quarter the alteration may meet with resistance.

And among the great changes to which we look forward, as the offspring of the present state of fermentation in which all Europe may be said to be involved, we dwell upon none, except our domestic reforms, with greater complacency than the prospect now before us, of the cessation of that ancient enmity between France and England, which this narrow-minded writer desires to perpetuate. It would, assuredly, be a noble termination to the multiplied labours of Prince Talleyrand's protracted life, if he can succeed in inducing, not his government only, but his countrymen, to enter with sincerity and zeal into a league of inviolable friendship with the people of this kingdom. It would be a spectacle worthy of that regenerated age of which we hope to witness the commencement at no distant period, to behold two such nations as these, both equally renowned in war, lay down their arms and proclaim centuries of peace to the world. Of this at all events we are certain, that it is the duty of all good men to use whatever share of influence they can command in public or in private, to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished; and that the principles of a contrary tendency, so abundantly disclosed in this production, deserve to be stigmatized as equally hostile to the laws of morality, and to the real interests of the two most important nations upon earth.

Having from the very outset openly announced his principles, the author does not hesitate to insinuate a reproach against the Duke of Wellington, for having without delay recognized the throne of Louis-Philippe. That act he calls an error, which saved us from a renewal of the tremendous war of 1793. He then indulges himself in a repetition of the foolish calumny, that the late revolution in France was the work of the Duke of Orleans; and he insists, sage statesman! that because this was the fact, the Duke of Wellington ought to have known it, and ought, if he had known it, to have refused to recognize the new king! Supposing for a moment that the revolution was brought about in the manner here represented, yet having been so far successful, was it in the power

of a British minister to arrest its further progress with or without going to war? We leave the author to answer this question: but before he does answer it, we request him to turn over a few pages of the history of the revolution of 1789, which we fear he has read to very little advantage.

It must be admitted, that the several ministries which have managed the affairs of France since July, 1830, have committed great mistakes. We are not their advocates, nor do we desire to see their errors palliated. We hope that those errors will teach them to proceed with more caution. But it would be ungenerous to deny that they have had great difficulties to contend with. There is no doubt that much of that spirit of domination which raised Napoleon to the throne, and kept him there until he overthrew his own splendid creations, still prevails very extensively in France; and that the theatrical movements of armies to Belgium and Ancona have been so many compliances with that unhappy disposition. We all remember how very near they were to the despatch of a similar expedition to Warsaw, which, if it had taken place, would certainly have involved Europe in war. Unquestionably these are very awkward facts, and it is easy for a political pamphleteer to turn them to the discredit of the present British cabinet. But no evil has come out of them yet, and this we impute to the consummate ability which presides in the governments of the two countries. We believe they perfectly well understand each other, that they are both resolved on peace, but that they apprehend it to be necessary to humour the discontented men of France a little, until the new throne, or presidency, whatever it is to be, shall be more firmly established. Allowance must be made for these difficulties, if we be really anxious for peace.

This writer tells us, that there is no chance of a commercial treaty between the two countries, and he mentions as a reason for his assertion, that the French government refused to allow any modification on the article of iron, though we could supply it to the French much cheaper than they can produce it themselves. And what was, according to this authority, the true cause of the refusal? The greater part of the ministers, with the king at their head, are all proprietors of wood, and wood is used in the shape of charcoal in the smelting of iron! Assuming this unworthy selfishness to be the true motive, does not the English reader see that it is founded in mere ignorance? If the French could have British iron for half the price which they pay for their own, is it not probable that they would use double or treble the quantity which they now use; and that as iron cannot be applied to any purpose without the assistance of fire, the consumption of charcoal would be increased, instead of being lessened, by the introduction of the English material? It is impossible that such ignorance, or rather such miscalculation, which is every where the worst enemy that the free trade system has to struggle with, can much longer prevail in so

enlightened a country. And if we cannot get our iron at present admitted on reasonable terms into France, this should not, and we dare say will not, prevent the negotiation for a commercial treaty from proceeding.

Besides the clash of manufacturing interests, there is, if we are to believe this writer, another active source of hostility against England among the French, and that is religion. 'France is still a Catholic country,' he says, 'and though very little religion, if any, is to be found in Paris, it exists in great strength throughout the provinces, and might easily be converted into a principle of action.' Against whom? Not against England, at all events, for he would be a most benighted statesman who would reckon on the people of this country accepting the challenge to war from France, or any other nation, upon the ground of religion. The French may, if they please, be ready to fight for their religion, but if they stay at peace until we trouble them on that subject, certes they are in a fair way to let their swords rust in their scabbards.

It is ludicrous to observe the contemptible pegs upon which this author hangs a long piece of declamation, which we suppose he intends for argument.

'I will notice,' quoth he, 'one instance of its (the government's) preposterous folly. A Dr. Bowring, I believe, a member of one of the learned professions- law or physic—(which, if true, vastly enhances the absurdity) was sent by the greatest commercial nation of the world to Paris, to learn to keep the public accounts. Paris, that used to teach us fashions and dancing, and, latterly, revolutions and massacres, is now solicited to instruct the nation of shopkeepers in the art of book-keeping! Is there, in the records of human folly, any thing more supremely ludicrous? What a compliment to British merchants! Matchless Whiggery! What if our Whitehall, with its Prices, and Aucklands, and Poulett Thompsons, was, as I indeed believe it was, ignorant of book-keeping, was there no such place in the world as Broad-street, that we must send an agent, and that agent a learned Doctor, at the public expense, to the *Rue de Rivoli* to learn how to post a ledger?'—pp. 37, 38.

Poor Dr. Bowring, after all his efforts in order to win notoriety, is, it seems, as yet but little known, otherwise this writer might have easily found that the gentleman is neither a physician nor a lawyer, nor a member of any of the learned professions: that the diploma from which he takes his title was given him by some foreign university on account of his skill in languages, and that the said Dr. was, and for ought we know still is, a merchant, who occasionally devotes his leisure to literature. Whether he was the fittest person in the world to be sent to Paris upon such a mission, we shall not take it upon ourselves to say; but it is allowed upon all hands that he executed it in a satisfactory manner. The point of the epigram is therefore lost, and a great many notes of interrogation and of admiration are completely thrown away.

The author would seem to have been under a past regime, one

of the diplomatic agents who are appended to most of our foreign embassies, and in that capacity to have picked up a good deal of what he believes to be good information. It appears to us to be of rather a mixed nature, and with a little truth to combine a great mass of exaggeration, to use a gentle phrase. We believe that we may count among the latter portion of his matter, the story about the French government having been employed in exciting a new Persian war against Russia, and of intriguing with the Pacha of Egypt to send an army of Arabs against India! He advises by all means that a diplomatic agent should be sent to Egypt. Would *he* go?

The author dwells much upon the little importance which Englishmen in general ascribe to their foreign policy. Having assumed this to be the fact, which however would seem to be the very reverse of the truth, if we consider the eagerness with which foreign intelligence is looked for in this country, he deplores the scantiness of the information which our foreign department obtains from its various servants abroad. We suppose he thinks that his peculiar tact and felicity in gaining information would fit him for such an office; but lest the reader should think so too, we shall give him a specimen. He tells us that he has ascertained for a fact, not to be disputed, that Ferdinand of Spain is a *liberal!*

We have already said that he defends the policy of Polignac's famous ordinances. He selects as the text for a long chapter the very article of the late charter upon which that ill-starred minister founded those unhappy documents, and contends not only that they were sanctioned by the Charter, but required by the duties which Charles X. owed to his country! He maintains that the ministers had, long before they signed the ordonnances, proofs in their hands of an extensive conspiracy organized against the throne. If they had, might they not have suspected that it was because the monarch persevered, against the unanimous voice of France, in retaining Polignaç and his colleagues—men known to be hostile to liberty—in power? Charles was warned upon this subject repeatedly, but he still kept on in his violent course, and by so doing was in fact the first aggressor against the rights of the people. Let us hear the author upon this part of his theme.

'Twice had the king yielded to this opposition. In one instance he had given up the most successful minister of the restoration; in the other, he had appointed a minister whom the chamber received with acclamations. This very minister the chamber had deserted; and now, when the king in despair returned to his first system, they arrogantly placed their veto upon a third, without even condescending to permit him to explain his intentions and develope his policy.

'In politics, and, indeed, wherever, human passions operate, violence always reacts—a blow produces and justifies a blow; the chamber struck illegally and unconstitutionally at the king—it was in human nature, even if not in the Charter, that the king should strike at the chamber; but

strictly speaking, they who give the first offence are morally and legally responsible for all the consequences. Would it were so in politics!

'From the moment of the formation of the Polignac administration, no means were neglected to stimulate the activity of the factious, to alarm the fears, and excite the passions of the ignorant. Every where they combined to refuse the taxes, every where they stirred up and agitated the populace, and even persuaded a nation that their government were a band of incendiaries, ravaging their finest provinces. Oh! those precious fires in Normandy, and their choice imitations on the neighbouring shores of England! Blind or infatuated must they be, who do not see that all these fires were lighted by the same brand. The police of the French government was never more active than in its attempts to arrest this scourge, and to detect its origin. I was well acquainted with the anxiety of the ministers in their private circles, and the deep alarm of the sovereign himself. The guards even were sent into Normandy, under the command of General Latour Fossac, a man distinguished by his manly loyalty, his stern justice, and his distinguished courage, talents, and firmness. Each day the press teemed with dark insinuations against mysterious malefactors; yet why, since the occurrence of the three glorious days, has that press been silent? Where now are the insinuations on that important subject against the *Congregation*, as the Liberals affected to style the Jesuits, and, under that odious name, whatever remains of religion in France? And why have the persons arrested by the royalist administration on suspicion, never been prosecuted by the revolutionary government? The day will come, however, when the guilty, whatever may be their party, will be discovered. In the mean time, for the sake of sacred justice, let us hope, that on the day of trial, even a cross of July will not be permitted to be pleaded as an exemption from penal retribution.

'But while we are enumerating the infamous devices of the revolutionary intriguers, to excite a prejudice against the Polignac ministry, never let us forget, that the most active weapon of our present allies, was the prince's supposed connection with England. The prince in two instances had allied himself with our countrywomen; he avowed his admiration of our state of society, or inviolable order, and our practical freedom. "He speaks English in council," was the veracious *on dit* of all the oracles of the *cafés:* yet the prince was, in truth, a good, I had almost said too good a Frenchman. Algiers and Belgium are monuments of the unchangeable genius of the French policy under all administrations; and M. Mauguin, one of the commissioners of enquiry previous to the trial of the ministers, after concluding his examinations as to the foreign policy of the illustrious prisoner, thus, we are credibly informed, addressed "the instrument of Wellington:"—

'"Monsieur, nous avous vû avec plaisir que vous avez dirigé nos affaires à l'exterieur avec fermeté, loyaute, et d'une maniere *toute francaise.*"'

'This was the declaration of the leader of the *mouvement* in the highest moment of political excitement. And I can take upon myself to add, that so great was the anxiety of the French cabinet to avoid the imputation of being in any degree directed by the English—the *intercourse* between the governments was, under Polignac, much less cordial and intimate than it had previously been. I am satisfied that the prince pushed this weakness to an almost culpable extent; and that the British ministry were at

the moment of the explosion of July, in as entire ignorance of the difficulties and projects of the French cabinet, as the British public in general.

'Abundant proofs are before us, and others are every day arising, that the insurrection of July was organized before the appearance or signature of the *ordonnances*; before even the necessity of any such measure was discussed. No well informed man of any party now affects to deny this, or any longer to ridicule those who then expressed their apprehension of an approaching convulsion. Indeed, it is now, as I have already said, the fashion among the successful party on all occasions to celebrate the revolution as the result of an old *premeditated* and *unremitted* effort to overthrow the Bourbons. It is now the fashion among the conspirators to decree public honours to those less fortunate coadjutors who, months before the *ordonnances*, were the victims of the law for offences that after the three days were blazoned as merits.

'How then was the king to act? He had great duties to fulfil to France, and to Europe. It was his duty to defend his crown, to preserve peace, to maintain order, to guard the happiness and security of his realm and people from those whose unprincipled ambition and vindictive hate rendered them the implacable enemies of the Bourbons, under all systems and all administrations. The world always judges by success; and, of course, the world decides that Prince Polignac was wrong in having had recourse to a *coup d'état*. Some may doubt whether he might not have better waited the attack; but that is a matter of discretion of which no one out of the French cabinet can be an adequate judge; but the spirit which prompted his resistance to *movement* I entirely approve. If he had not endeavoured to restore, by any and all means, the authority of the king, he would have been a traitor, and, in my opinion, the Prince de Polignac is to be blamed, not for his strong resolution, but for his weak measures.

'It was quite impossible for the late French government to proceed without placing some bounds to the license of the periodical press; and it is, and it will be, still more impossible for the present French government to proceed without some similar measures. There have been more prosecutions of the press in one year of Louis-Philippe's reign, than in the whole reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; and what is still more important, the vast majority of the accused have been acquitted! Ay! they must now have recourse to some even stronger measures than those contemplated by the former Bourbons. And, indeed, the only difference between Casimir Perier and Polignac is, that Perier dares to do without even the form of an *ordonnance*, what Polignac only contemplated in that legal shape. This subject was the theme of frequent discussion in the cabinet of Charles X. Every day only dawned to disseminate fresh and more infamous calumnies; every day public morality was insulted, religion outraged, royalty ridiculed, truth distorted, and even glory—the national idol—loaded with sarcasms and imprecations of hatred. Witness the Algerine expedition; witness the sinister vows that accompanied it, and the *patriotic* prayers wafted from the press of France, and from the exchange and *cafés*, for the annihilation of the national army, and the destruction of the national fleet. With what mortified indignation did these gentry receive the news of the conquest! What interesting and sentimental commiserations they lavished on the unfortunate Dey! And

after all, what was the result of this conquest? Without speaking of the ultimate advantage which it might be to Europe, if wisely managed, it procured immense and immediate benefits to France—new markets, vast territory, and the glory of having avenged European civilization. How should we have appreciated a similar success in England? And now that another king and other ministers are at the head of affairs—men, one of whose merits was to oppose this expedition, and to dispute the principle of this conquest—the very same individuals, and the very same journals, have learnt to view the affair in quite a different aspect, and now laud the event with an exultation which resounds from the green hills of Barbary and the quays of Marseilles, to the banks of the Rhine and the shores of Calais. All is now changed; the ruin and the shame have disappeared: all is glorious and useful to France. We must colonize. Sly rogues! and why not send the *rédacteur* of a revolutionary journal to Algiers as governor-general? He would perhaps be, in the long run, as faithful, if not as efficient a citizen-viceroy as the Duke of Rovigo, that prudent gentleman, of whom I have much to say. The whole secret is, that a certain knot of intriguers were not then in power, and now they are. And France —and above all, *young France*, that has been their dupe, that has lavished her blood to seat them in their bureaus—will France, and will young France be satisfied? Is M. Cassimir Perier, with his petty prosecutions, breaking every printing-press that dares to oppose this protocolizing pawnbroker, this Richelieu of the stock-exchange,—is M. Cassimir Perier a lighter master than M. de Polignac? And is the doubled civil list of the Citizen-King a sufficient compensation for the disappointment of not being governed by consuls and protected by tribunes?'—pp. 70—77.

It would be but a waste of time to endeavour to set right the many perverted views which this single passage discloses. The credulity of the man is beyond all moderation. He has even the courage to insinuate that if Bourmont had been informed when he was in Algiers that the Duke of Orleans had been called to the throne of France, he would have returned with his 30,000 men and have held out for the white flag! How ridiculous! We venture to say, that, upon landing in France, and hearing of what had taken place, every individual of his followers—if followers he had had—would have mounted the tri-colour cockade.

The author devotes another long chapter to what he is pleased to call the 'Secret History of the Glorious Revolution.' Much of it, he thinks, is involved in Polignac's negligence in not bringing together a sufficient number of troops to enforce the ordonnances. But supposing 50,000 men to have been collected in Paris, or its neighbourhood, for that purpose, would they have acted in support of those decrees? No man will venture to say that they would. Polignac must have well known that they would not; he must have been more afraid of the army than of the populace of Paris, otherwise it is impossible to account for the total want of military preparation. As to secret history we find very little here that is not, like female secrets in general, already pretty well know. Let us see.

'Undeniable evidences of a premeditated and formidable conspiracy

were discovered on the persons arrested on the 28th; tickets of secret societies which intimated an extensive organization, and pointed out the allotted rallying points; printed orders of the day where the different manœuvres necessary were communicated with precision—the construction of barricades, the mode of engaging the troops without risk, by firing from windows; and all the other arrangements of *war in the street.* No kind of detail was forgotten or neglected in these orders. They proved the existence of a plan long matured and meditated, and the military experience of its authors. The most unanswerable proof that the affairs of the three glorious days were not occasioned by the *ordonnances* is, that since the events, the long-previous services of the conspirators have been in numerous instances urged as claims for places under the Government they established, and have been toasted with acclamation at clubs and commemorative festivals. Away then with the absurd story that passes current in England, of the spontaneous resistance to the tyrannical *Ordonnances.* The whole affair was a conspiracy which primarily struck at the throne of the Bourbons, but which was directed, in the second and most important instance, at the influence of our own country. Where is our Belgian barrier? It was won by France at the moment when the Parisians conquered the Louvre. But to our narrative.—The day was sultry; the troops, harassed by continual attacks of the populace continually reinforced, were fatigued to the last degree, and when they required refreshment were absolutely without rations. Still greater was the mismanagement which, while it promised a pecuniary gratification to the soldiers, permitted, nay indeed obliged, them to purchase their own provisions. Hence that fraternisation of the line with the people; and, passing over the fact that many of the privates and non-commissioned officers thus situated were natives of Paris—we may form some idea of the influence of the citizens upon the soldiery, by remembering that the former made desertion a condition even of selling them necessary sustenance. Will it be believed that at the same time all the loose women who happened to be in prison were released on the easy condition of seducing the military, which the female patriots fulfilled with alacrity and success. Some of them were proposed as Chevaliers of the Cross of July, and verily they were worthy of it.

'To judge from the military movements that Marmont commanded, we may fairly conclude he lost his head. To the middle of the 28th, all the *corps de garde* were occupied by troops of the line, and every one knows that these stations are seldom commanded by officers. In general, they are corporals who command small bodies of six, ten, and fifteen men at each post. In this manner above a thousand [illegible] were [illegible]ered away; and one body after the other was disarmed, sometimes coaxed [illegible] all the [illegible]ersed, by masses of the populace. What indeed could a party [illegible] the dozen men do before bodies of five hundred or a thousand persons? I was present at several of these *désarmements*, and it was invariably by a falsehood that the head of the mob commenced his harangue to the soldiers; assuring them that the rest of the regiment had already grounded their arms, and that the line had fraternised with the people. "*Vive la ligne!*" shouted the mob at the end of the address. Besides the fatal example of this desertion, the troops, by giving up their arms, furnished fresh means of hostility to the mob. It is impossible therefore to blame the military conduct of the Duke of Ragusa.

Nor were the ministers either more prudent or more active. It was only when it was notified to M. de Polignac, that a party of the line had abandoned their colours, that he, at the instance of his colleagues, transmitted orders to the troops at a distance from Paris, to arrive by forced marches,—an arrival which could not take place from five to eight days."—pp. 117—120.

How truly ridiculous it is to gather together such a multiplicity of separate causes of action, when there was one grand cause, the prime mover of all the others; namely, the intolerable principles avowed in the ordonnances. Why this very writer states, a page or two farther on, that the moment the ministers left Paris to attend the king's council, 'the troops of the line went over to the people.' How absurd to imagine for a moment, how much more absurd to say seriously, as the author does say, that even after the three days, the diplomatic body, if they had exerted themselves with energy, might have preserved the throne to the Bourbons! He that believes this would believe any thing.

We needed not this book to learn that the popular party in Paris after their decisive success, were at first for a republic with a president at its head, upon the plan of the United States, and that Lafayette, in presenting Louis Philippe as king to the crowd round the Hotel de Ville, proclaimed him as "the best of republics." To something of this kind France will most probably soon come: but we do not consider that such an event is at all to be deplored. It is fulsome to deny that such a form of government is beyond all comparison the best, wherever it is practicable, and we do not see why it should not be as practicable in France as it has proved to be in America. But let us finish the *Secret* History.

'It was determined that the Bourbons should be frightened out of the kingdom. An eminent lady of the highest rank, and filling a most important office in the household, was the individual who, both from her situation and her admirable talents for private theatricals, was the agent fixed upon to effect this purpose. This eminent lady had all her connections and fortune in France; and confiding in the good faith of the house of Orleans, an hallucination from which she has now recovered, and her vanity being gratified by playing a grand part in this important drama, she painted to the king in frightful colours the imminent peril of his situation, dilating on his neglect to expiate the errors and barbarities of the first revolution, and expatiating on the necessity of the king at least to save his children. This eminent lady was not upon the best terms with the Duchess de Berri; she may even fairly be described as her personal enemy. She was not slow in perceiving that the duchess, by becoming regent, would be the personage who would derive the most important results of the nomination of Henry V. This eminent lady, therefore, performed her part with all the zeal of private pique stimulating personal ambition.

'At the same time commissioners were sent from Paris to expedite the result, by describing, in horrible colours, the state of the capital. These commissioners were not received. They returned in the night with the

report of their non-admission; and the faction then resolved that the unhappy family should be forced to depart by a more urgent terror.

'On Tuesday, about eleven, the day after the Duke of Orleans had received the nomination of the king to act as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, the drum was beat in all the quarters of Paris, announcing that Charles the Tenth was determined to remain with the force he had at Rambouillet, and await reinforcements from La Vendée, and that he had also carried off all the crown jewels. Nothing was omitted to excite the people; and the whole concluded in inviting all patriotic volunteers to assemble in the Champs Elysées to receive further orders.

'It will be easily conceived, that the moment there was a talk of the crown jewels, every vagabond in Paris pricked up his ears, and became a patriotic volunteer. Eight thousand of those ferocious and desperate ruffians, who always come to light when society is convulsed, assembled in an instant. Every hackney coach, omnibus, and private equipage that could be seized, was immediately taken for this expedition of patriots, who departed to Rambouillet with the most criminal intentions, every one imagining that he had already in his possession a star of brilliants, or a cross more valuable than that of July. Conceive this caravan of eight thousand desperadoes, irregularly armed, on a public road in the immediate vicinity of a rich capital.'—pp. 136—138.

Then follows the interview between Charles and the commissioners.

'This took place at the interview. "Upon your honour," said the king, "as a Frenchman, and as a Marshal of France, am I to credit what has been communicated to me by M. Barrot; am I to believe that an armed mob of eighty thousand Parisians are in full march to Rambouillet?"'

'"Upon my honour as a Frenchman, and as a Marshal of France," answered Maison, "there is an immense mass of people. I have not counted them, but it is really immense." The jesuitical Marshal was correct. He had not counted them, for they had not even assembled before his departure.

'At this moment the king was surrounded by ten thousand devoted men, with forty-two pieces of artillery. What could eighty thousand rapscallions in full field effect against such a force? But when, as I pledge myself, and, indeed, as is now universally confessed, (for M. Odillon Barrott exults in his successful falsehood, which he styles diplomacy) when we remember that there were scarcely six thousand who finally arrived at Rambouillet in their hackney coaches, wearied, intoxicated, undisciplined, and ill-armed, and that a single regiment and two pieces of cannon were sufficient to have utterly demolished them, we may admire the good luck of the intriguers. But the king was unwilling to occasion further bloodshed; and now, as he imagined, without an object; for the only question presented to his mind was, whether he should leave France instantly, or at his convenience?—since he never supposed that Henry the Fifth was not king of France, and the Duke of Orleans not his appointed Lieutenant-General. Had Charles the Tenth, which he ought to have done, instantly arrested and shot the three Commissioners, and annihilated the caravan of ruffians, what would have been the effect upon Paris, and

especially upon those intriguers who were at the very moment fabricating a new throne?'—pp. 140, 141.

If we are to believe the author, he must have been present either personally, or by delegation, wherever any thing took place of importance during this short revolution. He gives us a verbatim report of what occurred at a private meeting of the deputies which took place at the house of M. Cassimir Perrier. Among the speakers on this occasion was a personage to whom the author gives the name of '*Young France.*' We suppose the whole to be an allegory, if not a pure invention.

We have several repetitions of this experiment upon our credulity, the scene being only transferred to the houses of M. Audry de Puyraveau, M. Berard, and M. Lafitte. The reader might perhaps wish to see an example of one of these debates, which to us seem to be fabrications raised upon a very slender foundation of fact.

'At ten o'clock on Friday, there was another meeting at M. Lafitte's. Almost every deputy in Paris attended. They were odd-looking heroes for a revolution; but it was all over. The battle was done, and all came to have a share in the plunder.

'Now, for the first time, the Duc de Broglie made his appearance. There was a great deal of animated, but desultory conversation.

'"What shall we do?"

'"The young men are very excited."

'"They talk very much of a republic."

'"Gentlemen," said M. Lafitte, "There is only one way to prevent it,—we must proclaim the Duke of Orleans."

'This name, hazarded for the first time, was very differently received. But the party was strong; all was previously arranged; there were many arguers,—and M. Dupin made a powerful address. Suddenly there was a rumour that the Duc de Montemart had, at length, come to life, and was about to make a communication.

'"The devil!" exclaimed a deputy, "we must hear what the king"——

'*M. Lafitte* (with decision.)—"Charles X. has ceased to reign in France. The people have for ever decided upon his dethronement. Evil to us if we endeavour to propose any other of this dynasty!"

'*Another Deputy.*—"But we really must hear what M. de Montemart has to say."

'*Many Deputies.*—"Certainly, certainly."

'*M. Audry.*—"Our answer has already been given at the Hôtel de Ville; and, if that be not sufficient (raising his voice) the people"——

'*M. Mauguin.*—"It is useless to speak of Charles X., unless you wish us to be massacred."

'*De Laborde.*—"Certainly; there is too much blood between him and us."

'*A Deputy* (with timidity.)—"But his family; it would perhaps be as well—that is, I think"——

'*M. Mauguin.*—"No more. They are all banished. The thing is done. The iron has rankled in the wound for fifteen years. We have extracted it with violence. M. Lafitte is right. A curse upon him who shall endeavour to replant it."

'*The same Deputy.*—" I have not proposed that; I have only said, that as it appears M. Montemart has a communication to make, it might be as well"——

'*M. Lafitte* (interrupting him).—"Gentlemen, it appears to me that we are scarcely in our place here. The question now is, the constitution of a government. Let us resume our places in the Chamber."

'*Many Deputies.*—"And then we will give an audience to M. de Montemart."

'*M. Lafitte.*—"We shall see."

'The assembly adjourned to the Chamber.

'M. de Montemart was anxiously expected. The general feeling, there is no doubt, was in favour of the family of Charles X.; but M. de Montemart never appeared. When the Orleanists perceived that this envoy did not appear, they again brought up the subject of an address to their own chief. They made, however, no converts; the discussion was without any enthusiasm, and it was with difficulty they came to a resolution to offer to him the Lieutenant-Generalship of the kingdom.

'All yielded, however, to the energy of M. Lafitte. Although he could barely walk, and his leg was enveloped with bandages, he himself headed the deputation to the Duke at the Palais Royal; and, after having read the address, he added in a low voice, to his correspondent of the previous nights:—

'" Monseigneur—what I hold in my hand is extremely beautiful; it is a crown. But do not look at my feet, (his leg was half uncovered,) I will not say that a sans-cullotte offers it to you; but I fear that it is something like it."

'The Duke was quite delighted with this bon mot, and repeated to every one of the deputies, "I am a republican, gentlemen; I assure you I am a republican, and I have always been one,"

'It was now necessary for Louis-Philippe to obtain the most important recognition that he had yet supplicated—the recognition of M. Lafayette. For this purpose he hurried to the Hôtel de Ville. This progress was not unattended with difficulty; but the Duke, being a republican, was doubtless consoled for his occasional detention. The crowd was immense, and shouts of "*Vive la République! Vive Lafayette!*" rose from all quarters. In a short time, however, although they arrived rather too late, came a mob of several hundred persons, lustily crying, "*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*" in concert. This band had first been organized by little M. Thiers; and the trick was so evident, that every body laughed. At the foot of the staircase of the Hôtel de Ville, the Duke gave his arm to M. Lafitte, and took that of General Lafayette; and under this double protection he contrived to reach the Grand Hall, where he was proclaimed Lieutenant-General. The balcony scene I have already noticed. He was introduced to the populace as the best of republics; and it was the general impression, for some days, of all the uninitiated in Paris, that they were, at last, living under a republic, and at last guided by a president.

'We should not forget, that it was on this day, in showing to his Royal Highness the Place de Grève, full of armed men and artillery, flowing with blood, and guarded by barricades, that General Dubourg said to him, "Monseigneur, you know our wants and our rights; if you forget, we shall remind you."

'"Certainly, certainly," responded the Lieutenant-General, in a state of the most nervous agitation, "I am quite a republican; I have always been so."'—pp. 174, 178.

Among the other notable secrets which the author discloses to the world, he now 'publishes, for the first time,' a 'very secret negociation,' which took place in 1822 between the present king of the French and Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the object of which was a mutual guarantee for the safety of person and property, in case the house of Napoleon or Orleans should attain the crown. The negotiator on this occasion was the *late* Lord Kinnaird! Dead men tell no tales. The house of Orleans figure more or less in the following anecdotes:—

'A few days before the departure of their Sicilian Majesties, the Duke of Orleans entertained them with a grand fête at the Palais Royal. Although it was not etiquette for the king of France to attend the assemblies of private individuals, Charles, upon this occasion, resolved to honour the Palais Royal with his presence; a high compliment to the Duke, but somewhat embarrassing.

'The king arrived and scattered about his observations with his usual felicitous affability. Perceiving a group of deputies, and desirous of noticing them, he inquired their names. "Benjamin Constant, Mechin," and others of that calibre! Under all circumstances, the king could only regard the presence of these individuals as an insult; he expressed himself in significant terms, and in a few minutes retired.

'At this moment the result of the Algerine expedition was doubtful, and the Duke of Orleans showed much interest about the result. His anxiety to gain intelligence on this subject was evident. A few nights after, at a ball given by the Spanish Ambassador, a report was about that news had arrived from Algiers. The Duke of Orleans was extremely anxious to ascertain the truth; and he at length addressed Baron d'Hausez, the Minister of Marine, and begged, if it were not considered indiscreet, to inquire whether there were any truth in the rumour of the arrival of a despatch.

'"It is in my pocket," answered the Baron, "and I have the great pleasure to inform your Royal Highness that it announces our complete triumph." The countenance of the Duke fell; he could not conceal his chagrin, and he walked away. In a few minutes the Duke of Orleans quitted the ball: although his family and their Sicilian Majesties remained until a very late hour.

'From this evening the Duke became more circumspect in his conferences with the opposition. There were no more assemblies at the Palais Royal; but his Royal Highness sought for opportunities of discussing affairs with the agitators.

'As the conspirators had, at this time, prepared every thing for the revolt, it was much feared that the success of Algiers might render it possible for the ministry to maintain themselves without immediately having recourse to a *coup d'etat*. It was therefore most important that the King should adopt some unpopular measure. On the day of the departure of their Sicilian Majesties from Paris, the Duchess de Berri and the Orleans family attended them as far as Fontainbleau, and took leave

of them in that town. The Duke de Blacas had been appointed by the King of France to accompany the royal visitors to the frontiers of the kingdom, to be the representative of the King. The unbounded confidence which Charles X. deservedly reposed in the Duke de Blacas is well known. Just as the Duke de Blacas was about to enter his carriage, in order to follow the *cortége*, the Duke of Orleans took him aside, and pressing his hand with an air of deep interest, he said, "My dear Duke de Blacas, your influence with his majesty is unbounded; it is an influence merited by your devotion; exercise it for the good of the crown; advise the King to recal Villéle." We all know now the object of this advice. Such an appointment would have been considered by the conspirators as a pretext to attack the throne. As a distinguished "liberal" since observed to me, the nomination would have been as good as the ordonnances.

'On the 14th of July, while the Duke and Duchess of Orleans were paying a visit to the Duchess of Berri, at Rosny, Charles X. arrived at the Château, with a numerous suite. The Duke of Orleans immediately hastened to the King, and offered him the most earnest congratulations on the royal proclamation, which the King had immediately before addressed to the electors. "*Il n'y a rien que de juste; c'est court, mais c'est ferme,*" answered the King.

'This proclamation, at the time, and ever since, has been made by the Orleanists the subject of capital accusations against the King.

'On the 21st there was a party at Neuilly, attended by all the Doctrinaires in high feather. The Duke was very much excited, very busy in every corner, and giving private audiences in every window. A certain personage, whose countenance was very much courted by the Orleanists, but the sincerity of whose support was, perhaps, questionable, was addressed by the Duke as he was about to retire, and a conversation occurred in which his Royal Highness took every means to extract an opinion from his visitor, as to impending events. The visitor in turn became a querist, and ventured to inquire whether his Royal Highness could throw any light upon the future. The Duke appeared anxious, and, for him, unusually excited; he uttered a few phrases which signified nothing, and then added, with an expression of *arrière pensée*—"In a few days, perhaps, you will hear something extraordinary."

'These are slight traits; but now that the great events have taken place, I recal many little incidents that occurred in society, previous to the explosion, with curiosity and interest. I remember that on the 25th of July, the same day that the ordonnances were signed, a grand fête was given at St. Leu, by the Duke of Bourbon, at which the Duke and the whole Orleans family attended. This was one of the most singular assemblies ever known in France. Hitherto party feeling had greatly influenced society. The entertainments at the Palais Royal were frequented only by the *Centre Gauche*; but this day, at St. Leu, all parties attended, and there was an assembly of individuals never before witnessed. The truth is, it was a device of Madame de Feuchères to give the Duke of Orleans a foretaste of royalty, and an opportunity of meeting the pure royalists, who never paid their respects at the Palais Royal. The son of Egalité was all condescension; smiles sparkled in his countenance, and grace was in all his gestures. There was a flattering speech for every guest; every

body was quite enchanted. "He is not so bad, after all," said the royalists. "He was evidently born for a king!" exclaimed the Doctrinaires.

'During the glorious events, the Duke of Chartres, at the instance of his father, repaired to Joigny, where his regiment was quartered. The Dauphiness, who was returning in haste, and *incognita*, from the waters of Vichy, learnt that he was on the road, and sent one of her household, disguised as a courier, to request the Duke to meet her. The two carriages met: the young Prince entered that of the Dauphiness, and seated himself by her side. He assured her, with tears in his eyes, of his attachment and devotion, and of his readiness to die for her family The Dauphiness inquired whether he had seen his father. The young Prince replied, that although he had gone to Paris on purpose to see him, he had unfortunately not succeeded; and added, that he should return immediately from Joigny, to proceed to Paris at the head of his regiment, for the protection of the royal family, against the revolters. His highness then, kissing the hand of his cousin, re-entered his own carriage, which it is now curious to remark, was all this time full of tri-colour cockades, which at the instance of his father, he was conveying to his regiment. The moment that he quitted the Dauphiness, her devoted champion, and faithful relative, immediately mounted one himself, and the rest, in due time, were distributed among his regiment.

'As soon as the Duke of Orleans heard of this interview, he was very much alarmed, sharply rated his incautious son, and requested the assistance of Lafayette to keep any notice of it out of the journals.

'We should remember that Neuilly is only two miles from St. Cloud, and that the communication, even during the events, was entirely free. "In danger we discover our friends," says the proverb. It was probably the excess of his anxiety, that prevented the Duke of Orleans from giving any sign of life to the royal family during the convulsion,—no visit of condolence or of council, not a single line of consolation, not even a message. It appears, however, from the different discourses and answers of Louis Philippe, since the revolution, that the Duke of Orleans, all this time, and for many previous years, was a republican, and laboured with the patriots to overturn the throne. I congratulate M. Lafayette on his pupil, although, I believe, they now no longer speak.'—pp. 189–196.

Such is the sort of stuff of which this volume is composed. It may serve to amuse the idle politicians of our club rooms, or to beguile the hopes of that miserable party, who believe that the regime of the good old times of despotism is to be restored for their especial benefit, and that they may yet see the war flag of England unfurled against France, that much abominated author of the Reform Bill. Unhappy souls! They had much better engage themselves in setting their houses in order for the new state of things which they will have to expect, if they can by any means succeed in getting that bill thrown out a second time.

ART. VII.—*Six Months in America.* By Godfrey T. Vigne, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister at Law. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1832.

WE have lately had to complain of the tone of half-subdued hostility and avowed contempt, in which Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and other tourists in the United States have spoken almost of every body and every thing they had seen in that young and growing empire. The volumes now before us are drawn up in a very different and much more becoming temper. They are the produce of an intelligent, well informed, and inquisitive mind, free from national and religious prejudices, and disposed to form its judgments impartially and candidly upon subjects of every description. The profession of the Bar has been said by a great authority to be calculated to narrow the range of the intellect, and unfit it for comprehensive views of men and manners. The remark is perhaps a just one; we have seen some splendid exceptions, which only proves the rule. But the education of a gentleman intended for that profession is the most liberal which the learned institutions of this country can afford, and prepares the mind for any walk in life whatever. Pitt was taken from his first or second circuit to become a statesman. The same thing happened to Canning. A young barrister who has been educated at one of our universities, may be compared to the potter's finest clay, which may be moulded into any form that the most exquisite taste can devise. In point of fact, many of those who are so educated, after being called to the Bar, turn off into various other paths; some prefer the distinction to be acquired in parliament, some give their attention to diplomacy, some to literature; and not a few may be found residing temporarily in different countries on the continent, where they exhibit very favourable specimens of our accomplished young men. We take Mr. Vigne to be one of this class, and although he does not write with so much tact as Mrs. Trollope, and is inferior to her in the power of sketching off social peculiarities and striking characters, nevertheless he has produced a very valuable work. The information which it contains fills up a great many blanks, left by that lady as well as by her nautical predecessor, in their respective publications. It puts forth no exaggerated accounts of American freedom, but a plain and simple statement of matters that came under the author's observation, at a period when he had fully prepared his mind for such an undertaking, by having already travelled through the principal parts of Europe.

At a time when there is evidently a general disposition gaining ground in society, in favour of a radical change in our criminal laws, it may be useful to mention, though it may be already known to many of our readers, that in Pennsylvania the punishment for

treason against that state is solitary imprisoment for not less than three and not more than six years: treason, however, against the United States is a capital offence. Murder is also an offence punished by death. But all other crimes, such as murder in the second degree, that is to say, committed in a sudden quarrel and without malice prepense, burglary, maiming, kidnapping, horse stealing, and forgery, are punished by solitary confinement. The time is, we think, already near, when it may be possible to convince the legislature that a penalty of this description is more efficacious than any other which can possibly be invented, for the repression of crime. To imagine that by any kind of system the perpetuation of evil deeds can be altogether prevented in a community of men, would be a ridiculous vision. The object of legislators in considering this subject should be to act upon the fears of those who cannot be kept in due subjection by any other principle, and we venture to assert, that no punishment can carry more terror with it to the mind of a guilty person, than that of being shut out for three, five, or ten years from all intercourse with his species. The fear of death may be got over by a reckless despair, and the chances of escaping so severe a penalty are so numerous that they are always taken into calculation by those who are about to embark deliberately in the career of the malefactor. But there is no way of escaping from the fear of perfect isolation from all the world; and wherever it is established it is certain to be inflicted upon the culprit.

In Pennsylvania, when the convict is first placed in his cell, he is seldom there a few hours when he asks for a Bible and leave to work. The sacred volume is of course given him, but the work is refused, and this cessation of his usual employment is understood to be felt as the severest part of his punishment. It acts upon the most hardened mind. He is occasionally visited by the chaplain, who on Sundays preaches from a station whence his voice can be heard in all these cells. 'Thus,' says Mr. Vigne, 'justice to society is nobly done, not only in the removal of the prisoner in the first instance, but, secondly, by enabling him to return, as it were, to the world, a wiser and a better man. The end of solitary confinement is the reformation of the criminal, by obliging him to think who never thought before. If reflection can be awakened, and conscience can obtain a hearing, its advantages will be readily acknowledged.'

Mr. Vigne expresses an opinion that this system of punishment would not do well in England, chiefly on account of the difficulty which the prisoner would have in obtaining employment after the period of his punishment had expired, the facility which he would possess of rejoining his former companions, and of returning to his old courses. The objection deserves consideration. It might, perhaps, be expedient, in such a comparatively small and crowded country as England, to combine the system of solitary punishment

at home for some years, with subsequent transportation to the colonies. But the whole subject is one that merits separate examination, and is already maturing itself for that discussion to which it must be laid open before many sessions elapse.

Those who opposed the tax proposed some time ago by Lord Althorp upon funded property, will perhaps be surprised to hear, that an act has been lately passed in the state legislature of Pennsylvania, by which a tax is imposed upon all personal property, to the amount of one dollar in every thousand. Every person is obliged to swear to the extent of his personal property; and if there be reason to suspect that he has sworn falsely, the revenue officer is empowered to compel the production of any written document in the tax-payer's possession, which is calculated to afford evidence on the subject. This seems a very hard law, and wholly inconsistent with our notions of personal liberty. In England, no minister would dare to propose such an act, in a time of peace, at all events. But in Pennsylvania it is acquiesced in, for this reason, that the people know the money is applied to purposes directly connected with their own interests;—not in the payment of unmerited pensions and enormous sinecures, but in the excavation of canals, the formation of rail-roads, and other works of public utility, which contribute essentially to the prosperity of the state. The public debt of Pennsylvania amounts to nearly fourteen millions and a half of dollars; that of New York is about nine millions. Though the general debt of the United States will very soon be extinguished, the separate debts of the States, contracted for local purposes, will probably go on increasing for some years, so long as improvements shall remain to be made. But eventually the tolls levied for the transit of goods and passengers on the canals and roads, will enable the legislatures not only to liquidate these debts, but also to conduct their affairs without imposing any other tax upon the people.

Many of our readers, doubtless, remember the message sent by Logan, the Indian chieftain, to Lord Dunmore—a composition celebrated for its eloquence and beauty. They have probably yet to learn, that his great oratorical talents were the cause of his death, and that, like Demosthenes in Greece, and Cicero at Rome, he became the victim of his genius. Mr. Vigne learned the anecdote from an old officer in the American service.

'An old officer of the United States' army, who, soon after the close of the revolutionary war, was ordered to make surveys of the country watered by the Alleghany river, informed me that Logan's nephew, a remarkably fine young Indian, dined with him one day in his tent, and that he asked him what became of Logan. "I killed him," was the reply. "Why did you kill him?" "The nation ordered it." "For what reason?" "He was too great a man to live; he talked so well, that although the whole nation had intended to put any plan in execution, yet if Logan did not approve of it, he would soon gain a majority in favour of his opinions." "Was he not then generally in the right?" "Often; but his influence

divided the nation too much." "Why did they choose you to put him to death?" "If any one else had done it, I should certainly have killed him; I, who am his nephew, shall inherit his greatness." "Will they not then kill you also?" "Yes: and when I become as great as Logan (laying his hand on his heart with dignity,) I shall be content to die!" He added that he shot him near the Alleghany river. When informed of the resolution of the council of his nation, Logan stopped his horse, drew himself up in an attitude of great dignity, and received the fatal ball without a murmur.'—vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

In his tour through Pennsylvania, the author visited Philipsburg, a new and rapidly rising town, chiefly the property of an English gentleman, who is the owner of about 70,000 acres in that part of the state. Several of his countrymen have made it the place of their residence. Its situation is at once healthy and convenient for many purposes. It is seated on the western slope of the Alleghanies, has an easy communication with Philadelphia, and with Pittsburgh, on the Ohio. Uncleared land may be purchased here at one, two, or three dollars an acre. As Philadelphia will soon be connected by means of canals and rail roads with the Ohio river, which falls into the Mississippi, a line of intercourse will thus be established between that city and the new western states, as well as with the gulph of Mexico, which will tend greatly to the advancement of all that important section of the Continent.

In Pennsylvania, as well as in other States, the English traveller is apt to lament the paucity of country seats, like those which embellish every part of his own land. These, however, will come in time. It must be admitted, that the non-existence of a law of primogeniture in the United States, is productive of disadvantages as well as of advantages. Among the former we may place the absence of elegant rural mansions, with their splendid parks. But such establishments have been carried to an extent in England, that is frequently ruinous to the possessor, and there can be no hope of attaining a just medium in such luxuries, without the controlling recollection of the equal division to which property is subject in the United States. They will of necessity have their lawns and villas, when general competency improves into opulence. Mr. Vigne enters at much length into the beneficial effects which arise out of the law of primogeniture wherever it is acted upon. We need hardly observe, that it would be altogether incompatible with the permanence of a republican form of government, though absolutely necessary to a monarchy. Hence we cannot suppose it possible for the French throne to continue beyond a few years. The law of equal division of property has been constantly undermining it ever since it was restored by Napoleon.

The constitution of the different courts through which justice is administered in America, has been often described, but seldom with so much clearness as by Mr Vigne, who seems to have made himself master of the subject. We shall, however, content our-

selves with the more popular portions of his excellent remarks upon the public tribunals.

'All the judges in American courts enjoy an immunity from wigs, and the judges of the supreme court alone are clothed in "silk attire." Their robes are black, and fashioned according to the taste of the wearer. I examined four or five of them which were hanging up in the court, and found, that although perfectly judicial, they displayed no small attention to taste in their cut and general appearance. A proper degree of dignity is required and observed in the supreme court; business is there conducted as it ought to be in every court of justice; but some of the state courts are remarkably deficient in this respect: even in the court-house at Philadelphia, during the sitting of the circuit court, I have seen a gentleman, a counsellor of eminence, coolly seat himself on the table while a judgment was being given, and in that attitude I have heard him address some interlocutory observations to the court, and press them upon its attention with great earnestness and ability. I cannot understand why more dignity, both judicial and forensic, should not be observed in the courts of the United States. I have often been in the company of American lawyers, who, as individuals, were men of gentlemanly manners and excellent general information, which they have ever evinced a readiness to impart; but I do not remember one who ever mentioned the subject at all, without admitting that a proper want of the respect due to the time and the place is frequently but too visible in the American courts; and yet there is no improvement.

'Silence being indispensable, is well preserved; but counsel and attorneys may be occasionally seen with their legs dangling over the back of a chair, or possibly resting on the table. A corresponding carelessness of manner is of course exhibited by the spectators. I have even observed persons with their hats on in court, and upon inquiry have been told that they were quakers; but once or twice I remember having taken the liberty of doubting the information. I hope I shall not be supposed to mean that no greater decorum is observed in the principal courts of the larger cities, than in those held at places of minor importance; I am speaking of them generally as I found them when travelling. I happened to arrive at some place where a court was sitting, and "just dropped in" for half an hour *en passant*; but still there is always a something, even in the best of them, which, to an English eye, appears undignified and indecorous; although there can be no doubt, that their appearance is not mended by the total absence of wigs and gowns from all of them.

'The spirit of equality renders it allowable, and the impossibility in distant towns of making the profession answer by any other arrangement, renders it necessary, that a barrister and solicitor should frequently commence business as partners, and play into each other's hands. A judge will frequently travel from town to town unattended, in his gig, or on horseback, with his saddle-bags before him, or in the stage-coach, and dine at the village *table d'hôte*, with shopkeepers, pseudo majors, and advertising attorneys. Human nature will out. In the absence of other titles, it is the pleasure of the Americans that they should be dignified by the rank of General, Colonel, or Aide-de-camp; but more especially I found by that of Major. An English gentleman assured me, that being on board a steamer on the Ohio river, he was first introduced by a friend

as plain Mr.; then as Captain; soon after he was addressed as Major, and before the end of the day he was formally introduced as a General. There is usually a Major, or an Aide, as they call themselves, in every stage-coach company. The Captain of a steam-boat who was presiding at the dinner-table, happened to ask rather loudly, " General, a little fish !" and was immediately answered in the affirmative by twenty-five out of the thirty that were present.

'One would have imagined, that in the United States, where an equal partition of the rights of mankind is the boasted foundation of the government, justice would have been treated with peculiar courtesy: but she is not properly honoured there. Justice is not exclusively a republican in principle, whatever the Americans may think. She must remain unaltered, whatever may be the form of government, as the value of the diamond is the same, whether its possessor be a prince or a peasant. During my occasional visits to the courts of justice in the United States, I could not help thinking how fortunate it was that justice was blind, and could not, therefore, be shocked by the want of decorum I observed there. What was my surprize, on entering the supreme court in the capitol at Washington, to perceive her wooden figure with the eyes uplifted, and grasping the sales like a groceress! With great deference I would suggest, that the whole of this unworthy group should be removed. The day may arrive, as I have said before, when the supreme court may be the means of saving the union.'—vol. i. pp. 166—172.

The suggestions for any changes in, or any additions to, the constitution of the United States, must be sanctioned by the supreme Court, an attribute which confers upon it peculiar dignity. It has jurisdiction, as its name implies, over the whole union. Its judges are independent, as in England, though the salary of the Chief Justice does not much exceed £1000 per annum. In some of the States, the judges are elected only for a certain term of years, and in others they are bound to retire at the different ages of sixty, sixty-five, or seventy. Chancellor Kent, the Blackstone of America, was, in consequence of this law, obliged to retire from the bench of New York, at a period when his services were most valuable. The salaries of the local judges are upon a very frugal scale. It is admitted on all hands, that the system of administering justice in the provincial courts of the union, if we may so call them, stands much in need of improvement. Their law of debtor and creditor differs, in some essential points, from our own.

'The proceedings of the courts of equity are for the most part similar to those practised in England. Many of the states have chancellors, whose offices are held like those of the other judges: the state of New York has just been obliged to appoint a vice-chancellor, on account of the increase of business. The duties of the chancellor, as far as they go, are the same as those of the Lord Chancellor of England; but in many of the states the jurisdiction in bankruptcy or insolvency is separate. The terms bankruptcy and insolvency are used indiscriminately, although the distinction is of course generally known and understood among lawyers. By the articles of the constitution, the general government is enabled to pass

uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcy. No general bankrupt law has, however, been passed, although such a measure has been often contemplated. In the United States a proportion of the people, large beyond that of any other country, is engaged more or less in traffic of some kind or other in the course of the year, and the difficulty of coming to any equitable decision as to who may or who may not be considered a bankrupt, has been the reason why no general law on the subject has been passed by the federal Congress. The states likewise have the power of passing bankrupt laws; but they would only be productive of confusion, as they would not be allowed to have the effect of rescinding a contract between citizens of different states; the Supreme Court having decided that a discharge under the bankrupt or insolvent laws of one state, could not affect contracts made or to be executed in another. As a matter of necessity the states have insolvent laws of their own, which are generally recognised and respected in all of them as far as they conveniently can be. In some cases the person only, not the debt, is released by them; in others the debt is discharged, but future acquisitions by gift, devise, or descent, are liable, though not the produce of future industry. The whole law on the subject of bail in the United States is much the same as that of England. A debtor to the United States can only be released by obtaining a release under the United States' insolvent law. In order to be enabled to apply for a release under the insolvent laws of any particular state, a debtor must have resided in that state for a certain period, generally one year; and on the surrender of all property (if he has any) he obtains a discharge from prison, which is also a discharge from the debt itself, and as a personal discharge is respected throughout the Union; but as a discharge from the debt it often operates as such only in the state that grants the discharge. Between citizens of the same state it releases the debt as well as the person; between citizens of different states, or between a citizen and a foreigner, or between foreigners, the discharge depends on circumstances. If the suit be brought in the courts of any particular state, and the party has been released by the laws of that state, the debt is considered equally cancelled as if the controversy had been between citizens of the same state. If the debtor to the United States has applied for and obtained the benefit of the United States' insolvent law, it can only be in cases where a judgment has been obtained against him and he has been taken in execution. He must, however remain in prison for thirty days, and surrender all his property, which he must swear does not exceed thirty dollars, over and above his necessary wearing apparel; for if he has property beyond that amount he cannot obtain the benefit of this law. By this discharge the person only is released, so that property subsequently obtained from any source is responsible. In all other cases of discharges under the insolvent laws of individual states before noticed, the person or the debt are discharged (as mentioned above) but still with the reservation, that all property acquired by descent, gift, or devise, shall be subject to execution, but not the future acquisitions of the debtor by other means.

'Fugitive debtors from other countries can be sued and imprisoned only as if they were citizens of America, that is, by exhibiting against them a bailable cause of action. They must remain in prison, if taken inme-

diately on their arrival, until entitled by a residence in the state (usually for one year) to apply for the benefit of the insolvent laws. State citizenship is required only in a few of the states, the more general law being that they may be discharged after a year's residence in the state in which they happen to be sued, whether they have become citizens or not. Foreigners become citizens of the United States after five years' residence. The acts of naturalization, the last of which was passed in 1816, require that an oath be taken before a state court by a foreigner of good moral character three years before his administration, of his intention to become a citizen and to renounce his native allegiance; and at the time of admission, he must satisfy the court that he has resided five or six years at least within the United States, and likewise take an oath to renounce and abjure his native allegiance, and to support the constitution of the United States.'—vol. i. pp. 176—182.

From the first of January, 1832, imprisonment for debt has ceased altogether in the State of New York. By the constitution of the State of Illinois, imprisonment for debt is disallowed, except in cases of fraud, or where the debtor refuses to give up his property for the benefit of his creditors. The law, probably with this qualification, will become uniform through all the other States. Wills, which with us must be proved in an Ecclesiastical Court, in America are proved before a civil tribunal, called the orphan's Court, from which there is an appeal to the Chancellor. If a question be raised as to the circumstances under which a will is executed, it is either decided by the Chancellor or by a jury. We shall add a few other details, as the subject is one of great interest to us at this moment, when so many of our institutions are undergoing revision.

'The form of an action, the pleadings, and the method of obtaining evidence, are essentially the same as those used in England, generally. In some states, the action of ejectment is unknown; in others, it has merely undergone some modification. Real actions, such as writs of right, writs of entry, are much used; the period of limitation has, however, been altered from that of England. The English law of prescription is acknowledged, with a very few necessarily constitutional exceptions. The period of limitation allowed in an action of assumpsit, also varies in different states; in some it is three years, in others it is six, as in England. Where the action of ejectment is in use, the period of limitation is in some states twenty years, as in England; in others seven years is thought sufficient.

'Juries are generally constituted as in England, with the exception of special juries, which are never formed.

'Throughout the United States, a counsellor is allowed to make a speech for the prisoner, and act generally in his behalf as in a civil cause.

'Every state in the Union has its rules for the admission of counsellors, solicitors, and attorneys. They generally require that a student shall have studied law with some counsellor for at least three years. On application for an admission as an attorney, the court usually appoints three gentlemen of the bar to examine into the moral and legal qualifications of the applicant. If he be previously and favourably known to them, the exami-

nation is almost nominal. If he be unknown, or be known, but with unfavourable impressions, the examination is proportionably more strict. When admitted as either counsellor or solicitor, he can generally practise in both characters, the distinction being nominal, excepting in the supreme court of the United States, where no person can be counsellor and solicitor at the same time. In the country particularly, it is usual for a lawyer to assume the duties of attorney, conveyancer, proctor, solicitor, and counsellor; but after having practised some time, he usually confines himself to the practice of a counsellor only. A barrister and solicitor are frequently partners: as I have before remarked, it would be impossible for any practitioner to obtain a livelihood, excepting in the larger towns, without exercising his abilities in both capacities. For the "materiel" of a great part of the foregoing remarks, I am indebted to the kind and able assistance of a gentleman of the Baltimore bar, and I have endeavoured that their accuracy should not suffer under my pen.'—vol. i. pp. 186—189.

Although the elective franchise depends, in some of the States, upon a small qualification, ascertained by the payment of taxes or rent, yet, in general, free white male citizens, twenty-one years of age, who have resided during a specified period in the State, are entitled to vote at elections. In some of the States, colour is no disqualification. Thus they may be said, with few exceptions, to enjoy universal suffrage, against which Mr. Vigne offers the usual chain of arguments. The question is, however, whether the system works well in America, or whether a limitation of the franchise, supposing it now possible, would improve the character of the legislature. We have never seen this question satisfactorily solved. In Virginia and Kentucky, the electors vote *viva voce;* in all the others the ballot has been adopted. There is no property qualification necessary for those who are chosen either for the senate or the house of representatives. The mode of electing the President of the United States, as at present conducted, is different in several of the States, and in all of them extremely complicated. An intention seems to be rapidly gaining ground, of throwing it open directly to the people, whose votes are now controlled by passing through an intermediate body. If this intention be ever carried into execution, Mr. Vigne thinks that they may then bid adieu to the Union. The contests that will arise amongst the inhabitants of different States, solicitous for the success of their favourite candidates, will become more and more violent, he thinks, as the population increases, and eventually will have the effect of rupturing the tie that now connects them together. The dissolution of the American Republic has been so frequently foretold by tourists, who have lived to see their predictions falsified, that we confess we have little faith in such anticipations. President Jackson not long since recommended, that besides committing the election directly to the people, the President should only be chosen for four years, and that after the expiration of that term he should not be re-eligible. It is a curious instance of political inconsistency, that Jackson should be at this moment one of the proposed candidates for the office

which he now holds. The election takes place at the latter end of the present year, and his term will expire next March.

The points upon which the leading political parties in America differ, are these:—the removal of the Cherokees; the renewal of the United States' Bank Charter; the application of federal funds to internal improvements; the tariff; and what is called "nullification." The Cherokees are a tribe of Indians, who occupy a tract of territory in the State of Georgia. The General Government stipulated with that State as far back as the year 1802, to extinguish as soon as possible the title of the Cherokees to the territory in question, for the use of the state of Georgia—in other words, to remove them from the land of their fathers, and locate them elsewhere. Different negociations have been undertaken, with the view of accomplishing this purpose, but they have all hitherto failed, the Cherokees, who affect national independence, being unwilling to abandon the homes of their ancestors. Some gold mines have been lately discovered in their territory, which has given additional interest to it on all sides. One party, at the head of which is Mr. Clay, is opposed, on grounds of humanity and common justice, to the removal of the Cherokees; while another, directed by Jackson, is eager for it, on the ground of expediency. It is proposed, however, to assign them another tract of land in a more remote situation, where they would be permitted to establish themselves in perpetuity. On the second point, there are some who think the existence of a General Bank for the United States unconstitutional; while their opponents look upon it as indispensable to the security of the Union. Equally irreconcileable are these parties upon the questions, whether the general treasury should defray the expense of improvements in any one of the States, and whether the admirable and cheap manufactures of England are to be excluded by high duties, in order that the wretched and dear domestic linens, woollens, and calicoes should be protected. The "nullifiers" are those who maintain that each State of the Union is a separate and independent party to the general act of federation; and that if the Congress should pass a law likely to be injurious in its operation to any one of the States, it is competent to that State upon its own authority to nullify, or rather not to accept, that law within its jurisdiction. The great leader of the nullifiers is Mr. Calhoun, who is already marked out for a future President. Though political predictions are of all others the most unsafe, yet we apprehend that if this party should ever become predominant, the link of union must of necessity be broken between the northern and southern states.

It must be admitted, even by his enemies, that Jackson's presidency has been a successful, and even a brilliant, period, for the republic. He has obtained, by his active and well-conducted negociations, a restoration of her profitable trade with our West Indian and North American colonies, which had been for years suspended. He has also put into a train of settlement, American claims upon

the Brazils, Columbia, Denmark, and France, which his predecessors had long urged in vain. He has concluded treaties of commerce with Mexico, Columbia, and even with Turkey; by means of which he has secured to his countrymen important advantages they had never possessed before.

The reader is aware, from the extracts which we have made occasionally from American works, that the work of reform in the parent country is viewed by the daughter with great solicitude. Upon this family sympathy, as well as upon the prospects of the Union generally, Mr. Vigne has made some observations worth attention.

'The progress of reform in England, and in Europe generally, is watched with the most intense interest by the Americans. A deep feeling of regard and sympathy for the mother country, as they term it, is still general, and, I think, increasing; and though most of the Americans believe their own country is the first in the world, they are still reasonable enough to assign to Great Britain the second place in the scale of nations. Those airs which it must be admitted so frequently render an Englishman ridiculous, when travelling on the old continent, would be entirely thrown away in the United States. All pretensions to importance are disregarded, even without being canvassed, as they might be in Europe; but so long as an Englishman behaves with propriety, the Americans will entertain more respect for his name and character than they care to avow openly. They wish us well through our troubles, and watch with sincere pity what they consider to be the approaching downfall of our constitution; but at the same time their national vanity receives something very like gratification from the belief that we shall be forced to adopt a form of government similar to their own. That the American form of government is admirably adapted to a new country, that that country has astonishing resources, and that the Americans lose no time in making the most of them, (I speak of America as a country, not of the Union, for America must thrive, come what will to the government); that it has thriven under its institutions, and is at present enjoying an exemption from many evils incidental to older countries, it would be an absurdity to deny. But the natural causes of prosperity which the Americans so pre-eminently enjoy, must not be mistaken, as they most fondly and frequently are, for the positive effects, and little more than the positive effects, of a good government, however good and well adapted that government may be. The American constitution has never been tried. That it was nearly a bankrupt at the close of the last war was a trial of the resources of the country, not of its institutions. Forty years is no time to test the strength of a government like that of the United States, when civilization is extended over so small a proportion of them. The good is perceived at present; the evils are latent, and comparatively little felt. But there are, among the institutions of the Union, the seeds of discord and confusion, whose growth is only stifled by a bustle of commercial pursuits, and that panacea for every political disease, a fine country, abounding in resources, and of small population in comparison to its extent. It is possible that the mischief will not be felt, so long as there is no real motive for disaffection; so long, in fact, as the people are not in want, which may not be the case while ground yet remains to be cultivated.

'In England and America, universal suffrage would be alike only in name. In America, it is true that almost every one can vote; but then it is equally true, that, excepting in the larger cities, in which may be always found, even in America, a certain proportion of persons without any ostensible means of getting a livelihood, every one has at least a prospective certainty of the acquisition of property. The poor, comparatively speaking, are so few, that universal suffrage is at present but a mere hydra in embryo. Were the present course of improvement to proceed without interruption from what the political economists call the disturbing causes,—were luxury to be kept at a distance, and a forced equality and contentment to be preserved by a strong and universal exertion of the democratic principle, it would be demonstrable that the American constitution would last for centuries, or, in other words, till the country became so thickly peopled as to be subject to the evils resulting to England, and the older dynasties of Europe. If a democracy be essentially the best form of government, it would follow that a surplus population, that unhappy proof of its excellence, would but be called the sooner into existence. Then will come the real moment of trial, whether a democracy can exist under the pressure of want; whether those that have any thing to lose, would not be at the mercy of those who have not; whether an equality of condition would not be considered as conferring a title to a community of goods; whether, when such a state of things is apprehended, a standing armed force, be it called by what name it may, would not be necessary, not to repress foreign invasion, but to put down domestic commotions; whether taxes must not be levied for its support; and whether those taxes would not be found exceedingly troublesome. In an article in the American Quarterly Review, (July, 1831), evidently written in a wantonness of spirit that savours of ambition, or disappointment, or of both, and in which we are kindly told the easiest road to ruin, it is remarked, that "our forefathers were habituated to the European system, but they built up the republican colonies with infinite ease." But may not it be here remarked, that as it is the boast, and justly the boast of the Americans, and of the New Englanders in particular, that the tone of liberty which pervades their institutions, is derived through the blood of the Puritans, who did build up the colonies with infinite ease, and whose descendants are still living; so it must not be forgotten that the Hampdens, the Hazlerigs, the Cromwells, and others, who were prevented from embarking for America, by the order of their obstinate and ill-fated monarch, were men of the same opinions as the "forefathers," mentioned above; that they did remain behind; that they did fight against the monarchy of England; that they did obtain the victory; that they did enjoy the ascendancy to their hearts' content; and that they did establish a commonwealth in England, not to flourish for ever as an example to the world, but to be overthrown by a military force, which brought back the son of the last king amid the acclamations of every rank of society.

'Supposing the blood to be shed, and the horrors to be passed through, that must be shed and passed through before the experiment of the Commonwealth could be again tried in England, is it possible that it could exist, situated as Great Britain is with reference to the other powers of Europe, without an unemployed standing army? And then, again, is it possible that it could exist with one? Where, in the annals of the world,

can the compatibility of the one and the other be pointed to? England is but paying the penalty necessarily consequent on her career of prosperity. Her constitution can no more be blamed for the existence of a standing army, than for a superabundant population for the enormous size of London.'—vol. i. pp. 244—252.

It would be idle to enter into the discussion of any of the questions which the author has raised concerning our own prospects. They can only be effectually answered by time, that great innovator, who can plant a republic where a monarchy once flourished, or can substitute an emperor for a first consul, whenever he thinks proper.

According to the latest census, the population of the United States was within a few thousands of thirteen million, of which upwards of two million were slaves; slavery is confined to the southern states, of which Maryland is the most northerly.

Having been so recently with Mrs. Trollope, at Cincinnati, and other parts of the "Western country," we may be excused for not following Mr. Vigne, in his tour thither. As the tide of emigration has set in so strongly towards the Canadas, the following observations upon its laws may be acceptable to some of our readers:—

'In the Canadas, the civil and criminal laws of England are in force, generally subject to provincial alterations. The old French law which was in existence previously to the year 1663, is still the law of property, with some exceptions, in Lower Canada. None of the laws enacted in France since that period extended to the colony, unless enregistered there. This is the reason why the ordinance of 1763, for the better regulation of trade, is not in force. The criminal laws of England were transplanted into the Colonies by 14 Geo. III. c. 83, and of course none passed since that period, can become law in the Canadas, unless they are particularly specified and included in their provisions. Properly speaking, the Canadas have no commercial code. Great confusion sometimes arises respecting the decisions, according to the English custom of merchants, and those made under the old French code; and actions at law are frequently settled according to what appears to be the principle of natural justice, rather than according to established precedent. This surely conveys a reflection upon the wisdom of the provincial legislature; but the fact is, that the mercantile community is not sufficiently represented in the House of Assembly for Lower Canada.

'Lower Canada is divided into three judicial districts: of Quebec, the Three Rivers, and Montreal, the boundary line being drawn nearly at right angles with the St. Lawrence.

'There are but the three courts of justice, the Court of Appeal, the King's Bench, and the Summary Court. The Governor sometimes sits as president of the Court of Appeal; but the chair is more often filled by one of the chief justices. The court is formed by all the members of the executive council.

'The Court of King's Bench is divided into a superior and inferior court. The latter has jurisdiction only where the matter in dispute is of the value of ten pounds or under. There are a chief justice and three puisne judges at Quebec; the same at Montreal, and a district judge at the Three Rivers. When the superior court is held at this latter place,

it is held by one of the chief justices, two puisne judges, and the district judge. The summary courts have jurisdiction over property to the value of one hundred francs, and are held once a month, before a commissioner appointed by the provincial government, on petition from the country inhabitants. Quarter sessions are held regularly before three magistrates, with much the same power as in England, for the punishment of offences against the criminal law; and petty civil cases may be disposed of daily by one or more magistrates. A magistrate is required to have property of the real actual value of 300*l.*, and the oaths upon taking office are very strict.

'A barrister may act as an attorney and solicitor at the same time, which, as in the United States, appears to have originated in the impossibility of making the profession pay without such an arrangement. Pleadings may be written in either language; and English and Canadian French are spoken almost indiscriminately in the Courts. I have observed great and unavoidable confusion in the inferior court of King's Bench; the judges, counsel, solicitors, clients, and witnesses, all talking occasionally at the same time in either language, just as it may happen; and in the midst of the uproar, the Stentorian voice of the officer of the court may be heard, as he endeavours to restore tranquillity by calling out silence! (English) silence! (French) in quick succession. But the proceedings in the superior court are conducted with all the decorum of an English court of justice; and the old jealous British lion, *painted* in the king's arms over the heads of the judges, frowns grimly upon the scene, with a pair of eyebrows sufficient to inspire even ermine dignity itself with awe and veneration. Many of the powers belonging to a court of equity are exercised by the Court of King's Bench under the old French law. It grants injunctions by a process termed a sequestre. It takes care of the property of minors, and appoints curators of the persons and property of lunatics. The law of entail, by a limitation called a "substitution fidei commissaire," is well known in Lower Canada, but seldom acted upon.'—vol. ii. pp. 168—172.

To these remarks we shall add the author's account of the executive government and legislature of Lower Canada.

'The governor of Lower Canada is assisted by an executive council, composed of any persons whom he chooses to recommend to his Majesty for appointment. The Legislative Council, of which the members are also appointed by the King for life, and the Lower House or House of Assembly, consisting at present of eighty-four members. The chief justice is the speaker; and the puisne judges of Quebec are members of the Legislative Council; but it is in contemplation to procure an Act of Parliament to remedy this unconstitutional arrangement. Independently of the objection that would be urged against it as an abuse, the judges find ample employment for their time in their other avocations. They were placed there as a matter of course when the colony was in its infancy, but the reasons have ceased as the colony has increased in wealth and population. The Legislative Council is composed of the principal officers of the province and other persons of consideration. Their number is unlimited, but is usually about thirty. The members of the House of Assembly are elected in the same manner as the members of the

House of Commons in England. Quebec and Montreal return four members each. There are but two boroughs; William Henry, or, Sorel returning one member, and the "The Rivers," returning two members. The other members are returned by counties, but no qualification whatever is required of any; this is an advantage in a young country, where society is comparatively small, and wealth is so often separate from talent. The qualification necessary for a voter is real property to the annual value of forty shillings. In the towns, the payment of ten pounds a year rent is sufficient, and single women are allowed to vote. The sittings of the Legislative Council, and the House of Assembly, do not usually occupy more than ten weeks in the year, commencing about the middle of January.

'By far the larger proportion of the House of Assembly are of the radical persuasion; like the rest of the old French Canadians, they have a strong negative attachment to the British government: because they are satisfied with the protection they enjoy, and are aware that they could not exist without it; but their proceedings evince little actual gratitude or affection for the mother country. Their grievances, whether they are those that really do exist, or those that are to be traced in the imaginary discontents of a few leading demagogues being frequently discussed with more than constitutional jealousy, and with more petulant vehemence than is merited by the redressing and conciliatory spirit of the British government. And yet when we consider the events that are passing in Europe, it is not singular that such should be the conduct of a people, of whom it is said that, when a constitution was first talked of they would have preferred that their country should have continued under the direction of a governor and council, or rather under that of a governor alone.

'During the last session, a bill passed the House of Assembly for an allowance to the members of ten shillings a day beside their travelling expenses, but was rejected by the Legislative Council. Nevertheless, when the supply bill came under consideration, the House of Assembly tacked on the desired amount for the payment of their members, and the bill in that state was most inconsistently consented to by the Legislative Council.' —vol. ii. p. 176—180.

Whatever may have been the author's differences of opinion with the Americans upon political matters, he speaks much more highly of their hospitality and manners than most of his predecessors. The Bostonians, particularly, he thinks, are scarcely to be distinguished from the inhabitants of a commercial city in England. We transcribe his general observations upon American society with the greater pleasure, as they are calculated in a great degree to expiate the rudenesses of which other British tourists have been guilty upon this subject:—

'I believe that there is in England a very mistaken idea of American society; as I have frequently been asked what could not but appear to me the most unfair and absurd questions on this subject. With us the term "yankee," is generally one of ridicule, if not of disdain; but to apply it in that sense to all the members of society in the United States is far too indiscriminate to be just. There is as I have before remarked, an aristocracy in every city in the Union; and perhaps as many as four or five

different sets or circles, notwithstanding their boasted equality of condition. As far as I have been able to judge from what I have seen and heard, the American ladies are certainly not (generally speaking,) what in England would be called accomplished—in music and drawing, for instance; and still fewer of them are entitled to the appellation of "a blue;" but if exceedingly pretty features, elegant dress and manners, and agreeable and sprightly conversation, are to have the same weight with us in forming an opinion of the state of society in America, that we should allow to them if speaking of society in England, I cannot but affirm that the refinement of the first circles in the larger American cities is very far advanced, and much farther than it has credit for in England. Gentlemen, who are such from feeling, from habit, and from education, are to be met with, in every part of the States; men who are quite distinct from the tobacco-chewing, guessing, calkilating, fixing, locating, expecting, and expectorating yankee, whose very twang, even in the merriest moments, has something in it that is absolutely provoking to the ear of an Englishman, and in whose presence one is often tempted to exclaim, "be their constitution what it may, for heaven's sake let us have something gentleman-like!"

'I would here earnestly recommend every traveller in the States, never to leave anything to be done by another which he can reasonably do for himself, and never to defer any arrangement which had better be made over night with the expectation that all will go smoothly in the morning, unless he of course have with him a confidential European servant. With ordinary care there is not much fear of losing anything by theft; but the Yankees are often as careless of the property of others as they are careful of their own. Above all things let him, as "Bob Short" has it, "be sure to keep his temper." Anger is not of the slightest use, and a man may as well be out of humour with his mantel-piece as with a Yankee. Independence is visible in the countenance both of the Englishman and the American, but in the one it is stamped as it should be on the forehead; with the other it is more often entwined in the curl of the nether lip. Never take the corner inside a coach on a rainy day, you'll be wet to the skin; carefully avoid comparison between anything that is American, and anything that is European, particularly if it should be English. I have several times received a friendly caution from Americans themselves on this head.—There are liberal-minded men in the States who will talk like gentlemen on every subject; but I believe there is nothing unjust in the remark, that jealousy of England, and English arts, and English improvements, and English manufactures may be reasonably classed as the most prominent of their national failings,—and that out of what may be designated as steam-boat acquaintance, there are not fifty men from Maine to Louisiana who can listen to such a comparison without biting their lips.'—vol. ii. pp. 243—246.

The impression which we have derived from a perusal of these volumes, is generally favourable to the author, and to the very interesting countries to which his attention has been so usefully devoted. Although he found it extremely difficult to reconcile many things which he saw in America with his English ideas, yet, we think, that even at the other side of the Atlantic, he may expect full justice to be done to the candour and manliness which he has exhibited upon all occasions.

ART. VIII.—*History of the Peninsular War.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D., &c. &c. In three volumes. Vol. 3, 4to. London: Murray, 1832.

WE have on former occasions entered so much at large into the peculiarities by which Dr. Southey's historical labours, in connexion with Spain and Portugal, have been distinguished, that we think it unnecessary to go over again that pre-occupied ground. After another interval of four years, the same that intervened between the publication of the first and second volumes, the third and concluding volume has just come forth, quite as ponderous as either of its predecessors, and marked by similar faults and similar perfections. There are few writers in our language who can rival him in the fluent elegance of his style, the purity of his diction, and the picturesque felicity of his occasional descriptions. To historical dignity of narrative he has no pretensions. His manner of writing is too diffuse, and, if we may so express it, too personally characteristic, to allow him to attain much of the nerve and elevation of the dispassionate chronicler of a war commenced and concluded in his own time, and almost under his own observation. He has been through life too much of a party man, on one side or the other, too much of a democrat or a royalist even to the present hour, to speak with any thing like historical fairness of the men to whom he has been opposed. His religious bigotry also, the grossest or the weakest that deforms the literary productions of any of our living authors, wholly unfits Dr. Southey for the task of a Livy or a Tacitus. He does not refuse even the slightest opportunities of indulging his disposition to turn into ridicule every religious practice that differs from his own, and he does not scorn the aid which he may borrow for his unworthy purpose from legends that ought to have been allowed to slumber with the dark centuries that gave them birth.

But, with all its errors and defects, the History of the Peninsular War may be read hereafter as a pretty accurate account of the view, which one party in the state took of many of the transactions that arose out of that memorable contest. Many of the statesmen to whom he has thought proper to impute the most improper motives for the opposition which they gave to the continuance of that war, have lived down his slanders, and have already shown by their conduct, when the helm of state was entrusted to their guidance, that, throughout their career, they have pursued only one great object, the welfare of their country. Many of those very persons who cried out most sturdily against the opposition policy of those individuals, have survived to acknowledge the distant and unerring foresight by which it was distinguished. They have found in our tremendous debt a danger greater than ever a foreign despot could have brought upon England, and they have already seen in a second French revolution, and in the provisional con-

dition in which most of the continental governments are placed, but few traces of that peaceable settlement, that unvarying tranquillity, that conservative monarchical principle, which it was the great object of our struggle to restore in Europe. They have discovered that, although we succeeded in chaining the person of Napoleon to a rock in the ocean, upon which he ultimately perished, we have failed, after that enormous expenditure of our blood and treasure, to repress that spirit by which Napoleon was raised from an ensign to an emperor. They begin to see that that spirit is at this moment as much alive, and perhaps more active than ever, and that at last we have only put off the evil day, at a sacrifice which most probably will prevent us from meeting it when the crisis, now not far off, shall actually arrive. Or, if we do meet it, and have the happiness to see the "good ship" righted, and again sailing before a prosperous breeze, those clamourers who belong to Dr. Southey's school will be forced to acknowledge, that we are indebted for her safety to the skill and determination of the very men whom they had, in their pride, held up as the bitterest enemies of the country.

The present volume commences with the events which occurred in Spain in 1810, during Lord Wellington's stay behind the lines of Torres Vedras; the sieges of Mequinenza and Tortosa, the failure of the ill-conducted expedition under Lord Blaney, the unfortunate defeat of General Blake, and the election and assembly of the Spanish Cortes. At this period, when the hatred of the Spaniards was more intense than ever against their invaders, the appearance of the ancient Cortes upon the scene would seem to have been well calculated to redouble their exertions. The proceedings of this body were at first marked by decision and vigour; but they subsequently became a college of mere abstract debaters.

'The Cortes faithfully represented the nation in their feelings on this subject; and accordingly they issued a decree declaring null and of no effect all treaties or transactions of any kind which Ferdinand should authorise while he remained in duress, whether in the enemy's country or in Spain, so long as he was under the direct or indirect influence of the usurper. The nation, it was proclaimed, would never consider him free, nor render him obedience, till they should see him in the midst of his true subjects and in the bosom of the national congress: nor would they lay down their arms, nor listen to any proposal for an accommodation of any kind, till Spain had been completely evacuated by the troops, which had so unjustly invaded it. At the time when this brave decree was passed, the condition of Spain appeared hopeless to those persons by whom moral causes are overlooked, and from whose philosophy all consideration of providence is dismissed. Fortress after fortress had fallen; army after army had been destroyed, till the Spaniards had no longer anything in the field, which could even pretend to the name, except the force under Romana with Lord Wellington. The enemy surrounded the bay of Cadiz and were masters of the adjacent country wherever they could cover it with their troops or scour it with their cavalry. Yet in the sight of these

enemies from the neck of land which they thus beleaguered, the Cortes legislated for Spain; and its proceedings, though the intruder and his unhappy adherents affected to despise them, were regarded with the deepest anxiety throughout the Peninsula, and wherever the Spanish language extends. There is no other example in history of so singular a position during the three years which had elapsed since the commencement of the struggle. Buonaparte had not only increased his power, but seemed also to have consolidated and established it, while Spain had endured all the evils of revolution without acquiring a revolutionary strength; and, what appeared more surprising, none of those commanding spirits which revolutions usually bring forth had arisen there. Enlightened Spaniards had with one consent called for the Cortes as the surest remedy for their country, and in England they who were most friendly to the Spaniards, and they who were least so, had agreed in the propriety of convoking it. Long as the Cortes had been suspended it was still a venerable name; and its restoration gladdened the hearts of the people. A fairer representation could not have been obtained if the whole kingdom had been free, nor a greater proportion of able men; the circumstances also in which they were placed, increased their claims to respect among a people by whom poverty has never been despised. Many of the members having lost their own property in the general wreck, were dependent upon friendship even for their food. For although a stipend was appointed, some of those provinces which were occupied by the enemy could find no means of paying it, and no provision for remedying this default had been yet devised. They who had professions could not support themselves by practising, because the business of the Cortes engrossed their whole attention. The self-denying ordinance which they had passed excluded them from offices of emolument; and there were deputies who sometimes had not wherewith to buy oil for a lamp to give them light. Under these circumstances they respected themselves, and were respected by the nation according to the true standard of their worth.

'But as the Cortes faithfully represented the characteristic virtues of the nation, they represented with equal fidelity its defects. The majority were scarcely less bigoted than the most illiterate of their countrymen; and they prided themselves upon having made the assembly swear to preserve the Romish, as the exclusive religion of Spain; this they said was one of the things which reflected most lustre upon the Cortes. Their opponents, who designated themselves as the liberal party, assented to what they could neither with prudence nor safety have opposed; and they swore accordingly to maintain in its domination and intolerance a corrupt religion, which they despised and hated. Disbelief is too weak a word for expressing the feelings of a generous Spaniard towards the superstition, which has eaten like a cancer into the bosom of his country. And most unhappily for themselves and Spain, the men whose heart and understanding revolted against intolerance and imposture, were themselves infected with the counter-poison of French philosophy, and their best purposes were too often sophisticated with the frothy notions of that superficial school. This party, though far inferior in numbers, took the lead with the activity and zeal of men who had embraced new opinions, and were labouring to promote them. Though fatally erroneous in what is of most importance, they acted in many cases with a quick and ardent perception of what is

just, and not unfrequently they were right in the general principle, even when they were wrong in its application. Through their exertions measures were carried, and as far as votes of the Cortes could effect them, which, if they had been effectual, would have conferred lasting benefit upon the people. But in many of these reforms, they proceeded rashly, neither sufficiently regarding the rights of individuals nor the opinions and habits of the nation, and in what was most required at such a crisis, both parties were alike deficient. Instead of infusing into the government that energy which had been expected, the Cortes weakened and embarrassed the executive by perpetually intermeddling with it, so that, under their controul, the Regency which they had appointed became more inefficient than the central Junta. And instead of making the deliverance of the country their paramount object, they busied themselves in framing a constitution, a work which if it had been more needful might well have been deferred till a more convenient season. Great part of their sittings was consumed in metaphysical discussions arising out of the scheme of the constitution; and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people was asserted in a temper which plainly manifested how surely that sovereignty, if it were once erected, would become unendurably tyrannical. Day after day these obstructions were debated while the enemy was seizing Cadiz. Meantime no measures were adopted for bringing the army into a better state; and the mournful truth became apparent even to those who most reluctantly acknowledged it. But if it be difficult to form an effective army where there are none who have studied the principles and profited by the practice of war, it is yet more difficult to make legislators of men whose minds are ill-disciplined even when well stored.'—pp. 100—103.

It is well known, that during the time the French army were detained on the frontiers of Portugal, they subsisted themselves entirely by plunder. There was not the slightest attempt made by their generals to regulate or restrain their marauding movements. It stands upon record, that they had frequently no other food than what they were enabled to obtain from hiding places, which they compelled the unfortunate Portuguese, by torture, to discover! These were acts, it may be said, which their own desperate wants justified them in perpetrating. But there were others for which the same apology cannot be pleaded, and if we wished to paint for the instruction of those persons who are so anxious to see this country once more plunged into a state of hostility, the dreadful horrors which war multiplies amongst the families of mankind, we should produce to their eyes, in letters of blood, the following eloquent and afflicting passage.

'When a family was hunted out among the rocks, woods, or mountains, by these hell-hounds, happy were the men who did not endure torments, the women who did not suffer violation, before they were murdered. The French officers, when any of them were made prisoners, endeavoured always to reject the opprobrium of these flagitious and unendurable deeds upon the Italians and Germans in their army; but let us be just to human nature, which has neither made the Italians and Germans more depraved than the French, nor the French than the English. The Italians, indeed, having grown up in a country where great crimes are notoriously committed

with impunity, many have been accustomed to regard such crimes with less repugnance than either the Germans or the French. But French discipline had made all in its armies, of whatever stock, good soldiers: the first thing needful for moral improvement is to bring men under obedience, which is the root of civil virtue: military discipline had done this: had moral discipline been connected with it, as it might and ought to have been, they who were made good soldiers, if they had not by the same process been made good men, would have been withheld from any open wickedness. But this was systematically disregarded in Buonaparte's armies; the more thoroughly his servants had corrupted their feelings, and hardened their hearts, the better were they fitted for the work in which they were to be employed. Under like circumstances, British soldiers might have been equally wicked; but no British government has ever been so iniquitous as to place its soldiers in such circumstances. The only offence deemed worthy of punishment in Massena's army was insubordination towards a superior. A wretch might sometimes be apprehended in an act of atrocity so flagrant, that it was not possible to let him escape; but there was no attempt to prevent such horrors, not even when there was the wish: they were known and suffered in despair, by better minds; by others, with unconcern. In such an army, the soldiers who brought young and handsome women to the camp, as part of their booty, were considered as humane, and humane by comparison they were, though these women, whatever their former condition had been, were played for as a stake at cards, were bartered for provisions and horses, and were put up publicly to sale! It is related, that such women as survived the first horrors of their situation, became reconciled to it, because of the terror in which they had previously lived, and because their lives were now secure; that they attached themselves to those who became as it is called their protectors; and that it was no uncommon thing for a woman to pass from one such protector to another, rising a step at every exchange, till she became at last the mistress of a general!

'The skill which some of these marauders acquired in their search for food, resembled the sagacity with which savages track their prey. That they should detect, with unerring certainty, any place of concealment in a dwelling or an out-house, might have been expected from the habits of plunder which they had been indulged in in former campaigns; but when they were questing in woods, or among rocks, or in the open country, a new sense seemed to be developed in them. There were men in every company who could discover a depôt of provisions by scent far off. Such resources, however, could ill suffice for such an army; and the reinforcements which they received bringing with them no supplies, added as much to their difficulties as to their strength. Wine, which was found in abundance at first, was lavishly consumed while it lasted. Bread failed entirely: and in many corps, the rations of maize were reduced first to a half, then to a third. A third of the whole army was at last employed in thus purveying from a wasted country, and their comrades are described as stationing videttes to watch for their coming, and communicate by signals the joyful intelligence, if they came with supplies; for little now was brought back by the most successful marauders; and sometimes, the whole produce of such an excursion was consumed before they returned to their quarters. They had found, when they entered the kingdom, whole towns

and villages deserted at their approach; more appalling spectacles were presented now in the recesses to which they penetrated; whole families were seen there, lying dead, or in a state worse than death; and those who were not suffering from famine or disease, seemed to be bewildered in mind as well as rendered wild in appearance, by perpetual terror and exposure.' —pp. 111—113.

Dr. Southey traces, with his usual minuteness, the events that followed: the investment and surrender of Badajoz; the retreat of the French; and the bloody combats of the Coa and Sabugal, which Colonel Napier had already so well described. In this part of the duty of a historian, Napier has no rival. Dr. Southey's narratives of battles are seldom distinguished by lucid arrangement. In all that relates to the effect of war upon social existence; the interruption which it gives to the usual employments of life; the misery it produces in towns and cities, as well as in the cornfield and vineyard, Southey shines with a lustre all his own. But his battles are in general the heaviest portions of his work, if we except those in which, after each great stage in the progress of the war, he pauses, in order to turn over the files of the Parliamentary debates, and arraign every commoner and peer who ventured to utter a complaint against the manner in which that momentous enterprize was occasionally misconducted.

We need not follow him through his account of the battles of Barrosa, Albuera, the sieges of Zaragoza, Tarragona, and Ciudad Rodrigo, the proceedings of the Spanish guerillas, the victory of Salamanca, and the various other important events which, one after another, contributed to accelerate the departure of the French from Spain. We must, however, permit ourselves to be detained awhile at the ancient city of Burgos, so full of romantic associations, in the description of which, particularly when connected with Portugal or Spain, no man excels Dr. Southey.

'Fabling authors have ascribed the foundation of Burgos to an imaginary king Brygus, and mistaken antiquaries have endeavoured to identify its site with that of the one or other Angostobrigia, both having been far distant. The earliest authentic accounts speak only of some scattered habitations in this well-watered part of the country, till, at the latter end of the ninth century, D. Diego Rodriguez, Count of Castile, better known in Spanish history as Diego Porcelos, erected a castle there by order of Alfonso III., and founded a frontier town under its protection, which, from the old Burgundian word for a fortress, obtained the name of Burgos. The castle was built upon a hill which commands the rich plain, watered by the rivers Arlanzon, Vena, and Cardennela; in former times it was of great strength and beauty, cresting the summit of the hill, and towering above the houses, which in those times covered the slope; but when the succession to the throne of Castile was disputed by Alfonso V. of Portugal, against Ferdinand and Isabella, in right of his wife Maria, the castle took part with that injured and most unfortunate princess, and firing upon the city, destroyed the best street, which was upon the descent; after this the lower ground was built, and the castle was left standing alone upon the

heights. During the sixteenth century, Burgos was the mart through which the whole interior trade with the ports in the Bay of Biscay was carried on, and from whence the Segovian cloth was sent to all parts of Europe. Its population was then from 35,000 to 40,000, exclusive of foreigners, who were many in number; it had been reduced to 8,000 or 9,000, the place having declined after the seat of government was fixed at Madrid. Most of the Spanish cities may be traced to much higher antiquity; many exceed it in size; but there are few which are connected with so many of those historical recollections in which the Spaniards seem, above all other nations, to delight. It was the birth place of Count Ferrar Gonzalez, and of the Cid Campeador; the former used to knight his warriors in St. Lorenzo's church. A beautiful triumphal arch has been erected to his honour upon the site of the dwelling in which he was born; and his statue, with those of two judges, Nuno Rasurez. and Layn Calvo, Diego Porcelos, the Cid, and the emperor, Charles V. adorns the gate of St. Maria, which opens upon one of the bridges.

'Our Edward I. was knighted by his brother-in-law Alfonso the wise, in S. Maria de las Huelgasa nunnery founded by Alfonso V. and his English queen Leonor, within sight of the city. Its church was preferred by the Castilian kings for the performance of any remarkable ceremony, the place for which was not prescribed; three kings, therefore, in succession, were crowned there, and it was long a place of interment for the royal family. Except that at Fulda, no other nunnery ever possessed such privileges, or was so largely endowed. The Cathedral, than which there is no more elaborate or more magnificent specimen of what may be called monastic architecture, was founded in 1221 by king St. Ferdinand and the Bishop Maurice, (who is said to have been an Englishman, either by birth or blood,) about 150 years after the see of Oca had been removed thither: among the relics which were shown there was a handkerchief of the prophet Elijah, and a lock of Abraham's hair, and one of St. Apollonia's innumerable teeth. Two short leagues from the city is the monastery of St. Pedro de Cardena, a far older foundation than the cathedral, where, from the time that 200 of its monks were massacred by the Moors, the pavement used, on the anniversary of their martyrdom, to sweat blood, till that blood which through so many centuries had cried for vengeance, was appeased by the final subjugation of the misbelievers. There the Cid lies and his wife Ximena; some of the French officers, at the commencement of this treacherous invasion, used to visit the church, and spout passages from Corneille's tragedy over their tomb. There too lie his daughters, D. Elvira, and D. Sol; and his father Diego Laynez, and his kinsman, Alvar Fanez Minaya, and his nephew, Martin Antolinez and Martin Pelaez, the Asturian names which will be held in remembrance as long as chivalrous history shall be preserved. And before the gate of the monastery, the Cid's good horse Ravieca lies buried, and Gil Diaz, his trusty servant, by the side of that good horse which he had loved so well.'—pp. 546—548.

The retreat from Burgos is celebrated as one of the best instances of the kind that have ever occurred. A retreat by night, and within the range of the enemy's artillery, was a bold measure which required the most consummate prudence, determination, and skill. The campaign of 1813 was decisive of Napoleon's hopes in

Spain. The battle of Vittoria was soon followed by the recovery of Zaragoza, of the state of which, during the preceding four years of its captivity, as the author expresses it, he gives a picture, touched in every part of it by the hand of a master.

'Thus, after four years of captivity, Zaragoza was delivered from its detested enemies. During the greater part of that time no tidings but those of ill-fortune had reached the Zaragozans—the defeat of their armies, the capture of one strong hold after another, some having yielded through famine, others to the strength and skill of the besiegers, and more having been basely or traitorously given up. And though they well knew that the journals of the Intrusive Government, like those in France, were conducted upon a system of falsehood, suppressing everything which could not be made appear favourable to Buonaparte's views, they could not doubt the substance of these tidings, nor, in some of the worst cases, the extent of the national loss. The prisoners who were taken in Blake's defeat before Murvedro, and the still greater number who surrendered with him at Valencia, had been marched through the streets of Zaragoza in the depth of winter, and in a condition which would have moved any soldiers to compassion, except those of Buonaparte and of the generals whom he employed in Spain: without shoes or stockings, foot-sore, half naked, half famished, they were driven, and outraged, and insulted, by an enemy who seemed, together with the observances of civilized war, to have renounced the feelings of humanity. At such times the Zaragozans, without distinction of rank or sex, crowded about their unfortunate countrymen, to administer what consolation they could, to weep over them, and to share with them their own scanty supplies of clothing and food. On such occasions, too, all the respectable families, as if by one consent, kept days of mourning and humiliation,* each in their houses: and more earnest prayers were never offered up than they breathed in bitterness of soul for the deliverance of their injured country, and for vengeance upon their merciless and insolent oppressors.

'At the time of the deliverance, and long after, the city and its environs bore miserable vestiges of the two sieges. Ruined houses were to be seen far and near on every side, and the broken walls of what once had been fertile inclosures. Some streets were merely ruins; in others the walls of the houses were literally covered with the marks of musket balls, and in some places large holes had been made in them by the numbers which had struck there. Most of the churches and convents were nothing but heaps of ruins; the Capuchin's convent had been so totally demolished, that only a solitary cross remained to mark the spot where it had stood. Nothing had been repaired except the Aljaferia, and such of the fortifications as the French had re-fortified for their own security. Much of this material destruction was reparable; but precious monuments of antiquity had been

* 'These affecting circumstances are stated in a letter written from Zaragoza, 22d of January, 1822, to D. Mariano de Lope, a priest, who distinguished himself by his heroic conduct during both sieges. A copy of this letter I had the honour of receiving from the Countess de Bureta, who transmitted it to me at the time, that I might see what were the feelings and the conduct of her fellow-citizens during their captivity.'

destroyed—precious libraries and precious manuscripts, which never could be replaced; and upon most of the inhabitants irreparable ruin had been brought. The loss of life which had been sustained there may be summed up: broken fortunes and broken hearts are not taken into the account; but the sufferers had the proud and righteous satisfaction of knowing that they had not suffered in vain. The two sieges of Zaragoza, that in which it was overcome not less than that which it successfully resisted, contributed more than any other event to keep up the national spirit of the Spaniards, to exalt the character of the Spaniards, to exalt the character of the nation, and to excite the sympathy and the admiration of other countries; and the good will not pass away with the generation upon whom the evil fell. There is no more illustrious example of public virtue, in ancient or modern history, than this Zaragoza. Such examples are not lost upon posterity; and such virtue as it affords full proof that the Spanish character retains its primitive strength, affords also the best ground for hope, not only that Spain may resume its rank in Christendom, as a great and powerful kingdom, but also that the Spaniards may become religiously and politically a free and enlightened nation; not by the remote consequences of a sudden and violent revolution, which always brings with it more evils than it sweeps away, but by the progress of wisdom and truth,, working their sure though slow effect, in God's good time, among a patient, thoughtful, and devout people.'—pp. 663—666.

The combats of the Pyrennees effectually liberated the Peninsula from its formidable enemy, and it is much to be lamented that practical measures were not then taken both in Spain and Portugal for the establishment of a system of liberty conformable to their ancient institutions, and to the wishes of the educated and enlightened minds of both nations. Every person acquainted with history, is aware, that the elements of a free constitution have been known, from time immemorial, as well in Portugal as in Spain, and that their ancient legislative assemblies exercised a very considerable degree of power over the actions of the sovereign, and the expenditure of the public money. Unfortunately, the Cortes of Spain, which the war had again called into existence, had committed so many violent aggressions upon the property of the nobility and clergy, that they alienated from them a great majority of those orders; and as the influence of the clergy over the people was unbounded—an influence arising very generally from the attention with which the secular priests and the monks uniformly treated those who stood most in need of their services—it was soon found that the people also were unfriendly to the Cortes, whose character they knew only by its acts of hostility against those spiritual pastors, to whom they looked up with an affection that almost amounted to veneration. Hence, when Ferdinand returned to Spain, it must he admitted that he was placed in circumstances which he was utterly unfit to turn to the advantage of his country. The Cortes, he plainly saw, was an isolated body far advanced in the light of the age before the great mass of the people, and severed from them by its many imprudent and impolitic measures. Had he frankly

accepted the constitution, called around him a council of the most enlightened and temperate men of all parties, conceded the great principles of liberty, but not without requiring that they should be put into operation by a gradual process, which might have recommended them to the country at large, he would at this moment have been at the head of one of the happiest and most prosperous kingdoms in Europe. It was indeed an epoch of great faults on all sides.

'Ferdinand had returned from captivity with the belief in which he had been trained up, that by right of birth and by the laws and customs of his country he was an absolute king; and in this the great majority of the nation entirely agreed with him. But he had been accustomed to yield to circumstances which he could not controul, feeling in himself neither the wish nor the strength to struggle against them; and had the general opinion been in favour of the new constitution, he would have submitted to it as he had to his detention at Valençay, if with no better will, with the same apparent contentment and the same convenient insensibility. Certain it is that he had no intention of overthrowing it when he arrived at Zaragoza.'

'"There are many parts of it" said he, "which I do not approve; but if any opposition on my part were likely to cause the shedding of one drop of Spanish blood, I would swear to it immediately!" He now found that this was not the national wish; that the people cared for the constitution as little as they understood it; that they execrated the *Liberales* and hated the Cortes for their sake. That assembly indeed had acted toward all classes with such strange impolicy as to offend or injure all. The nobles, though the constitution gave them not that weight in the political scale, without which there can be no well-balanced monarchy, might nevertheless have submitted to it without repugnance, because they possessed no authority as an order under the old government: but their property had been attacked; and a sweeping decree had abolished those feudal rights and customs from which a large portion of their hereditary revenues was derived. The clergy might have acquiesced in the suppression of the Inquisition, if they had not been required to proclaim the triumph of the *Liberales*,—a triumph whereby nothing was gained for toleration, death being still the punishment for any one who should dare dissent from the Roman Catholic faith. The monasteries might have been quietly reduced, as Pombal had begun to reduce them, without wrong to the existing communities, and without offence to the feelings or prejudices of the nation, simply by forbidding the admittance of new members; by suppressing them, the Cortes not only made the monks and friars their enemies, but the people also, among whom the revenues of the former were expended, and over whom the latter exercised far greater influence than either the gospel or the laws. This measure indeed would have been impolitic, even if the whole expected profit to the treasury had accrued from it; but as a measure of finance it was worse than a failure. Purchasers could not be found for church property thus confiscated, in a country where the people revolted at this species of sacrilege; the estates therefore were administered for the government; and what with the excuses and opportunities which were afforded for mal-administration and peculation, it was generally found that the costs of management consumed the whole proceeds, whereas a regular impost might always have been levied upon the

former possessors. The necessity of raising money to support the war was the plea for this suppression; yet the pay of the armies was always greatly in arrear; and it has been seen how much they suffered for want of proper clothing, and of sufficient food: such evils are always imputed to the government under which they exist; and as the Cortes had, in fact assumed the government, the Cortes were as unpopular with the soldiers as with the great body of the people. Nothing but the army could support them if the King should refuse to take upon himself the yoke which they prepared for him; yet such was the infatuation of the *Liberales* that one of their most influential members said, the liberties of the country could never be safe if there were even four paid soldiers and a corporal in it; and another described the army as composed of privileged mercenaries, and hired assassins.

'Yet this party courted popularity; and while they declaimed in the hall of the Cortes, fancied that they enjoyed it. The galleries were filled with their admirers, and they had active partisans who could at every time raise tumult enough out of doors to carry violent measures by intimidation. The *serviles*, as they contemptuously called those who disapproved the new constitution, either wholly or in any of its parts, were kept silent, some by prudence, others by this system of terror. One deputy ventured to say that Ferdinand, as soon as he arrived, ought to be acknowledged as being born to all the rights and privileges of an absolute King, and that the constitution ought therefore to be annulled. The indignation of the *liberales* burst forth at this, and of the galleries also, for the persons who attended there had always a potential voice; the president thought it prudent to close the doors, lest the liberal mob should be brought to take summary vengeance upon the indiscreet member: a vote for expelling him was passed, and orders given for commencing a process against him upon a law passed in the preceding summer, by which any person who should affirm either by word of mouth or by writing, that the constitution ought not to be observed, was to be punished with perpetual banishment, and the deprivation of all offices, pay, and honours. Another law had been passed on the same day, declaring that whoever should conspire to establish any other religion in Spain than the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion, or to make the Spanish nation cease to profess it, should be prosecuted as a traitor, and suffer death, the established law concerning offences against the faith remaining in full force. It was only by thus consenting to the prosecution of religious opinions that the *Liberales* could make the serviles concur in a law which gave them authority to prosecute for political one!'—pp. 897—900.

The King, in his progress through his dominions, was every where received with so much enthusiasm, and especially by the military under the command of Elio, that he soon forgot altogether his promise to accept the constitution even with modifications. The Cortes, on the other hand, with that strange pedantic impracticability which distinguished and destroyed their successors at a later period, grew more exorbitant in their demands in proportion as the King became more absolute in his resolutions. They objected to the use of the word "subject," which is a mere empty phrase wherever the substance of freedom is found; they objected moreever to the trivial ceremony required by court etiquette, that their

president, on going into the King's presence, should kiss his hand! So puerile are the shadows for which these sages thought it necessary to fight, at a moment when they ought to have sacrificed every thing but solid principles in order to conciliate the sovereign as well as the nation, which then received him with so much enthusiasm! The breath of a single decree annihilated them—but it did not extinguish the spirit that gave them birth. It rankled in the minds of many men until it broke out once more in 1820, when, after a contest of three years, it was again subdued. But it still exists in Spain, and will again appear to assert its supremacy.

The history of the war in the Peninsula, however, terminates with the restoration of Ferdinand to his throne; that of its struggles for liberty remains to be written. Mr. Southey eloquently and meetly winds up his narrative with the triumphant return of the Duke of Wellington to England. As he had not been at home since he was raised to the peerage, it so happened that on taking his seat in the House of Lords, his different patents of creation as Baron, Earl, Marquis, and Duke were all to be read on the same day. It makes the blood rush through one's veins with delight to read of the honours with which he was on that day received by both houses of Parliament. After he had taken his seat, the Lord Chancellor expressed to him the thanks that had been voted to him by the House, for those eminent services that had "placed this empire on a height of military renown of which there was no example in its history." The Noble Duke had been waited upon by a deputation from the House of Commons to congratulate him upon his return. He attended the House to return his thanks in person. 'A chair was set for him toward the middle of the House; he came in making his obeisance, the whole House rising upon his entrance. The Speaker having informed him that there was a chair in which he might repose himself, the Duke sate down, covered for some time, the sergeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded, and the House resumed their seats.' Having expressed his sense of the favours which had been conferred upon him, and of the assistance which he had received from the country and his gallant companions in arms, during those campaigns which had been so fortunately terminated, he was again thanked by the Speaker in one of those classical and elegant compositions which Mr. Abbott knew so well how to write and to deliver with the most graceful effect. He thus concluded—"For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this House, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgements; but this House well knows that it is still largely your debtor: it owes to you the proud satisfaction that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence. And when the will of

Heaven, and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example as an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country, amongst the ruling nations of the earth!' The historian then, in his own masterly style, recapitulates the Noble Duke's brilliant actions, beginning with the defence of Torres Vedras.

'When he took his stand there, Lisbon was not the only stake of that lawful contest; the fate of Europe was in suspense, and they who, like Homer, could see the balance in the hand of Jupiter, might then have perceived that the fortunes of France were found wanting in the scale. There the spell which bound the nations was broken; the plans of the tyrant were baffled; his utmost exertions, when he had no other foe and no other object, were defied; his armies were beaten; and Europe, taking heart when she beheld the deliverance of Portugal, began to make a movement for her own, for that spirit by which alone her deliverance could be effected, was excited. Foresight and enterprise meantime with our commander went hand in hand; he never advanced but so as to be sure of his retreat; and never retreated, but in such an attitude, as to impose upon a superior enemy. He never gave an opportunity, and never lost one. His movements were so rapid as to deceive and astonish the French, who prided themselves upon their own celerity. He foiled general after general, defeated army after army, captured fortress after fortress; and raising the military character of Great Britain to its old standard in the days of Marlborough, made the superiority of the British soldier over the Frenchman as incontestible as that of the British seaman.

'The spirit of the country rose with its successes. England once more felt her strength, and remembered the part which she had borne, and the rank which she had asserted, in the days of her Edwards and her Marys. Buonaparte had bestowed upon France the name of the Sacred Territory, boasting as one of the benefits conferred upon her by his government, that France alone remained inviolable, when every other part of the Continent was visited by the calamities of war. That boast was no longer to hold good! Our victories in the Peninsula prepared the deliverance of Europe, and Lord Wellington led the way into France. A large portion of his army consisted of Portuguese and Spaniards, who had every imaginable reason to hate the people among whom they went as conquerors; they had seen the most infernal cruelties perpetrated in their own country by the French soldiers; and it might have been supposed, prone as their national character was to revenge, that they would eagerly seize the opportunity for vengeance. But such was Lord Wellington's influence over the men whom he conducted to victory, that not one outrage, not an excess, not an insult was committed; and the French, who had made war like savages in every country which they invaded, experienced all the courtesies and humanities of generous warfare, when they were invaded themselves. In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington's name was blessed by the people. Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such

feelings! The marshal's staff, the dukedom, the honours and rewards which his prince and his country so munificently and properly bestowed, were neither the only nor the most valuable recompense of his labours. There was something more precious than these, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he had secured by his military achievements, the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements had been directed,—that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations—for the safety, honour, and welfare of his own country, and for the general interests of Europe, and of the civilized world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause; they were sullied by no cruelties, no crimes; the chariot wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses; his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he might remember his victories among his good works.

'This is the great and inappreciable glory of England in this portion of its history, that its war in the Peninsula was in as strict conformity with the highest principles of justice, as with sound state policy. No views of aggrandisement were entertained, either at its commencement or during its course, or at its termination; conquests were not looked for, commercial privileges were not required—it was a defensive, a necessary, a retributive war, engaged in as the best means of obtaining security for ourselves, but having also for its immediate object "to loose the bands of wickedness," and to break the yoke of oppression, and "to let the oppressed go free." And this great deliverance was brought about by England, with God's blessing on a righteous cause. If France has not since that happy event continued to rest under a mild and constitutional monarchy—if Spain has relapsed into the abuses of an absolute one—if the Portuguese have not supported that character which they recovered during the contest, it has been because, in all these instances, there were national errors which retained their old possession, and national sins, which were not repented of. But the fruits of this war will not be lost upon posterity, for in its course it has been seen that the most formidable military power which ever existed in the civilized world, was overthrown by resolute perseverance in a just cause; it has been seen also, that national independence depends upon national spirit, but that even that spirit in its highest and most heroic degree may fail, if wisdom to direct it be wanting. It has been seen what guilt and infamy men, who might otherwise have left an honourable name, entailed upon themselves, because, hoping to effect a just end by iniquitous means, they consented to a wicked usurpation, and upheld it by a system of merciless tyranny, sinning against their country and their own souls. This was seen in the Spanish ministers of the Intruder; and the Spanish reformers, more lamentably for Spain, but more excusably for themselves, have shewn the danger of attempting to carry crude theories of government into practice, and hurrying on precipitate changes, from the consequences of which men too surely look to despotism for protection or for deliverance. These lessons have never been more memorably exemplified than in the Peninsular War; and, for her own peculiar lesson, England, it may be hoped, has learned to have ever from thenceforth a just reliance, under Providence, upon her resources and her strength; under Providence, I say, for if that support be disregarded, all other will be found to fail.

'My task is ended here: and if, in the course of this long and faithful

history, it should seem that I have anywhere ceased to bear the ways of Providence in my mind, or to have admitted a feeling, or given utterance to a thought, inconsistent with glory to God in the highest, and good will towards men; let the benevolent reader impute it to that inadvertence or inaccuracy of expression, from which no diligence, however watchful, can always be secure; and, as such, let him forgive what, if I were conscious of it, I should not easily forgive in myself.'—pp. 924—928.

The book ends with the words LAUS DEO, after the manner usual amongst our old monkish chroniclers. They are indeed words that cannot be too often written or spoken by men, who, if they reflect at all, must feel that they owe every blessing which they enjoy to the bounty and goodness of THE CREATOR. But it is much to be lamented that the writer, who can command these words so freely, and who has introduced the name of the Deity in almost every page of his voluminous work, should occasionally have indulged in language that breathes very little of that 'good will,' of which he speaks, towards those men who have differed from him in politics. Even with reference to the public enemy of the country, now that he is no more, it is unseemly, as well as uncharitable, to apply those epithets, "impious," "accursed," "savage," "ferocious," which shock literary taste, as well as moral feeling, so frequently in this production. "Sinister," "self-interested," "nefarious," "mischievous," "factious," "seditious, "rancorous radicals," are among the terms in which he is also pleased to speak of different parties at home, during the period of the war. Even if such terms were justifiable in truth, which we are by no means prepared to admit, are they such as an author, thoroughly imbued with a love of his Creator, ought to have permitted himself to select for such a purpose?

As to the Duke of Wellington, his military glory is destined never to die. But the future historian will have to lament, that, in an evil hour, he resolved on adding the civic wreath of the statesman to that of the soldier. With one exception, in favour of Ireland, which he had contributed to put off until it could no longer be deferred without a civil war, his whole of course of action, ever since he has become the leader of a political party in the state, has been hostile to the liberties of the country. No man amongst the eminent persons who take an active and influential part in public affairs, had it more decidedly in his power to conduct to a tranquil and favourable issue the changes in our constitution, which the alterations that have taken place in the elements of our society had rendered indispensable, than the Duke of Wellington. If, instead of pronouncing that senseless and short-sighted tirade against reform, which drove him from the helm of the state, he had carefully taken counsel with the signs of the times, and, listening to the demands of public opinion, he had enfranchised the great unrepresented towns, he might have preserved the country and the two Houses of Parliament from those violent conflicts of opinion, which have

tended to unsettle every interest in the empire, and to fill the minds of men with apprehensions, which have exercised a baleful influence upon every branch of trade and occupation throughout our whole community. But he chose a different course; and it will require all the abilities of the great men in whose hands the destinies of the nation, under Providence, are now placed, to correct that important mistake, and to restore the country to its wonted prosperity and peace.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass. Written by Himself.* In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

THIS is one of those gossiping, garrulous, trifling, chit-chat memoirs, which have abounded in our literary market of late years. An elderly gentleman recollects a few anecdotes of eminent persons, which he happens to repeat in the presence of some one who tells him that they are really worth preserving, and that he might moreover get a very good price for them, if he could spin them out into a volume or two. The bargain is made. Straight he goes to work in turning over his long forgotten, dusty papers. These renew the memory of other incidents: some more he collects from his friends and from the magazines and newspapers of bye-gone days, and so he makes up the requisite number of pages, and calls them his Memoirs.

We do not pretend to be in Sir James Campbell's councils, or to say that this is exactly the course which he has pursued. But we may assert that if he had pursued this course, his work is exactly such a one as it would have helped him to compose. He can boast neither wit, humour, felicity in telling an anecdote, or in pointing an epigram. His volumes are in fact a pair of the most prosy tomes we have ever read, although several of our contemporaries have lauded them in the most bewitching terms.

We shall give the reader the means of judging for himself, after we shall have introduced to him the military knight of Ardkinglass. His father was the late John Callander, of Craigforth, a gentleman of taste, who had devoted much of his time to painting, sculpture, music, and literature. It seems that he wrote dissertations on the "Paradise Lost," 'remarkable for critical acumen and refined taste, as for learning and research.' We are ashamed to say that of these said dissertations we had never before chanced to hear a syllable. He was possessed of an estate which produced him a very small income, and was early in life called to the bar, which produced him no income at all. There was a rock upon his said estate very much like that upon which Stirling Castle is built, which, we suppose, was a very great, though a barren ornament. Two rather striking facts are added concerning the author's father. 'My father,' he says 'was born in 1722, and my mother in 1720, *so that she was two years older than him!*' 'They had moreover,' he

adds, 'been very intimately acquainted from their childhood, and in infancy had slept together in the same crib,' so that, we wonder he does not subjoin, they must have been both then very small!

Sir James 'happened' to be the eldest of a family of seventeen children. He must have been rather puzzled about his politics, since his mother was a Jacobite and his father was a staunch supporter of the Hanoverian succession. He was born in October, 1745, so that we suppose we may infer, that next birth-day he will be in his eighty-seventh year! He must really be a fine old fellow to write even so well as he does at fourscore. At the mature age of fourteen he was presented with an ensigncy in the 51st regiment of foot, and soon after had the honour of assisting in many of the memorable events which signalized the seven years' war. Innumerable are the small incidents which he relates of this period. Let us hear what he says of himself after being wounded at the battle of Warbourg.

'Of the battle of Warbourg, which took place soon after the affair of Emsdorff, I cannot say much from my own personal observation, as in the first charge of cavalry, which was made at five o'clock in the morning, I had my horse killed under me, and was wounded in five different places, two of them gun-shot wounds, one from a bayonet, and two slight cuts The place where I had fallen was on a ploughed field, and I lay there without assistance till six o'clock in the evening, that is, for thirteen hours. It may appear extraordinary to those who have not suffered severely, that, notwithstanding the pain of my wounds, I was not prevented from sleeping soundly. Indeed, I was only awoke some time after mid-day—it was towards the end of July—by the rays of the sun beating intensely on my uncovered head, my steel skull-cap having fallen off. When I came to understand the nature of my situation, I found a French officer sitting by me, who seemed, from his orders, to be a man of rank. He said that he would give the world for a glass of water, and I replied that my thirst also was unspeakable, which indeed it was; but whether it arose from my anxiety before the action, or from causes merely physical, I do not profess to be able to decide. While speaking to the French officer, I observed my sword lying at a little distance, and, as it had been a favourite, I endeavoured to crawl towards it, to secure it, but, after repeated efforts, I found myself unequal to the task. At this moment I saw the French gentleman fall back and expire. Of the various orders which he carried I took one, the Cross of St. Louis, and afterwards gave it to my mother, who wore it during her lifetime, as a trinket at her watch chain.

'The next object which attracted my attention was a young man, whom I recognized as a dragoon of my own regiment. His wound had produced mental imbecility, which was strikingly depicted on his countenance, and was, besides, perceptible by his manner of playing with a clod of the ploughed field. Soon afterwards he also expired.

'Having by this time come perfectly to myself, I perceived that we had gained the day, in consequence of observing that the firing had advanced a great way in front of the spot where I had fallen, although it was still heavy to the right of the line. I shall be pardoned for mentioning, that

in the midst of this scene of death I felt no more alarm than I do at this moment. I confess, indeed, that my satisfaction at the success of the allied arms was not unmingled with some selfish considerations; for I inferred that I should be more speedily attended to than if we had lost the day; and to have remained all night on the ploughed field, without assistance, might have been more than my strength could have sustained, after so much loss of blood. Although such were my feelings at the moment, I must not omit to mention, in justice to the French character, that they as well as others were accustomed, after a battle, to gather up the wounded of both sides indiscriminately.

'Of course I had become perfectly stiff from the blood having clotted about my wounds, and when I was taken up to be put into one of the carts, I felt such excruciating pain, that the soldiers carried me on a blanket to one of the nearest villages, which had been converted into temporary hospitals. The bayonet wound was much the longest of healing, and it was so situated that the surgeon found it necessary to cut it open; but my constitution being naturally good, I was able to return to my duty before the end of the campaign.

'As an illustration of the hair-breadth escapes which constantly occur on a field of battle, I may mention, that a few seconds before I received in my thigh the thrust which brought me to the ground, a man straggling from the French line came just under my sword, which I had raised for the purpose of cutting him down, when my arm was arrested by some one from behind calling out to me I know not what; but probably, just because the exclamation was unintelligible, it saved the poor man's life, since when one is galloping at a charge, he has not much time for reflection.

'I cannot dismiss the battle of Warbourg without some notice of the gallant bearing of two of the regiments of cavalry. Indeed, the whole of the cavalry, both English and Hanoverian, behaved remarkably well; but the Scots Greys, led on by the Marquis of Granby in person, made a charge prodigiously brilliant, and that of the first regiment of Dragoon Guards, under the command of Colonel Sloper, was scarcely less so. The name of this gentleman became afterwards conspicuous in the army, from the gross abuse he received while under examination as a witness on the trial of Lord George Sackville. He was accused of entertaining sentiments of personal hostility to Lord George, but, according to my humble opinion, Colonel Sloper was ill-treated on the occasion, as I do not believe him to have been actuated by any such feelings.

'The main body of the allied army, on the morning of the day of battle, at Warbourg, was formed on the heights of Corbach, the enemy being advantageously posted in the neighbourhood of the place, which gave its name to the day. While this operation was performing, the hereditary Prince, with two columns, succeeded in wheeling round the enemy's left, and began a vigorous and simultaneous attack on their flank and rear. The French brought up reinforcements, and a hot engagement ensued in that quarter, which lasted for several hours. Prince Ferdinand, in the mean time, having charged the enemy in front, succeeded in driving them back, in consequence of the weakened state of their main body, from the reinforcements they had detached to oppose the hereditary Prince on their left. It was thus that I was left undisturbed where I fell, and thus, also,

I was able afterwards to account for the heavy firing I had heard on the right of our line.

'I have already mentioned that the English cavalry did wonders on this occasion. They thought themselves perhaps in some measure defrauded of their share of the glory of Minden, and panted for an opportunity of signalizing themselves; nor did any thing arise to cool the ardour of the troops in the bearing of their commanders, General Mostyn and the Marquis of Granby.

'As soon as I was so far recovered as to be able to return to my duty, I was one morning agreeably surprised, while occupying my place, in the line of the regiment, to be addressed by General Mostyn, the Commander-in-chief of the allied army. While riding along the line, he called me out from the ranks, and said that he intended to appoint me one of his aides-de-camp. This good fortune I ascribed at the time to the trifling service I had an opportunity of rendering to the General in acting for him as interpreter some time before at the little skirmish at Aybach. But however that may be, it had, as will be seen in the sequel, an important influence on my course through life. Suffice it in the meantime to say, that I immediately joined General Mostyn's staff in the capacity of his aide-de-camp, and that I attained this distinction in the fifteenth year of my age.

'While I was yet in a state of convalescence, but able to mount my horse and attend to my ordinary duties, it was resolved to make an attack on the town of Zerenberg, at which a part of my regiment assisted. The place was not considered of any great strength, but it was surrounded by a dry ditch, and a wall in a state of decay. The attack was a business of surprise, and the place was carried in a very gallant style.

'At the head of the attack was old Colonel Preston of the Scots Greys, a gentleman at that time far advanced in years, who had been originally a drummer in the regiment of which he had now the command. He was tall and handsome, and he had uniformly sustained the highest character, not only as a gallant soldier, but as an honest and respectable man. When he had risen by his merit to the rank of captain, he performed an achievement which was much spoken of in the army, and which I now relate on the authority of my uncle, Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglass, at that time commanding the 25th regiment at the battle of Suffeld, under the Duke of Cumberland. Captain Preston having pressed forward in the plain with some thirty men, was surrounded by the French cavalry. His conduct was seen by the whole line, which occupied higher ground, and overlooked the scene of the adventure. Having formed his thirty men in a close body, he charged with them through the surrounding squadrons, and joined the line in safety without the loss of a single man. But the army were not so much surprised with the gallantry of this achievement, as with the extraordinary influence which it produced on the feelings of the worthy gentleman himself. He was known to be singularly fond of his money, but he was so pleased with the behaviour of the soldiers who shared the danger and the glory of the adventure, that he pulled out his purse, and gave them a ducat apiece. He had made such excellent use of his sword in the *melée*, that his hand had swelled in the basket-hilt so that it could not be extricated without forcing open the bars. Several years after the affair at Zerenberg, I had the honour of dining with the

Scots Greys at Northampton, when this gallant officer, then a General in the army, came down to take the command of the regiment as Colonel-in-chief.

'Some idea may be formed of the state of confusion in which the entry was effected into the town of Zerenberg, when I mention that Captain Cunningham, of the Greys, was almost killed by a blow he received from a French soldier with the hilt of his sabre. Our troops, after charging the French cavalry and driving them back, had attempted to force their way into the town along with them, and were so intermingled with the enemy, and so much crowded together on the drawbridge, and in the narrow streets of the town, that neither party could make any use of the blades of their weapons. Captain Cunningham, in consequence of the blow he had received, fell back on his horse, but could not fall off from the crowded state of the passage, and he was afterwards taken down and attended by some of his own men.

'Colonel Preston himself rode a very spirited horse, which, on being pressed forward with too much eagerness, jumped over the bridge with his rider into the ditch. When the attack was over, the Colonel and his charger were relieved from their awkward situation without either of them having sustained any material injury. Colonel Preston, I have said, was an old soldier: he had served with distinction in former wars; and, as a measure of precaution, he always charged in an excellent buff jerkin which he wore under his coat; and, as far as I recollect, his coat had been cut through in this remarkable charge in at least a dozen different places. but none of the cuts had penetrated through the jerkin.' vol. i. pp. 63—74.

These are about the most interesting details which he gives of his share in the seven years' war. Of the anecdotes connected with it the following may be taken as a favourable example. It is only necessary to premise, that, after the battle of Graebenstein, the enemy were driven back to the extremity of Upper Westphalia, where they took up a strong position near a mountain, called Amoeniberg, their front being covered by a river.

'In this position the two armies remained in presence, observing each other for the greater part of the autumn. During this period the officers on both sides were accustomed to amuse themselves with hunting and shooting; and while excited by the spirit of the chase, it sometimes happened that we followed the hare beyond the enemy's outposts, but without receiving the slightest interruption. These occasional trespasses were not exactly consistent with the general orders of the respective commanders; but by a sort of tacit agreement among the officers on the outposts, they were mutually overlooked. On such occasions an interchange of civilities would often take place, and I remember one instance which excited a good deal of merriment in the British camp. In our party there happened to be a Captain Nixon, who had a strong relish for what is called a practical joke; and on one of the French officers lamenting that he could not enjoy the sport for want of good greyhounds, our quizzical friend observed that he had a couple of excellent ones which were very much at the Frenchman's service, and that he would send them to an outpost next morning; requesting at the same time to be favoured with the gentleman's name that he might know to whom to address them. The answer was, Count

M., I forget what. " And pray," said the Frenchman, " to whom am I indebted for so great a favour ?" to which the other answered :—

" The favour is nothing sir ; but my name is *Count Nixon*, of the 51st regiment," continuing the joke. Captain Nixon, next morning, sent down two miserable curs to the outpost, where a French servant was in waiting to receive and lead them away. In the evening we were all surprised and some of us a good deal annoyed by the arrival of a couple of mules each attended by a servant, the one of them loaded with two cases of Burgundy, the other with two cases of Champaigne, as a return for the present of the greyhounds, addressed to " Count Nixon," of the 51st regiment. Those of us who could not enjoy a joke with the same gust as Nixon, taking the alarm lest the national character should suffer by the transaction, began to take him to task for carrying it so far. But with Nixon it was impossible to be serious :—" How the devil," he said, with the greatest *naiveté*, " could the fellow take these curs for greyhounds, or me for a count ?"

' This story was told at head quarters and created a general laugh. On this we assembled a council of enquiry, because we would not do a thing that was wrong ; and the Honourable Major Digby, afterwards gentleman usher to the Queen, very kindly ceded two of the best greyhounds in the army, for the purpose of enabling us to place the matter on a proper footing. These were sent with a polite letter, saying that the other two had been forwarded by mistake, and with the expression of a wish that the French officers might continue to enjoy the sports of the season. When spoken of at head quarters, the Duke, it is said, could not help smiling at the transaction, although it had taken place in contravention of the orders he had issued that there should be no communication between the outposts of the two armies.'—vol. 1. pp. 117—120.

We defy any human being to go through the trifling incidents which he mentions in this part of his work, without yawning himself to sleep. If we add a little piece of egotism, it is rather for the purpose of shewing how many words he uses to tell a story, in itself very short, than with any view of commending his prolixity.

' Perhaps I may be permitted, without offence, and as an illustration of the possibility of rising in the army, without the possession of all the qualities which are necessary in a commander, to mention an incident which occurred to me on a field of battle, at the moment when the two armies were forming into line. I had been sent by General Mostyn to the right flank, to report to him the disposition of both armies in that quarter of the field. While occupied with this employment, and having the order of battle in my hand, I was joined by a general officer, whose name it is unnecessary to record. Sufficient to say that he was possessed of many military virtues, the least of which was his personal courage ; of the full enjoyment of which he afforded some evidence, by keeping me talking to him during a pretty smart cannonade, which we might easily have avoided.

' He asked a vast variety of questions, regarding the position of the different columns which were under our eye ; but from want of an habitual attention to such matters, rather than from any deficiency in his visual organs, he was unable to tell of what troops the various columns were composed. He expressed the greatest surprise when I told him, in answer to one of his inquiries, that a column which he pointed out on a hill, at no great distance, belonged to the enemy. He could not even distinguish the

difference between a column of artillery, which was making its way round the base of the hill on which we stood, although sufficiently marked by its blue colour alone; and pointing to another column at some little distance, he asked if it was moving? To which I answered, that the column was certainly marching to the left. He again expressed his astonishment that I should be able to see so distinctly, although the glancing of the arms, the angle at which they were carried, and the reflection of the light, should at once have told him in what direction the column was advancing.

'These indeed are matters of trifling moment, but they serve to show that the knowlege of the ordinary duties of a soldier is not intuitive, but, as in other professions, can only be acquired by application and experience. Resolution and courage in the field are, no doubt, indispensable qualities, but I am persuaded that deficiency in these respects is of very rare occurrence, and that there are other qualities not less essential which do not receive the degree of attention to which they are entitled in the due administration of military affairs.'—vol. i. pp. 138—140.

Amongst the various accomplishments which the author acquired in the course of his long military life, was that of the art of gambling. He reduced it, he informs us, to a regular system: hence he has always been a fortunate player. His plan was never to lose more than a certain limited amount during a sitting; thus, with a limit to his losses, but with no bound to his genius, the results were upon the whole in his favour. They enabled him to assist his father, who was at the time in embarrassed circumstances, with occasional sums, amounting in the mass to nearly 3000*l*. All his evenings in London were not, however, spent at the gaming houses. It was his fortune to become a member of the Pandemonium, then a celebrated society, on account of the eminence of many of its asociates in the world of letters. With a portion of his description of it we shall close these extracts.

'It is true that an institution like the Pandemonium may be regarded as a sort of literary partnership in which every individual member is expected to furnish his proportion of the general stock of ideas; and it may also be true in this, as in mere mercantile concerns, that he who brings the greatest share of stock, is likely to reap the greatest share of profit. Be that, however, as it may, I am bound to confess that up to this period my reading was confined to the regimental orderly-book, with the addition, perhaps, of the newspapers and other periodicals of the day.

'It was not, therefore, to be supposed, that when I offered myself as a candidate for a seat at the table where men of the highest fashion, with the addition of fortune and of title and of every quality, but that of wit, had applied in vain for admission,—I had the presumption to believe that I had a better title to success than many of those rejected applicants with which I was in the habit of associating at the clubs of St. James's street. I was probably piqued into the attempt by the notable failures which had been made by several of my friends, and when once I have seriously proposed to myself any object of attainment, however difficult or ambitious, I have never wanted the perseverance necessary to its acquisition, so long as a hope of success remained. I chanced to form an acquaintance with the celebrated Samuel Foote, who, besides being a

player and a wit, was what is not so generally known, a man of great and varied erudition. He was, of course, a member of the Pandemonium, and to him I applied for his interest and protection. His answer to the proposal was somewhat startling—"What the devil," he said, "can I say for you?" But the recommendation which I proposed for myself was much better received than I had any reason to expect. I said that I was as good a listener as any in England, and that although I had not much to say for myself, I was persuaded that I could at least enjoy what was said by others. On this, Mr. Foote observed that these were qualities which he could gladly recommend to the attention of many of the members of the society. In effect I secured his influence; he proposed me as a member next club-day, and soon afterwards announced that I had passed the ordeal of the ballot-box.

'At that time the place of meeting of the Pandemonium was in a house in Clarges-street, May-fair. It was a dinner-club, and the first day that I attended it I went alone. In the arm-chair next the fire I found a fat gentleman seated, whom I had never seen before. Standing by his side, in close conversation with him, was a dapper little man with whom it seemed to me as if I had already been acquainted, although I could not remember when or where I had met with him. In other parts of the room there were several little groupes of individuals, all evidently waiting with impatience for the announcement of dinner.

'Among them I at length discovered a person to whom I could address myself as having formerly been named to; but him I found so deeply immersed in some cogitation of his own, that it was not without a good deal of difficulty I could so far arrest his attention as to induce him to present me to the stout gentleman in the chair, and one or two others whose acquaintance I was desirous of making. The person I addressed, was Oliver Goldsmith, perhaps, without exception, the most absent man in Europe. He who first attracted my attention, I found to be the great moralist of the age, the Author of the Rambler. In return for my best bow he gruffly nodded to me, and continued some observations of a ludicrous nature which he was making in a tone of mock solemnity, to the little man by his side, who proved to be no other than David Garrick. The Roscius received me with an air of cordiality and politeness, which was quite delightful to me. At length Mr. Foote and a number of other members having arrived, we adjourned to dinner.

'The conversation, to my great relief, became general before ever the cloth was removed. It seemed to be a favourite object with several of the members to bring out the peculiar vein of Dr. Goldsmith. About this period he had produced the "Good-natured Man," and other successful comedies. Mr. Foote observed to him that he wondered to see Goldsmith writing such stuff as these, after immortalizing his name by pieces so irresistible as the Traveller, and the Deserted Village. "Why, Muster Foote," said Goldsmith, with his rich Irish brogue in reply, "my fine verses you talk of would never produce me a beef-steak and a can of porter; but since I have written nonsense, as you call it, for your bare boards, I can afford to live like a gentleman!"

'Dr. Johnson, who had taken his seat at the head of the table, began in a monotonous tone of affected gravity and grandiloquence to pronounce a eulogium on folly, and to prove that it was more pleasing, and therefore

more useful than good sense. In the course of the evening every conceivable variety of topic was introduced; but in general the subjects had some reference, more or less remote, to the current literature of the day.'—vol. i. pp. 255—260.

The author, who was at one time or another, in almost every part of Europe, spent some years in Ireland. His remarks upon the state of that country, upon its misgovernment, and the causes of its discontent, are among the most sensible passages in his two volumes. 'The Irish,' he very justly observes, 'may be governed on the principles of conciliation and good-will, as easily, at least, as any other nation in the world; but if you expect to restrain them by coercion and brute force, you will find in every bosom the elements of opposition. No doubt you will be able to controul them, just because their feelings of resistance will impel them into action before they have concentrated their strength, organized their numbers. But it is not the less true, that a church, extravagantly endowed, in the midst of a people who profess a rival faith, has contributed, in a great degree, to place this island in a false position. Treat the people with kindness and gentleness, let every unnecessary cause of irritation be withdrawn, and I will venture to say, that a more loyal, industrious, and contented people will not be found in any corner of his Majesty's dominions.' We thank the good old knight for this testimony in favour of the opinions which we have uniformly expressed on the subject of Ireland.

NOTICES.

ART. X.——*The Extraordinary Black Book; an Exposition of Abuses in Church and State.* New Edition. 8vo. pp. 683. London: Wilson. 1832.

THIS is a new edition of one of the most extraordinary books that can be found in any language living or dead—extraordinary not so much for the manner in which it is executed, as for the exhibition which it affords, of the most abominable corruptions that ever yet prevailed in any country, savage or civilized. It is difficult to turn our eyes over the pages of this dense volume, and behold the account it contains of the enormous sums of the public money wasted—money extorted in many instances from the tears of the poor—without wondering at the peaceful mode in which such crying evils are permitted to go on unredressed. Assuredly the day is approaching when they must have an end. We observe that several errors in the former editions are amended in this, and that a great quantity of new and most valuable matter is added to it; we have no hesitation in recommending it as a most useful guide to the real, political, and ecclesiastical condition of England.

ART. XI.—1. *Works of Lord Byron.* Vol. v. 12mo. London: Murray. 1832.—2. *The Byron Gallery,* Specimen Plate. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1832.

THE fifth volume of this truly beautiful work has just made its appearance upon our table, bringing down

the 'Life' to nearly the close of 1822. The frontispiece is the church of Santa Maria della Spina, Pisa: the vignette, the Hellespont; both admirable in their way, but the latter by far the more classical and finished of the two. The figures in the fore-ground of the vignette seem almost to stand out of the landscape.

The specimen plate of the Byron Gallery is one of high promise; it is enough, we think, to say of it, that it is not unworthy of Mr. Murray's edition of the works of the noble poet. The gallery is distinct from Finden's Landscape Illustrations, and is intended to supply what are called, though perhaps not properly, the historical part of the embellishments which the creations of the bard have suggested. Five plates are to be given every alternate month, the whole to be completed in six, or eight parts. The price is very moderate, only 4*s.* 6*d.* each part, plain paper. Whoever purchases the works, would do well to add to them these embellishments.

ART. XII.—*Researches in Greece and the Levant.* By the Rev. John Hartley, M.A. 8vo. pp. 388. London: Hatchard and Co. 1831.

THE author was for some time employed as a missionary in the Mediterranean, and he has here reprinted the journal of his expedition, which has already appeared in the "Missionary Register," and the "Church Missionary Record." Had it not been too theological for our purposes, we should have been glad to give a more extended account of it. Mr. Hartley appears to have traversed Greece, and a considerable portion of Turkey, but we do not find that he can boast of having made many converts. He distributed an abundance of bibles and tracts, but every body knows too well the use to which those works are turned in foreign countries—they are generally applied to the purposes of waste-paper. The missionary humbug, like many others, is nearly at an end.

ART. XIII.—*Living Poets and Poetesses: a Biographical and Critical Poem.* By Nicholas Michell. 12mo. pp. 150. London: Kidd. 1832.

THE object of this poem is partly satirical, partly descriptive. It purposes to exhibit the beauties of living poetical authors, as well as to point out their defects, and to add sketches of their lives. We have seldom seen combined together so much ill-nature, with so great a mass of dull writing. Generally speaking, sarcasm gives a finer edge to verse, but here it blunts it.

ART. XIV.—*Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, and Miscellaneous Chronicle, for the year* 1831. 12mo. pp. 464. London: Washbourne. 1832.

ONE of the most elaborate, comprehensive, and useful works of reference, that we have seen for a long time: a book that ought to be upon every counting-house desk, and every library and drawing-room table. For the merchant, the gentleman, and the ladies, it is equally an essential convenience. There is hardly a topic connected with the history of the past year, of a foreign or domestic description, of which it does not contain a brief and well-written reminiscence. It recalls the names and characters of the distinguished men whom the country has lost within that period; gives a summary of the laws that have been enacted within the same interval, and several of the tables usually found in almanacks. It is very neatly printed, and is in every way an admirable little volume.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Church of St. Nicholas.—Mr. Atkinson, the architect, has favoured us with a copy of his south-west view of the new church of St. Nicholas, Lower Tooting, Surrey, which has been recently finished under his superintendence. It is a light and very beautiful Gothic edifice, just like what a country church ought to be. The wonder is, how he was able to raise so handsome a building, capable of accommodating upwards of one thousand persons, for the moderate sum of £4,619.

Foreign Rail-roads.—The construction of rail-roads seems at present to be a favourite speculation on the continent. Besides the two we have lately had occasion to mention, one by the Belgians, from Antwerp to Cologne, and another by the Dutch, from Amsterdam to the same place,—we learn that one is about to be commenced at Altona, which will pass by Hamburgh, and proceed to Lubeck, a distance of about 36 English miles. The enterprise is said to be favoured by the Danish Government.

American Judges.—The *Buffalo Patriot* informs the public that the recent Term of the Court of Common Pleas for Erie county, or rather the Term that ought to have been held, has failed, in consequence of the absence of the judges—one of them having been engaged in the lobby at Albany, and the other having hired himself out as a journeyman drover, to follow some black cattle to Philadelphia. As the judges, when accepting their commissions, swore to a faithful performance of their official duties, and as the Governor has sworn to see "that the laws are faithfully executed," the interposition of Governor Throop is invoked to bring about a "reform" at Buffalo. It seems to be required.

Proper Names.—The *Memorial Bordelais*, in giving an account of the debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill, mentions the following peers as having taken part in it:—the Duke of *Wonchelsea*, the Duke of *Duckingern*, Lord *Fulmoult* the Bishop of *Londoff*, the Marquis of *Lundown*, and Lord *Kemigon*.—Who would recognise under some of these names, Lord Winchelsea, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Kenyon?

Statistics of Crime.—Within the last 21 years the number of commitments in England and Wales has been, males 224,152; females, 46,522; total, 270,674. In 1811 the number of commitments was 5,337; in 1816, 9,091; in 1821, 13,115; in 1826, 16,164; and in 1832, 19,647, exhibiting a progressive increase of about the same ratio in each period of five years: between the first year and the last, crime, as evidenced by the commitments, has increased nearly 400 per cent. The number of convictions in the seven years ending in 1817, 35,259; acquitted 11,762; no bills found, 9,287; total commitments 56,308; of these, 4,952 were sentenced to death, executed 584, about 1 in 9. In the 7 years ending 1824, convictions, 62,412; acquitted, 17,708; no bills found, 12,738; total commitments, 92,848; sentenced to death, 7,988; executed, 628, 1 in 13. In the 7 years ending 1831, convictions, 85,259; acquitted, 23,442; no bills 12,819; total commitments, 121,518; sentenced to death, 9,316; executed, 410, about 1 in 23. In the 7 years ending 1817, there were executed for forgery, 101; the 7 years ending in 1826, 55; and in the 7 years ending in 1831, the number was only 17 out of 218 convictions. The convictions for murder have also decreased. In the first period there were 151; executed, 132. In the second, 122; executed, 104. In the third, 100; executed, 87.

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JUNE, 1832.

ART. I.—*Calabria during a Military Residence of three Years: in a Series of Letters, by a General Officer of the French Army.* From the original MS. 8vo. pp. 360. London: Wilson. 1832.

SOME travellers and most writers of romance love to affright their readers with accounts of Brigands, whom, though they may never have seen one, they describe with a minuteness that gives their portraits the face of reality. Yet we generally either know or suspect them to be altogether poetical inventions, introduced for the purpose of exciting a sensation. It is therefore something new to come in contact with Italian banditti and their emissaries, in their proper persons; to witness their actual combats, to look into their mountain caverns and forest retreats, to converse with them and observe the finesse with which they set about the accomplishment of their schemes of plunder and revenge. A French officer, who for a short time previous to, and during the reign of Murat in Naples, was employed with a detachment of Napoleon's army, in endeavouring to exterminate the Brigands who then infested, (and still unhappily continue to infest), the provinces of the two Calabrias, kept a journal of his operations, which he still retains in manuscript, and from which the work now before us has been translated. It is full of curious details concerning that portion of Italy, its productions, climate, inhabitants, and, above all, of its Brigands, who formed the peculiar objects of his observation and hostility.

It is clear enough that the author exaggerates rather than extenuates their crimes, and that he more than once mistakes the hatred which the peasantry and people generally entertained against their French invaders, for the base habits of brigandage. It is very well known that there never were brigands of a more profligate character than the straggling divisions of the French army, placed in

remote stations, for the purposes of military occupation. We often have thought, in reading this General Officer's journal, that we had only to reverse the medal, and say of the French soldier, "*de te fabula narratur*"—the story applies just as well to yourself. Insurrection and national animosity are mixed up by the writer so frequently with mere banditism, if we may coin a phrase, that it is difficult to distinguish the honourable deeds of the Calabrians from those that were criminal. He also imputes to the British forces then stationed in Sicily, the wickedness of making use of the brigands, as their instruments in propagating a spirit of resistance, wherever the French endeavoured to establish themselves. An English author, treating of the same events, would doubtless have described that "wickedness" as sound policy, and those same brigands as patriotic peasants. In fact the journal contains the account of the incessant rustic war which the Calabrian people waged against their invaders—a war, however, carried on, we might truly say, on both sides *a-la Brigand*. The hair-breadth escapes, the night marches, the surprises, the mountain combats, are therefore not the less characteristic of the country and its inhabitants, although we would fain believe that they arose, for the most part, from an origin more creditable to the natives, than this French General Officer would be willing to acknowledge.

Calabria, taking the two provinces under the general name, may be described as the instep of the boot which Italy is said to resemble; it is the terra incognita of modern Europe, although frequently mentioned in the classic pages of antiquity, and the most picturesque and romantic portion of a land, famed beyond all others for its beauty. Several of its towns are charmingly situated. One of these, Monteleone, is seated upon an eminence which commands a view of the Apennines on one side, and of the sea upon the other, crowned in the distance by the bluish smoke of Ætna. A second, Nicotera, is still more favourably situated. You may see from it the most elevated part of the shores of Sicily, including Mount Ætna, and in the distance the Lipari Isles. When the shades of night descend, the summit of Stromboli, always glowing with flame, enhances the grandeur of the spectacle. One of the finest towns in Calabria, however, is Palmi, built upon the sea coast at the foot of Mount Corona. It was destroyed by the earthquake of 1783, but has since been rebuilt on a regular plan. Near it is a forest of chestnut trees, of prodigious height. On emerging from these, you behold all at once the strait which separates Sicily from Calabria, always animated by a great number of ships and small craft, which cross each other in every direction; the magnificent harbours of Messina, and all its splendid neighbourhood of towns, villages, and palaces, grouped together on the acclivities of mountains covered with the finest verdure. The following description of the route from Cosenza to Nicastro, will afford some idea of the peculiarities of the country, and of the dangers which were to be encountered at that period, in traversing it.

'Having left Cosenza on the 22d, we arrived on the same day at Rogliano, where all the companies formed a junction. The next morning we descended, by a crooked flight of steps, into a deep valley, of which I believe I have before given you some account. The whole battalion formed into one long file of men, with a train of horses and mules, which, winding along the sides of this steep declivity, presented the appearance of a vast theatrical array. The torrent which bellows forth from the bottom of this abyss we passed over by means of a crazy bridge, leading to a narrow pathway, which, after a thousand turnings, and frequently placing us in a state of suspension over frightful precipices, conducted us close to the top of a high mountain. The snow, which here remains on the ground the whole winter, being now frozen over and slippery, increased the dangers of this most arduous passage. We were still fortunate in having accomplished it without falling into any ambuscade. The soldiers, marching in single file, silently pursued their way through all the windings of this mazy labyrinth, and they were getting out of it without any accident, when the troops escorting the baggage, having arrived at a narrow pass at the verge of a steep rock, were suddenly assailed with a discharge of musket shot, which wounded several men. But, fortunately, that part of the escort which had not yet got into this murderous pass, clambered rapidly up to the top of the mountain, where the brigands lay in ambush, and put them to flight. We were the less prepared for this treacherous surprise, since the advanced guard, charged with reconnoitering the heights, gave us no warning of it. The French are really happy in having no campaign to make in this country, which is full of cowardly bandits; for if the insurrection was organized, the inhabitants, while profiting by the great advantages which local difficulties present to them at every pass, might, without any danger to themselves, destroy us in detail.

'After a march of seven hours, the battalion arrived at Scigliano, the principal place of the canton, covered with mountains and forests. The following morning, on our departure for Nicastro, the hoar frost rendered the ground so slippery, that it was with extreme difficulty we could support ourselves in getting down a yawning abyss, enclosed by a steep mountain, the only ascent to the summit of which was by a very narrow and abrupt path. So glassy was our progress, in consequence of the frost, that the mules could not ascend with their burdens, and the troops, with the most painful exertion, carried up the baggage to the platform, which crowns the mountain.

'We afterwards entered the plain of Sauveria, and halted for a long time near a large mansion, which is constantly occupied by a French detachment, stationed there to furnish escorts, and hold in check the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, who are generally addicted to brigandage. This edifice has embattlements on its walls, and is protected by stockades. A dire event, which occurred on the very day of the battle of St. Euphemia, has rendered these precautions necessary. The company that occupied this post being abandoned in consequence of the retreat of General Regnier, was attacked by the whole population of the surrounding neighbourhood, and having exhausted all its means of defence, was massacred to the very last man.

'On quitting this plain, where the cold was extremely sharp, we

ascended a hill, which all at once presented us with one of the most charming views in nature. A vast horizon, bounded by the sea, and illumined by the setting sun, whose rays tinged the bay of St. Euphemia to a considerable distance, placed before us a picture of the most enchanting description, which was admirably contrasted with the wild and savage region we had just traversed. This magnificent and brilliant scene made us forget all the fatigues of our march, and the troops, whom excessive toil had made sullen and silent, now resumed all their wonted gaiety.

'On the other side of the hill we passed by the beautiful village of Platania, whose inhabitants (of Albanian origin) approached us with an affable air, and we were no less charmed with the suavity of their manners than with the elegance of their attire. This was the first time when, far from flying from our presence, the people of these countries evinced a friendly disposition towards us. As we continued to descend, the cold sensibly diminished, and we soon found ourselves among olives,—a happy indication of a fine temperate climate. At the close of the evening the battalion entered Nicastro, inhaling with delight the balsamic odour which was shed from orange and lemon trees.

'Nicastro is a large well built town, situated at the entrance of Hither Calabria. The woody hills with which it is almost surrounded, and the lofty towers of an old castle that commands it, give to the place an appearance quite romantic and picturesque.

'We have spent two days in exploring the localities of the bay, with which it is necessary that we make ourselves well acquainted. The mountains that environ it stretch out towards the sea on the one side as far as Cape Suvero, and on the other as far as the point on which the little town of Pizzo is built. This space forming a circular tract of about twenty-five miles, is partly covered by a thick forest, and traversed by two rivers, the Angitola and the Amato, whose waters not having sufficient vent render the soil marshy and the air humid: two circumstances which, though favourable to vegetation, are still most injurious to health, for they never fail to generate diseases in the hot months. That part which is not inundated produces Turkey corn in abundance, and this constitutes the principal support of the inhabitants. In the low grounds there are large plantations of rice, and we met with some sugar-canes, which were perfectly well grown. Olives rising to the height of forest trees spread over all the upper tract; but the oil is of a bad flavour, and used only in manufactories. A number of farm houses and fine country seats are scattered over the whole plain, particularly in the neighbourhood of Nicastro. This charming region, from which the confined waters might very easily be removed by a free issue, never experiences any of the rigours of winter. So soon as the autumnal rains have ceased, the softest and most equal temperature renders it a delightful abode. The mountains, on which are seen a great number of villages and detached dwellings, present a singularly pleasing aspect; and from the great fertility of the soil, the inhabitants might lay up abundant and varied stores, did they but know how to avail themselves of the vast bounty offered to them by indulgent nature.'—pp. 67—74.

The village of St. Euphemia stands at a distance of about five miles from Nicastro: it is built on the ruins of an ancient city,

which has given its name to the bay. One of the chief haunts of the brigands was the forest in its neighbourhood.

'The forest of St. Euphemia is generally known as the haunt of one of the most active of the bandit chiefs. It was from this point chiefly that intelligence was received of the English being in correspondence with the numerous bands spread over the surface of the two provinces. The facility of debarkation has doubtless induced them to give a preference to this spot, bordering as it does on a high and woody mountain, the passes through which can secure them access to those of the interior of the country. This forest, extremely thick, and with a swampy soil, is a mysterious labyrinth, of which none but the brigands can discover the clue. So complex and intricate are its numberless avenues, and so obstructed with underwood, which is absolutely impenetrable when defended by an armed force, that our troops have never been able to open a way through. An old villain named Benincasa, the most noted of all the Calabrian brigands, is the great leader of the several hordes that infest this dangerous quarter. Covered with murders and atrocities long before the arrival of the French, he could only escape justice by flying to the woods and rallying around him a numerous band of assassins. Last autumn an attempt was made to destroy this frightful haunt, and to ensure success it was determined to treat with Benincasa, and offer him and his associates very advantageous terms; but the business has proceeded so slowly, and with so little address, that nothing effectual has yet been accomplished; while these brigands, fearing to be routed from their den, have again taken to the open country, after having committed all sorts of horrible atrocities.

'The habits of a lawless mode of life, and of an independence equally savage and ferocious, in which the Calabrian peasants are bred up from their infancy, have constantly rendered useless all those amnesties which have so often been tried. They regard as a stratagem all means of lenity and persuasion to which we seek to have recourse, or as a proof of our weakness; hence nothing but the utmost rigour can be employed against them with effect.'—pp. 76—78.

The author's remarks upon the classic associations connected with the Lipari Isles, and upon the formidable earthquake which, in many places, changed the surface of Calabria, in 1783, are worth extracting.

'It is generally thought that the Lipari Isles, called by the ancients the Æolian Isles, are a volcanic creation. The astonishing changes which they have undergone at different epochs would seem to establish the fact. The ancients reckoned them at only seven, but at the present day there are eleven, whose tops, always smoking, still emit neither flame nor volcanic matter. Stromboli is the only furnace among them which is continually burning. It was here that Virgil placed the forge of Vulcan, in which the celestial armour of Æneas was made. It was in these isles that the ancients fixed the residence of Æolus, the God of the winds, who kept them confined in vast caverns, from which at his good pleasure he could raise tempests or favour navigation. Diodorus Siculus says that a sage naturalist named Æolus has given rise to this fable. Having succeeded in predicting the state of the weather by means of observations on the smoke and other volcanic phenomena, he excited the belief that the winds were obedient to his will.

'But I shall now dismiss both systems and fictions to return simply to the narrative of my excursion.

'A part of Nicotera is built on the rapid descent which leads to the bay of Gioia. It is composed of small ill-constructed huts, and inhabited by fishermen, whose wretched attire is a sufficient indication of their poverty. In the upper part there is a fine square, together with many splendid houses, among which that of the archbishop is the most conspicuous. The environs are well cultivated, and still covered with volcanic remains, which attest the ravages occasioned by the memorable earthquake of 1783. I was lodged at a fine mansion, regulated with great propriety by two young ladies who had been educated at Messina, where in addition to the cultivation of their talents, they acquired a due knowledge of the world. Their father, a widower for many years, was a man of very affable manners and great information. He told me he had lost a vast part of his fortune in consequence of the destruction of Scylla, where his father had considerable property. He was an eye-witness of this dreadful disaster, and gave me a terrific account of it, which corresponds entirely with the statements of the time.

'On the 5th of February, 1783, about one o'clock in the afternoon, a violent shock of earthquake was experienced, which precipitately forced several of the inhabitants from their dwellings. My narrator having taken refuge on an adjacent mountain, was thrown down, together with his father, by a second shock, which was much more violent than the first. The ground was convulsed in all directions; the houses were shattered in every part; the thick wall and lofty towers of the castle, swept away from their foundations, carried ruin through the town, tumbling down buildings and habitations, and burying beneath them a great number of persons who had still remained behind. The inhabitants who had escaped from this calamity, far from being prepared to expect the new danger that menaced them, went down to the open shore, where they employed themselves in forming some sort of shelter with the ruined remnants of their dwellings. The sea was calm, the atmosphere pure and serene, the midnight hour approached, and that repose which was so necessary to those unfortunate people, began to succeed to wailings and the accents of despair; when all at once the whole promontory of Campalla fell into the sea without having given any previous warning. This enormous mass caused the waters to overflow the opposite coast, where a great number of Sicilians perished, and making back again with impetuosity upon the shores of Scylla, they swallowed up all those persons who had taken refuge there. The early dawn presented to the eyes of such as had escaped from this terrible convulsion of nature, a multitude of dead bodies horribly disfigured, and the sad remnant of this unhappy population wandering about at random, a prey to the most frightful despair, and the most cruel misery. "Alas! Sir," added he, "this fine province may one day or other be destined to witness the renewal of a similar calamity. We are placed in the midst of the most active volcanoes, Ætna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli, which, by their subterranean communications, never cease to threaten our soil." His amiable daughters, knowing that the recollection of this awful catastrophe generally plunged him into a deep melancholy, endeavoured to enliven the rest of the evening by accompanying themselves on the guitar with fine Sicilian airs.'—pp. 100—105.

In proceeding along the coast from Palmi to Reggio, the travel-

ler passes by Scylla and its famous rock, the terror of the ancient navigators. A castle has been erected upon it, from the terrace of which he may behold at his feet the wild surges which are raised by the currents and rocks bordering on the shelf beneath! They dash against it with a tremendous noise, and, roaring, enter into a deep cavern which they have made by beating incessantly against the rock. The poets represent these sharp points of the rock as so many barking dogs, ready to devour all passengers. Since the time of these brilliant fictions the channel has been considerably enlarged, and navigation has made immense progress; yet still the entrance of the strait is not even now unattended with danger. The city of Reggio was anciently renowned for its situation, its climate, and opulence. It was razed to its foundation by the earthquake of 1783, since when a new town has been built upon its ruins. The country around it is charming, and it is not the least of its magic wonders that it is sometimes the theatre of that curious phenomenon, the "Fata Morgana."

'It is impossible to imagine anything finer than the country round Reggio: it yields at once the choicest and the most varied productions. Numerous rivulets and springs gush forth from the foot of the neighbouring mountains, meandering through bowers formed of orange and lemon trees, and diffusing in their progress both freshness and fertility. It is a vast garden, decked out with aromatic groves, which realize the *beau ideal* of Paradise. The sea shores present an enchanting prospect at all points. The strait resembles a majestic river, which opens to itself a passage between two lofty mountains; the currents purify the air, and cause a breeze which moderates the great heat of the summer season: in a word, the climate, soil, and situation of Reggio, present to the imagination all that poetical fable has invented as most alluring and seductive. This happy country carried on, before the war, a considerable trade in silk, wines, oil, and oranges. To complete the charm which I experienced in this delightful region, nothing was wanting but the appearance of an extraordinary phenomenon called "Fata Morgana." On asking for some description of it from several of the inhabitants, they assured me that though eye-witnesses of its presence, they could give me no satisfactory idea of it. Therefore, not having seen it myself, I can only briefly advert to the descriptions of some writers on the subject, among others Mazzi and Angelucci.

'During the heat of summer there prevails sometimes a calm so still that the currents of the strait lose all their activity. The sea, cooped in between the mountains, rises several feet above its ordinary level. This rise takes place at an hour of the day when all the objects on the shore are reflected in colossal forms. The undulating changes of this marine mirror, cut into facets, repeat, in a thousand different shapes, all those images which follow each other in such rapid succession, that their brilliancy increases or disappears the moment the sun has attained a certain height. If the phenomenon takes place when the atmosphere is charged with electric matter, the various objects reflected in the air redouble the charm of the scene, and its magical effect is exaggerated by the ardent imagination of the inhabitants, who see above them magnificent palaces, colonnades, and delightful gardens.'—pp. 120—122.

The climate of Calabria varies according to the character of the soil; during four months of the year the more elevated parts are much exposed to the sirocco, a burning wind which, after having traversed the scorched deserts of Africa, exercises the most pernicious influence on the southern shores of Italy; withering herbs and plants, and, we may add, man himself, while it continues to predominate. The country furnishes an abundance of all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. It requires only a little skill and more industry to render its vines equal to those of France or Spain. Its olive groves teem with oil. Silk worms are bred in great numbers, and, together with the growth of cotton, form a considerable article of produce. Liquorice root grows in the neglected lands without the aid of cultivation, and a sort of manna, which is in great request, is found in the forests. The inhabitants in many respects resemble the ancient Greeks.

'The finesse and subtlety of the Calabrians are truly astonishing. These qualities may in some respects be referred to their climate, and perhaps they have been inherited from the Greeks. Their language, which is a corrupt Italian, more unintelligible than that of the other provinces, is full of originality and force. The uninformed classes express themselves in it with a facility, a spirit, and an animation of sentiment which would seem to intimate genius. According to the general practice of the Italians, their conversations are accompanied with a most significant pantomime. A sign, a gesture, a word, an exclamation, are all sufficient to make them perfectly understand each other. The whole frame is in motion when they have an interest in persuading those whom they address. Their manners are supple and insinuating, their minds very acute; and persons not acquainted with the perfidious arts which they are capable of practising, might easily become their dupes. Endowed with a rare talent of forming an accurate estimate of the character of each individual with whom they have any transactions, vile cheats and gross flatterers, they know how to bring into play all possible expedients in order to accomplish their ends; and if the ordinary means fail, a musket-shot or a stab of a poniard avenges them for their miscalculation. There are few persons among the Calabrians, of any class, from the highest to the lowest, who are not stained with many murders; a foul reproach, which is principally to be attributed to the neglect of the tribunals. The thirst of vengeance which is perpetuated in families, and a strong propensity to litigation and chicanery, make a real hell of this fine country. These people have no true principles of religion or morals. Like all ignorant individuals they are superstitious to excess. The most atrocious brigand carries in his bosom relics and images of saints, which he invokes at the very moment he is committing the greatest enormities.

'The Calabrians are of the middle size, well proportioned, and very muscular; their complexion is swarthy, their features strongly marked, their eyes full of fire and expression, in common with the Spaniards, to whom they bear a strong resemblance. They are dressed at all seasons in large black mantles, which give them a sombre and lugubrious appearance. The crown of their hats is extremely high, terminating in a point, and has something fantastical and disagreeable to the eye about it. In consequence of the inveterate animosities by which families are divided,

they never go out without being armed with muskets, pistols, poniards, and a sort of belt in the shape of a cartouch-box, which contains a great quantity of ammunition. Always prepared for attack or defence, they pass fiercely before their enemies, that is, before those who, they know, are watching for the very first opportunity to take away their lives. Barricaded in their houses at nightfall, nothing but the most urgent business can make them stir out. The Calabrian who has become a brigand, and he who cultivates the soil, have so many relations in common, that they cannot well be distinguished from each other; their manners, dress, and mode of arming are the same, the only difference is, that the brigand employs the fruits of his plunder in the purchase of a cotton-velvet waistcoat, garnished with silver buttons, and in providing plumes and ribands to ornament his hat. Some bandit chiefs make a parade of luxury and dress. There are among them fellows who, boasting of having received military rank from the English and the Court of Palermo, figure in a sort of scarlet uniform, with epaulettes. They preserve controul over their bands by means of terror; disobedience or discontent is soon followed by a prompt and violent death.

There exists in the character of the Calabrians, even in those who, from their situation in life, ought to be enemies to disorder, a feeling of indulgence towards the brigands, which they themselves cannot account for; *sono povereti* (they are poor devils!) is their common saying, with an air of pity, and, if they dared, they would endeavour to excite our commiseration for the lot of these wretches. Except the indigent class employed in the cultivation of a soil which requires little or none, the people pass their time in complete idleness. They are to be seen going about, enveloped in their treacherous mantles, under which they are armed at all points; they form groups and assemblages in the public places, and at the corners of streets, having nothing to employ their time except gaming, which is one of their ruling passions, and which rarely terminates without violent quarrels, followed by some thrusts of the stiletto. They have no idea of social parties, and still less of the pleasures of the table. Their abstemiousness is carried to excess; even opulent families deprive themselves of all the sweets of life, and think only of increasing their accumulations. Never are they seen animated with that spirit of gaiety in which, on Sundays and holidays, the people of other countries so freely indulge.

'The peccorara and the tarentella are the dances peculiar to the country; this latter is generally adopted throughout the whole kingdom. The music accompanying it is extravagant and without melody; it consists of some notes, the movement of which is always increasing, till it ends in producing a convulsive effort. Two persons placed opposite each other make, like a pair of savages, wild contortions and indecent gestures, which terminate in a sort of delirium. This dance, originating in Tarentum, has given rise to the fable of the tarentula, whose venom, it is pretended, can be neutralized only by music. Many respectable persons, who have resided for a long time in the city of Tarentum, have assured me that they never witnessed any circumstance of the kind, and that it could only be attributed to the heat and insalubrity of the climate, which produce nervous affections, that are soothed and composed by the charms of music. The tarentula is a species of spider that is to be found

all over the south of Italy. The Calabrians do not fear it, and I have often seen our soldiers hold it in their hands, without any bad effect ensuing.

'The females of Calabria have few attractions, and are altogether devoid of the graces. Marrying very young, they very soon decay: their fruitfulness is extraordinary. Those sad accidents which so frequently attend parturition in the northern countries, are unknown here. These females, even though moving in the better ranks of society, cannot, for the most part, either read or write; they are spoken of with eulogy when they have received the very first rudiments of education. In general their condition is most unhappy; they are regarded with extreme jealousy by their husbands, who keep them shut up in their houses as close prisoners, and treat them neither with respect nor affection.'—pp. 142—150.

The first encounter which the author had with the brigands, was on the following occasion.

'After having passed the village of Lauria, we came to a lofty mountain called Mount Gualdo. Just as we had nearly reached its summit, we heard some shots of musketry, followed by a still louder discharge. We hastened our march, and soon perceived in a small plain, some infantry soldiers pursued by a body of brigands, who, upon seeing us, instantly sought refuge in an adjacent wood. Our grenadiers endeavoured in vain to come up with them; and as we advanced we found in a deep ravine, surrounded by thick bushes, seven men, some of whom still breathed, riddled all over with bullets, and pierced through with the stabs of poniards. They formed part of a detachment commanded by a serjeant who was proceeding to Naples, escorting eight mules laden with baggage. This non-commissioned officer told us, that, before he entered this cut-throat spot, he sent some men in advance, whom the brigands, lying concealed behind the bushes, suffered to pass, and then suddenly darted forth, discharging at the same time a volley upon the detachment, which our fortunate arrival now preserved from total destruction. We carried off our unhappy countrymen to have them interred, and the remainder of the detachment of which they had formed part continued its route.'—pp. 9, 10.

One of the brigand chieftans at this period was named Francatripa, whose atrocities made him the terror of the whole country. Endowed by nature with great vigour of body and shrewdness of mind, and being fully acquainted with the localities, he baffled all pursuit. Whenever he was closely pressed, he retired for the time to a distance from the scene of his guilt; but the moment the chase was over, he suddenly reappeared, and again resumed his depredations. On one occasion he had recourse to a bold stratagem in order to accomplish his purpose. A company of the 29th regiment of the line (Voltigeurs) had lost their way in crossing the high mountains of the Syla. Just before they arrived at the village of Gli-Parenti, the common haunt of brigands, who shared their plunder with the inhabitants, Francatripa met the company, and representing himself as the commander of the national guards, said he came to offer refreshments to the troops. The officers, hav-

ing no suspicion of his sincerity, readily accepted the offer, and suffered themselves to be conducted to a large mansion, where they imprudently ordered the troops to pile their arms on the ground in front of the door. Francatripa and his associates pressed them to take refreshments with them for the march, so that being completely thrown off their guard, they were preparing to resign themselves to repose, when a pistol shot from a window gave the signal for a general massacre. The three officers, who were seated together in the parlour, were instantly dispatched. The unfortunate soldiers, on attempting to make their escape, were met by showers of balls from the adjacent houses. Only seven men escaped to tell the tale of the destruction of their comrades!

The village of Gli-Parenti furnishes one of those wild and romantic scenes which Mrs. Radcliffe knew so well how to paint. It is surrounded by high mountains and furious torrents, and commanded by the ruins of an old castle. The French were informed, a few days after the destruction of the company above mentioned, that Francatripa had fixed his temporary residence amid the ruins of the castle; and accordingly they sent a night expedition in pursuit of him, determined to capture him by sunrise. The night was cold but bright, and the detachment followed a beaten tract in the middle of a wood; but on quitting it, they experienced considerable difficulties in passing through some very thick underwood, where every object was immersed in darkness. The greatest obstacles still awaited them in descending a mountain, from which their course was to be tracked over a region covered with snow, to the depth of several feet. Nevertheless, they arrived at their post the following morning, pierced with cold, and waiting in silence the moment when they were to advance upon the village, and, as they hoped, to surprise the bandit and destroy his horde. Alas! Francatripa either had not been at the ruins at all, or had effected his escape! The soldiers were however in some measure compensated for their toil, by discovering a cave in which they found an abundance of provisions and excellent wine.

Some time after this Francatripa effected his escape to Sicily, carrying with him, it is said, treasure to a considerable amount. He was, however, succeeded by a brigand chieftain named Parafante, who became so formidable, that the French commandant was impatiently waiting for an opportunity which might bring him into his hands, when an ecclesiastic came to him, and after exhibiting various certificates as to his own character, said that he was the sworn enemy of Parafante, and assured him, that he had an understanding with several persons of his band, who promised to assist in delivering him into the power of the French. He added, that Parafante was then in that part of the country waiting the result of the seizure of a rich proprietor, for whose ransom he demanded a thousand ducats, and that as the money was to be paid that very night, it would be a favourable moment for secur-

ing him. The commandant gladly approved of the proposal, and it was agreed that a detachment of a hundred men should set off for the purpose at ten o'clock at night, accompanied by a faithful guide. Before they set out, however, it was discovered that the ecciesiastic was himself in the pay of the brigands, and that the real object was to get the French out the way for that night, as Parafante had meditated an enterprize in the neighbourhood of the spot where they were stationed.

On another occasion, the owner of the house where the author lodged, came to inform him that the brigands of the forest of St. Euphemia had sent an emissary to treat for the ransom of several herds of cattle, which were carried off from some private individuals of the commune, and he proposed that this person should be compelled to conduct the soldiery through the secret passages of the forest. Although this advice was given with a view to get back the cattle without any ransom, yet the emissary was arrested, and for a certain reward he agreed to act as guide to the haunt of the banditti. The soldiers set out at midnight by a fine clear moonlight; they had at first to open a way through a mass of thick brushwood, and then to cross a swamp, the mire of which emitted a most fœtid stench. Arrived at a deep ditch, the guide, guarded by some men, passed over to the opposite side, for the purpose of finding out among the bushes the planks by means of which the brigands cross such places. The operation consumed several hours, and when the daylight approached, a great number of dogs were heard at a distance barking. Some of the soldiers having gained the opposite bank, upon which they formed, several musket shots discharged from the forest, and followed by hideous yells, announced plainly that the brigands were aware of their approach. Rushing forward with all possible speed, they soon arrived at a circular spot, surrounded with underwood, and protected from the heat of the sun by thick foliage. Here they at length found themselves in the very den of the bandits. The branches of the trees were covered with hammocks; horses, mules, and asses were tied by the bridle to the trees; quarters of beef and mutton were undergoing the process of roasting round a large fire; sacks of bread, cheese, and bacon lay upon the ground, together with a quantity of wine. The bandits, however, were no where to be found. Traces of their precipitate flight were indeed to be perceived across the broken brambles, where some hats and fragments of dress remained hung up; but the soldiers were obliged to content themselves with the feast which they found prepared. They loaded the asses with the remnants, and extricated themselves from the mysterious labyrinth as well as they could.

They had a somewhat more military affair with a number of Calabrians, whom the author calls the rebels of Longo-Bucco, the most savage country of the Apennines.

'Longo-Bucco is fifteen miles from Rosano. The approaches leading

to it are frightful, and commanded on all sides by lofty mountains. To guard against falling into ambuscades, our guides, who were highly remunerated by the receiver of the contributions of the *arrondissement*, conducted us, with caution and acuteness, through immense forests, where you meet nothing but herds of deer and roebucks, the only inhabitants of these solitary wilds. About three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the place appointed for our rendezvous. The second column was already on the spot, and expected us with the more impatience, as the bells of all the surrounding villages had sounded the alarm. Shortly afterwards a crowd of armed peasants came and took possession of a mountain which commands the whole country. Our preparations for attack were soon made; and the very moment our formidable charge was heard, the affrighted multitude took to their heels in the greatest confusion. Before night-fall we reached an eminence, from which you see Longo-Bucco, situated in a narrow deep valley, that has in its centre a furious torrent, tumultuously rushing over enormous rocks. The gigantic wooded mountains which surround this dreadful region, give to it a gloomy and savage character, that overwhelms the mind with sadness. This town contains a hideous population of three thousand souls, composed of nailers, smiths, and charcoal-burners. The old government employed them in working the silver mines situated in the vicinity, and which are now given up. We passed the night upon the heights, establishing an extensive line of fires, in order to impress them with an idea that we had a large force. For a considerable time a wild confusion prevailed in the valley. Shrieks of terror resounded on all sides, the inhabitants fearing, no doubt, that we should come down upon them during the night with fire and sword, endeavoured to secure both their persons and property. At day-break detachments occupied the summits of all the neighbouring mountains, and afterwards two hundred men descended into the village. All the inhabitants had evacuated it during the night, with the exception of a few old men and the curate; the latter had come to meet us for the purpose of imploring our humanity, and the clemency of the commandant; who earnestly impressed upon him the necessity of using all the influence of his ministry in inducing the inhabitants to lay down their arms and return to their houses, these being the only conditions which could save them from pillage. By degrees the greater part returned, and tranquillity was soon re-established in this quarter. However, the two chiefs of the insurrection still held out; the commandant, hoping to bring them to terms, wrote to them to the effect, that if they would dismiss their bands they might meet him in perfect security. Seeing that they still persisted in revolt, he determined to proceed and attack them in a village where a numerous body of rebels had assembled. To carry his plan into execution, he set out on the evening of the fifth, with four hundred men, pretending that he was going towards Bochigliero; but on the approach of night suddenly changing his route, he conducted us, by a rapid and well-combined movement, to the point occupied by the insurgents, who very fortunately had no intimation of our advance. The village where they had taken refuge was surrounded without the least noise, and at day-break we marched to attack it. This village, hanging like an eagle's nest from the verge of a rock, is commanded by a mountain, which nevertheless renders it accessible. While we were endeavouring to parley with the insurgents,

who answered our words of peace with musket-shot, a great tumult was heard in the village. It was occasioned by the unexpected appearance of about twenty of our soldiers, who had just entered it, after having climbed over rocks which were almost inaccessible. In an instant the cry of "storm!" "storm!" was heard on all sides. We hastened to the village, which is in a great part surrounded by a high wall, and in spite of a very hot fire, which in a few minutes killed or wounded more than twenty men, the gate was broken down by the sappers, the soldiers spread through the streets like an overwhelming torrent, and then commenced a horrible massacre, which was rendered inevitable by the obstinacy of the insurgents, who kept up an incessant fire from all the houses. This unfortunate village, sacked and burned, experienced all the horrors inseparable from a place taken by storm. The curate, a great number of women, children, and old men, luckily effected their escape into a church, to which a party of officers had repaired for the purpose of protecting this asylum from the brutality of the soldiers. Our loss in this affair has been considerable, but that of the insurgents, who are now almost destroyed, is upwards of two hundred men. A great number, hoping to save themselves by climbing up the rugged back of the mountain, perished in the attempt; but unfortunately, the principal persons having succeeded in effecting their escape, we were obliged to go immediately in pursuit of them, in order to prevent fresh machinations on their part; and the detachment marched upon Bochigliero, a large town, better situated, and more populous than Longo-Bucco, but which still had taken an active part in these disturbances. The news of our success had already reached this place. The inhabitants, thrown into consternation, hastened to send to us a deputation, composed of all the leading authorities and the most influential individuals of the country. The commandant, wishing to avail himself of the first moment of terror to disarm this commune, threatened to send the whole deputation as a hostage to the Castle of Cosenza, if all the arms in the country were not surrendered. In less than one hour afterwards three thousand stand were given up and burned. A hundred men have remained at Bochigliero, and we have returned to Longo-Bucco. To render this painful victory complete, nothing has been wanting but the capture of the principal leaders of the insurrection. A price is set upon their heads.'—pp. 202—209.

The country forming the ancient site of Sybaris, is in every respect a complete contrast to the savage horror of Longo-Bucco. The Sybarites were famed in ancient story for their effeminate voluptuousness; their climate presents, except during the period of the great heats, a perpetual spring. On all sides are beheld extensive plantations of oranges and lemons, with cedars in every variety of shape and form.

'Sybaris, so renowned in history for its voluptuous delights and its misfortunes, was the most ancient as well as the most flourishing of those colonies which the Greeks had founded on the coasts of Italy. The mildness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and its position between two very considerable rivers, the Chratis and the Sybaris (now called the Cocillo), served to render it one of the most opulent cities of antiquity. Its numerous population, united to that of other colonies which it had founded in the neighbourhood, enabled it to keep up an armed force of three hun-

dred thousand men. Enriched by agriculture, by the arts, and by commerce, it held for a long time a predominant influence over all the coasts of *Magna-Græcia*. The medals, statues, and ancient vases which have survived its ruins, prove the arts were carried here to the highest pitch of perfection. The effeminate mode of living of the Sybarites became proverbial, and we find some instances stated of their habits which are scarcely credible. Abandoned to all sorts of voluptuousness, sacrificing every thing to momentary gratification, their sole employment consisted in sensual indulgence. But luxury and effeminacy, the inseparable attendants on extreme wealth, while corrupting their morals, at the same time hastened their utter destruction. History, in pointing out the epoch of the ruin of this republic, does not record the motives which caused its enemies to effect it. Five hundred and sixty-eight years before the Christian æra, the Crotonians marched against the Sybarites, commanded by the famous athlete Milo armed and arrayed as Hercules, and crowned with the prize which he had borne off at the Olympic games. The Sybarites sent three hundred thousand men into the field, and the two armies came into action on the confines of their respective territories, which were separated by the *Hilias*, now called Trionto, a torrent flowing between Rossano and Cariati. The Crotonians gained a signal victory, exterminating the greater part of their enemies, and razing Sybaris to the foundation. The dykes which confined the two rivers having been broken down, the impetuous rush of their combined waters soon destroyed all the buildings that came in the way. The few inhabitants who survived these terrible disasters retired to some distance, where they built the city of Thurium, which is supposed to be the Tersa-nuova of the present day.

'So complete was the destruction of Sybaris, that no one trace of that magnificent city is now remaining. The two rivers, which at once ornamented and fertilized its fine plains, have transformed it into a foul marsh, which during the hot weather exhales the most pestilential vapours. Never in any part of the globe has there been witnessed a metamorphosis more extraordinary, a change more deplorable,—so much so, that, despite of the historical certainty of the city having stood here, still to an ordinary observer its existence in such a place might appear a physical impossibility. However, in examining the numberless local beauties of the country, the imagination delights to associate them with Sybaris; for it would be very difficult to find any situation more truly delightful. Stupendous mountains, covered with towns and villages, surround a vast plain irrigated both with fresh and salt water, which after flowing for some distance into the interior of the country, forms an immense basin that completes this splendid work of nature. The whole of this extensive region is now in the possession of the Dukes of Cassano and Corigliano. That part of the land which is not inundated produces grain in abundance; and those districts which are uncultivated bring forth the liquorice root without any effort of man. The remaining portions consist of pasture land, extending an immense way, and covered during the winter with innumerable herds and flocks. Horses and mules are met with in vast numbers, and the greatest care seems to be taken in breeding them. The race horses of the Duke of Cassano are deservedly held in high estimation through the kingdom.'—pp. 223—227.

We have been amused with a little incident which happened to our author, and which, as it appears to us, does not speak very

highly for his military character. Accompanied by a soldier of his detachment, he was exploring in the neighbourhood of Cosenza an aqueduct which was cut through a rock, when he perceived by a dim glimmering light, several suspicious-looking persons squatted in a line together. He ran away with his companion as fast as he could, not choosing, he says, to risk an adventure under such circumstances. Having assembled a strong force, he made an attack upon the poor devils, whom he found to be a company of gipsies! He gives the following account of them:—

'The gipsies of Calabria, like all those who traverse the other parts of Europe, are composed of wandering bands, possessing neither lands nor fixed property of any kind, and never allying themselves with any class of citizens. Their origin is as much a mystery as their religious rites, which they always like to celebrate in gloomy caves, or in the depths of forests. They speak the language of the country with a foreign accent, and their own peculiar tongue appears to be evidently derived from the East. Their ostensible pursuit is to work at old iron of every description, but they more frequently live by their wits, telling fortunes, making juggling excursions to fairs and markets, and bartering horses and asses, which are generally stolen. Their raiment is miserable; their indecency excessive; my unexpected appearance suddenly interrupted them at a moment when they were celebrating a marriage. An old sorceress presented to me the young bride, who, taking me by the hands, offered to tell me my fortune; I gave her a piaster as a compensation for whatever uneasiness my unwelcome presence had caused. She was a very young girl, and despite of the deep swarthy hue of her complexion, would have appeared to great advantage in any other attire than that in which she was arrayed. She had dark animated eyes, beautiful teeth, a sweet expression of countenance, and in person was tall and delicately formed.'—pp. 307, 308.

We shall conclude with the affair of Orsomarzo, which was of sufficient importance in the translator's opinion to deserve the honour of a lithographic representation. By the way, he calls it in the lithograph an attack of brigands on the French, whereas the author describes it as a combat between the French and a number of Calabrians, whom he is pleased to style rebels. The whole of the *arrondissement* of Castrovillari, in which Orsomarzo is situated, was at this period (September 1810) in full insurrection. The detachment employed on this service was reduced by disease to three hundred and fifty men; they had to traverse some frightful mountains, and yawning gorges, and at every step to be on their guard against ambuscades. They found the villages through which they passed all deserted. Being anxious to know what had become of the inhabitants, they sent out some scouts, who captured two ferocious-looking shepherds—'real savages, whose jargon it was almost impossible to comprehend.' However, they learned from these persons that an assemblage of several thousand men waited the approach of the French, in a defile through which they were necessarily to pass in their march. They instantly hastened their pace towards the spot, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. By making a *detour* they arrived, unobserved, at a position which

commanded that of the insurgents. Approaching with caution, they suddenly rushed out from a very dark thick wood, and beheld a multitude of peasants lying down upon the ground, most of them asleep, and fired a volley upon them. The peasants roused from their slumbers, took to flight with all the speed they could make, leaving behind them several dead and wounded, and were pursued at the point of the bayonet to a precipice, at the extremity of which stands the village of Orsomarzo. The situation of this village is terrific in the extreme. It is at the bottom of a deep valley, which is surrounded on all sides by gigantic mountains. The descent to it is by a steep flight of steps, following the windings of a torrent which rushes down with a loud roaring, forming as it leaps from rock to rock magnificent cascades. The French having stationed a detachment at the principal entrance of this savage abode, went down to the village to look for provisions; these they found in abundance in the houses, which were all abandoned, the doors being left wide open. While they were employed in collecting a stock, they heard some shots fired, and at the same instant the tops of the surrounding mountains were completely occupied by a multitude of armed men. The detachment placed at the entrance of the defile was forthwith dislodged with great slaughter, and obliged to fly towards their companions below, who hastened to their assistance. While they were thus crowded together, enormous stones and pieces of rock were showered down upon them from the tops of the mountains, by which several of them were crushed to death on the spot. Balls were also discharged upon them incessantly, and the scene was rendered peculiarly frightful by the piercing screams of women—'screams,' says the author, 'which appeared to us those of the furies impatiently waiting the moment when they were to feast upon our blood!' Having no other alternative, they at length bravely cut their way out of this infernal pit, into which they had so imprudently committed themselves, but not without losing sixty of their men.

Such are the details with which this volume is occupied. It certainly has the merit of treating in an engaging style, a subject which has attraction for every order of intellect.

ART. II.—*The Mythology of the Hindus, with Notices of various Mountain and Island Tribes, inhabiting the two Peninsulas of India and the neighbouring Islands; and an Appendix comprising the minor Avatars, and the Mythological and Religious terms, &c. &c. of the Hindus. With Plates illustrative of the principal Hindu Deities, &c.* By Charles Coleman, Esq. 4to. pp. 401. London: Parbury, Allen & Co. 1832.

IT is supposed with great probability, that the earliest departure from the worship of a supreme and invisible God, took place in Chaldea, where the sun was first deified and adored; and that this

system of idolatry next passed into Persia, where with some modifications, it has continued to the present day. From Persia, as a central source, it subsequently made its way to Egypt, the Grecian isles, and Europe, to the plains of ancient India, China, and the other numerous countries of the Eastern World. The human mind once accustomed to the contemplation of a visible form as the object of its adoration, easily multiplied its idols, and found a god in every star, in the winds and waters, in the woods and mountains, and even in the brute creation. Of all the systems of polytheism which are known to have ever existed, that of the Hindus is in theory, as well as in practice, the most decidedly extravagant. The objects of their worship may be said to be unlimited, and the number of different attributes which they assign to each of their deities, is equally unbounded. In the language of Major Moor, "mythology is with them all-pervading. Their history, science, literature, arts, customs, conversation, and every thing else, are replete with mythological allusion." In order, therefore, to understand the people, their customs, their ideas, and mode of treating every thing that falls within the range of their influence, some knowledge of their pantheon is absolutely indispensable. The subject has been already handled by various writers on India, but by none so comprehensively, and at the same time so intelligibly, as by the gentleman whose work is now before us. He very truly remarks, that it is one upon which the most profound ignorance very generally prevails throughout all classes of society in this country. They have in fact no taste for it, and even we, whose duty it is to gain an acquaintance more or less extensive with every topic connected with literature, are almost ashamed to say, that when this volume first reached us, we put it aside as one in which we could feel no sort of interest. Upon since turning over its pages, however, we thought it due to the great industry, as well as the ability which the author has displayed in the description of a subject replete with difficulties, to lay before our readers some account of its contents, remembering that they are intimately connected with the existing religion of a vast community governed by the British sceptre, and occupying the territory of an empire which stretches from the burning shores of Ceylon, to the snow-clad mountains of Himalaya, and from Guzerat to China.

Without going too minutely into the variety of chronologies and creeds which the author ascribes to the Hindus, we may observe, that their most common eras are what they call the "Saka" and the "Sambat." According to the former, our present year 1832, is with them the year 1754; according to the latter, it is 1888-9. They give the name of "Brahm" to the Creator, whom they believe to be self-existent, omnipotent and incomprehensible, the light of all lights, who sees every thing, though never seen. The Brahmans inculcate that they are his priests; but although they maintain the doctrine of one supreme being, yet for the sake, as they

say, of rendering his attributes more intelligible to the mass of the people, they have invested those attributes with sensible and even human forms. This supreme God is believed to have created the world, beginning with nature, or the goddess Bhavani, who brought forth three sons, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The first of these is called the Creator, by reason of his being empowered to continue the creation; Vishnu is the preserver, and Siva the destroyer of the world. All these three sons Bhavani married, and then she entrusted to them the government of the earth. There are many other accounts of the origin of the world, but they all pretty nearly agree in assigning to these three persons, the Hindu trinity, the powers of producing, preserving, and destroying—the three great operations of nature. Practically speaking, the worship of Brahma, or the continuing creator, has ceased; his temples have been overturned, and his images have been superseded by those of Vishnu and Siva, between whom the contest at present carried on for superiority is one day to terminate in favour of the latter. This world is then to be annihilated, and another one will be created by Brahma; until that period, his powers are to lie dormant, and therefore his worship has fallen into neglect.

The expression "Avatar" is often met in the expositions of Hindu doctrines. It means the incarnation, or the descent upon earth, in a human, or some other shape, of a deity, and it may be said to be the parent of nearly all the confusion that prevails in their mythology: for the different avatars of the same god, different names are given, and in their visible forms they are represented to have given birth to a host of minor gods, as countless as the sands of the sea.

The Hindoos of the Brahminical religion are divided into six great religious sects. Of these the Vishnaivas worship Vishnu, to whom they ascribe all power—power to destroy as well as to preserve or create. It is said that when his tenth avatar takes place, he will assume the appearance of an armed warrior, mounted on a white horse, furnished with wings, and adorned with jewels, waving over his head with one hand the sword of justice, and holding in the other a ring, as the emblem of the perpetual revolution of ages. The heaven of Vishnu is described in an eastern composition called the Mahabharata, as a region consisting entirely of gold, and eighty thousand miles in circumference. All its edifices are composed of jewels, supported by pillars of different precious stones, and in transparent lakes are seen white water lilies of the most beautiful form; upon a throne made up of these flowers, and brilliant as the sun, the god is seated, and on his right hand his favourite wife Lakshmi, shining like a continued blaze of lightning.

Vishnu has already, it is believed, gone through nine avatars, in which he appeared successively as a fish, a tortoise, a boar, a man-lion, a dwarf, a sort of Hercules, a good king, a shepherd, and the god Budha. His most popular avatar, the eighth, or that in which he appeared as a shepherd, has been the object of much of the best

poetry which the oriental bards have produced. In his pastoral capacity he is the delight of all Hindoo women, and is sometimes represented as a beautiful infant playing among his companions, sometimes as tending flocks, sporting among milk-maids and playing on a flute, with which, like another Orpheus, he charmed the birds and beasts, and moved even the trees by his melody. As a shepherd his name was Krishna, and he lived on earth a hundred years, during which period he wrought so many miracles, that the Brahmans say they could not be fully recorded, "though all the seas were ink, and the whole earth paper, and all the inhabitants did nothing but write day and night for the space of a hundred thousand years!"

Among other exploits which Krishna performed while he roved through the woodlands and vales as a shepherd, he stole the hearts of numerous maidens, who were all jealous of each other. His favourite mistress was Radha, who thus, while waiting for him in a forest, laments to her confidential attendant the wanderings of the faithless swain.

'I saw him in the grove with happier damsels, yet the sight of him delighted me. Soft is the gale that breathes over yon clear pool and expands the clustering blossoms—soft, yet grievous to me in the absence of Krishna. Delightful are the flowers on the mountain top, while the bees pursue their voluptuous toil—delightful, yet afflicting to me, oh! friend, is the absence of Krishna!'

After some time the gay shepherd repents of his wanderings, and seeks to be reconciled with Radha; he sends her a messenger who, endeavouring to overcome her coquetish reluctance, tells her,

'that the Deity, crowned with silver blossoms, mourns in her absence; that even the dewy rays of the moon can bring no relief to the ardent flame which consumes him; that he quits the bower of love to throw himself on the cold clay, and repeat words which he had heard his beloved express: then, having bound his locks with forest flowers, he hastens to yon arbour, when a soft gale breathes over the banks of Yamouna; then, again, pronouncing her name, he modulates his divine reed. Oh! with what rapture doth he gaze on the golden dust which the breeze shakes from expanded blossoms; the breeze which hath kissed her cheek. With a mind languid as a dropping wing, feeble as a trembling leaf, he doubtfully expects her approach.'

Notwithstanding all these fine professions, though Radha sent him word that he might come to her, when 'the moon had spread a net of beams, over the groves of Vrindhavan,' he came not; he was, pending the negotiation, captivated by the charms of another! The reader will perhaps be surprised to learn the mode in which the death of the love inspiring Krishna gave birth to the horrid rites of Juggarnat'h.

'Since Gods as well as men, must, it would appear, die some time or other, the love-inspiring Krishna was one day shot with an arrow from the bow of a hunter, who most unceremoniously left the lovely form of the deity,

whom the Gopias had so franticly adored, to rot under the tree where it fell. After some time his bones, like those of the beautiful Rosalia in Sicily, were collected by some pious persons, and made the pious means of enriching the priests of the Hindus, as the more tender ones of the virgin saint have done the reverend fathers of Palermo. Having been collected they were placed in a box, where they remained till Vishnu on being applied to by a religious monarch, Indra Dhoomna, commanded him to make an image of Juggarnat'h and place the bones in it. The king would willingly have done as he was desired, but unfortunately possessed not the skill for such an undertaking :—so he made bold to ask Vishnu who should make it? Vishnu told him to apply to Viswakarma, the architect of the gods. He did so, and as promptly as our great architect, Mr. Nash, would undertake the building of a palace, his brother of the Hindoo pantheon set about forming the image of Juggarnat'h ; but declared if any person disturbed him in his labours, he would leave his work unfinished. All would have gone on well, had not the king shown a reprehensible impatience to those divine injunctions which he had solemnly pledged himself to observe. After fifteen days he went to see what progress the holy architect had made, which so enraged him, that he desisted from his labours, and left the intended god without either arms or legs. In spite however of this perplexing event, the work of Viswakarma has become celebrated throughout Hindustan ; and pilgrims from the remotest corners of India flock, at the time of the festivals of Juggarnat'h, to pay their adorations at his monstrous and unhallowed shrine. Some years ago I took some brief extracts from a work which I was then reading, (the name of which I at present forget, but I think it was a book of the Rev. ——— Buchanan's,) which will give a faint idea of the dreadful orgies and horrid abominations practised upon these occasions.

'"We know that we are approaching Juggarnat'h, (and we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggarnat'h. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river near the pilgrims' caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackalls and vultures seem to live here on human prey."—"I have seen Juggarnat'h. The scene at Buddruch is but the vestibule to Juggarnat'h. No record of ancient history can give I think an adequate idea of this valley of death ; it may be truly compared with the valley of Hinnom. I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of pilgrims, and another place a little way out of the town, called by the English Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where the dogs and vultures are ever seen."—"I have beheld another distressing scene this morning at the place of skulls : a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead, and her two children by her looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home, they said they had no home but where their mother was"—"The raja of Burdwan, Kurta Chanda, expended, it is said, twelve lacks of rupees in a journey to Juggarnat'h, and in bribing the Brahmans to permit him to see these bones. For the sight of them he paid two lacks of rupees, but he died two months afterwards (adds the writer) for his temerity." On the occasion of the festival of this

idol, he is accompanied by his brother Bala Rama, and his sister Subhadrá, and is conveyed to a place about a mile from the temple. His throne on which he is seated is fixed on a stupendous car sixty feet in height, the enormous weight of which, as it passes slowly along, deeply furrows the ground over which it rolls. Immense cables are attached to it, by which it is drawn along by thousands of men, women, and even infants, as it is considered an act of considerable devotion to assist in urging forward this horrible machine, on which round the throne of the idol are upwards of a hundred of his priests and their attendants. As the ponderous car rolls on, some of the devotees and worshippers of the idol throw themselves under the wheels, and are crushed to death, and numbers lose their lives by the pressure of the crowd. A letter from an eye-witness at Juggarnat'h on the 25th of June, 1814, published in the *Asiatic Journal*, states "the sights here beggar all description. Though Juggarnath'h made some progress on the 19th, and has travelled daily ever since, he has not yet reached the place of his destination. His brother is a-head of him and the lady in the rear. One woman has devoted herself under the wheels, and a shocking sight it was; another intending also to devote herself, missed the wheels with her body and had her arm broken. Three people lost their lives in the crowd.

'"The place swarms with Fakirs and mendicants, whose devices to attract attention are in many instances ingenious. You see some standing half the day on their heads bawling all the while for alms, some having their eyes filled with mud and their mouths with straw, some in puddles of water, one man with his foot tied to his neck, and another with a pot of fire on his belly, and a third enveloped in net work made of rope. It is said that between two and three thousand persons lose their lives annually on their pilgrimage to Juggarnat'h. The temples of this deity being the resort of all the sects of the Hindus, it is calculated that not less than two hundred thousand worshippers visit this celebrated pagoda in Orissa yearly, from which the Brahmans draw an immense revenue. All the land within twenty miles round the pagoda is considered holy, but the most sacred spot is an area of about six hundred and fifty feet square, which contains fifty temples. The most conspicuous of these is a lofty tower about one hundred and eighty-four feet in height, and about twenty-eight feet square inside, called the Bur Dewali, in which the idol and his brother and sister are lodged. Adjoining are two pyramidical buildings; in one about forty feet square the idol is worshipped, and in the other the food prepared for the pilgrims is distributed. These buildings were erected in A.D. 1198. The walls are covered with statues, many of which are in highly indecent postures. The grand entrance is on the eastern side, and close to the outer wall stands an elegant stone column thirty-five feet in height, the shaft of which is formed of a single block of basalt presenting sixteen sides. The pedestal is richly ornamented. The column is surmounted by a finely-sculptured statue of our former acquaintance, Hanuman, the monkey chief of the *Ramayana*. The establishment of priests and others belonging to the temple has been stated to consist of three thousand nine hundred families, for whom the daily provision is enormous. The holy food is presented to the idol three times a day; his meal lasts about an hour, during which time the dancing girls belonging to the temple exhibit their professional skill in an adjoining building. Twelve festivals are celebrated during the year, the principal of which the Rat'h Jattra has been described.

'Juggarnat'h is styled the lord of the world. His temples, which are

also numerous in Bengal, are, as before shewn, of a pyramidical form. During the intervals of worship they are shut up.

'The image of this god is made of block wood, and has a frightful visage with a distended mouth. His arms, which as he was formed without any have been given to him by the priests, are of gold. He is gorgeously dressed, as are also the other two idols which accompany him.

'It is to be hoped that the worship of this fascinating deity is on the decline, as a Calcutta paper a short time ago stated, that from various causes the numbers had so considerably decreased, that enough could not be found to drag the raths or cars, and that not a single devotee had that year paved the way with his blood, though, it adds, the sight on opening of the gates for the admission of the pilgrims would have melted the heart of a savage. Numbers of expiring wretches were carried in that they might die at the polluted and horrid shrine. At a more recent period, one of his temples was robbed of silver ornaments of the value of five thousand rupees. The seapoys enjoyed the joke, saying, he must have robbed himself, as he would have struck any person blind who had attempted to take away any ornament of his or his sister, or of Bulbudder, (Bala Rama).'—pp. 49—53.

In addition to the nine grand avatars which Vishnu has already undergone, he has also, it seems, passed through numberless minor incarnations, which tend not a little to render still more complicated the mysteries of Hindu mythology. His rival god, Siva, is also represented under various forms, as the husband of many wives, and the parent of many children. Besides these there are inferior deities, who have no connection whatever with the principal rulers of the universe. Among these is one named Indra, who is worshipped as king of the immortals and lord of the firmament. He is depicted, like Argus, covered with eyes, and as a white man sitting upon an elephant, and holding in his hand a thunderbolt. He has a heaven of his own, which is called Swerga, and of which a very beautiful description in English verse has been written by a native Hindu youth, who received his education at the Anglo-Indian college of Calcutta. Mr. Coleman says that this youth, Kasiprasad Gosh, has already 'greatly distinguished himself as a poet far above common pretensions.' The reader will doubtless be pleased with the opening lines which have been quoted by Mr. Coleman. If not too long, we should have wished that he had given the whole of it.

'"Great Surya smiles with lustre gay,
And flings through azure skies his ray;
The golden mountain's glittering brow
Is decked with many a sparkling gem,
Which shines by Surya's brightness now,
As if a halo circled them.
And on the mount, beneath this beam,
The king of Swerga's garden smiles,
In which, by many a gurgling stream,
The God in time his pleasure whiles.

Here Vayu through the charming wood
For ever creeps in gentlest mood;
Now o'er the bowing grass he goes,
Now stirs the fragrance of the rose.
Here many a flower of lovely hue,
Famed in the love of former time,
Blows, glittering with the diamond dew,
And sweetening the heavenly clime.
Young roses through the passing breeze,
To taste their sweets invite the bees.
Here fountains round the heavenly bowers
Perpetual fall, and glittering showers
Of diamonds, pearls, and stars, descend,
And sweet celestial music lend
Unto the ear of mortals blessed,
For pious deeds, with heavenly rest.
The garden's edge is compassed round
With trees, with lasting verdure crown'd:
And in the garden's centre stands
A palace, built by heavenly hands;
With sapphires decked the golden walls
Of Satakratu's courtly halls,
Reflecting fling their beauteous light,
And glisten round all fair and bright.
The snow white pavements made have been
Of chrysolites of brightest sheen;
Where sweetest flowers of lovely hue
Are strewed upon with drops of dew;
The outer wall is smooth all o'er
With rubies glittering more and more;
And through the garden's trees appear
Like morning's light in winter's sky,
Ere the resplendent Surya rears
His glorious face of light on high;
As if in floods of ruby light
The court is bathed and made so bright.
But lo! a throng afar appears,
Like vanished joys of former years,
So indistinct, that scarce the eye
Its faint progression can descry;
As when at morning's dubious light
A star or two appears in sight;
And now behold, and now no more,
The glimmer in the growing shine;
So like a mass of dim light o'er
The garden, move the gods divine.
And 'midst them those who greater are,
Shine like so many stars afar.
Now more and more advance they nigh,
With breasts erect and statues high,

With steps majestically slow,
With look cast on the ground below;
Before them Indra, dignified
With royal mien and royal pride,
Proceeds." '—pp. 123—125.

We need not point out the singular beauty of the comparison by which the distant throng of the minor gods is likened to 'vanished joys of former years.' We must make the reader more fully acquainted with the ruler of this enchanting region.

'Indra is the regent and the supreme ruler of wind and showers. Among the magnificent sculptures in the cavern temples at Ellora, he is represented on his elephant Airavat. The animal is reclining under a tree which shades Indra; upon the branches of this tree are four peacocks, two attendants with *chawries* in the back ground. Another sculpture represents his consort Indrani, seated on a lion under a tree, with a child in her arms, and four attendants, with *chawries* in the back grounds.

'The character of Indra is not in accordance with his dignified situation among the Hindu deities. In addition to the profligate attempt made by him on the virtue of Ahilya, the wife of Gotama, as already related, he availed himself of another opportunity, and succeeded in seducing her, which drew upon them thrice the curse of the Rishi. Indra in consequence became an eunuch, which part of the anathema was, on the intercession of the gods, (as occurred on a former occasion) mitigated, and his virility was graciously restored. The frail Ahilya was condemned to lie in ashes in pain, and invisible for a long series of years, till the coming of Rama. On beholding that deity without desire, she was purified and restored to the bosom of the *sage* Gotama.

'Numerous other instances are related of the profligacy of Indra. He stole a horse from king Suguru, as he was about to perform the *aswamedha*, or sacrifice of a horse for the hundredth time; which ceremony would have deposed Indra, and elevated Suguru to the sovereignty of the immortals in his place. On another occasion, in the form of a shepherd's boy, he robbed the gardener of a peasant. In this theft he was detected, and bound with cords, but released by the aid of the subordinate genii of the winds. This incident is thus beautifully related by Sir William Jones. The peasant

'"Seized, and with cordage strong,
Shackled the god who gave him showers.
Straight from seven winds immortal genii flew;
Varuna green whom foamy waves obey,
Bright Vashi flaming like the lamp of day,
Kuvera sought by all, enjoyed by few,
Marut who bids the winged breezes play,
Stern Yama, ruthless judge, and Isa cold,
With Nairit mildly bold;
They with the ruddy flash that points his thunder,
Rend his vain band asunder.
Th' exulting God resumes his thousand eyes,
Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes."

'Indra is worshipped on the fourteenth of the month Badra, accompanied by numerous festivities; after which the image is thrown into the water. His worshippers solicit from him riches, and the various enjoy-

ments of life, together with a future residence in his celestial abode.'—pp. 126, 127.

The south has also its regent in Hindu mythology, under the name of Surya, who is pictured as of a golden complexion, with his head encircled by rays of glory. He is the personification of the sun, and is very extensively worshipped. His wife is said to be the moon.

'The moon is described as a male, and is painted young, beautiful, and of dazzling fairness, two armed, and having in his hands a club and a lotus. He is usually riding on or in a car, drawn by an antelope. Being a Kettric he is of the warrior cast. It is fortunate to be born under this planet, as the individual will possess many friends, togther with the high distinction and enjoyments of life. Soma presides over Somwar or Monday.

'Although Soma or Chandra is here described as a male, he is occasionally represented as Chandra, a female, in which character, being visited by Surya, she produced a numerous family, called Pulinda. In the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, this sexual change is accounted for by Colonel Wilford, who says, "when the moon is in opposition to the sun it is the god Chandra, but when in conjunction with it the goddess Chandri, who is in that state feigned to have produced the Pulindas."

'The moon was also worshipped as male and female, Lunus and Luna, by the Egyptians; the men sacrificing to it as Luna, the women as Lunus; and each sex, on these occasions, assuming the dress of the other.

'The Hindus have in their zodiac twenty-seven lunar mansions, called Nakshatra, or daily positions of the moon; and as to perfect the revolutions some odd hours are required, they have added another, not included in the regular chart. These twenty-eight diurnal mansions form the zodiac, having been invented by Daksha, are personified as the daughters of that deity, and are the mythological wives of Chandra In the chart of the lunar mansions they are curiously represented, as a horse's head, a yoni, a razor, an arrow, a wheel, a bedstead, a house, &c. &c. Some make them the daughters of Kasyapa, the brother of Daksha. Sir William Jones has thus described them in the following lines, in his hymn to Surya:—

'"Thou, nectar-beaming moon,
Regent of dewy night,
From yon bright roe that in thy bosom sleeps,
Fawn spotted Sasin height;
Wilt thou desert so soon
Thy night flowers pale, whom liquid odour steeps,
And Oshadi's transcendant beam
Burning in the darkest glade?
Will no lov'd name thy gentle mind persuade
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream?
But ah! we court a passing dream;
Our prayers not Indu nor Himansu hears—
He fades, he disappears;
E'en Kasyapa's gay daughters twinkling die,
And silence loves the sky
Till chatacs twitter from the morning brake,
And sandal breathing gales on beds of ether wake."'

—pp. 131, 132.

The Hindus have a mystic syllable O'M, signifying the supreme god of gods, which from its sacred meaning they seldom pronounce aloud, and then uniformly their hands are placed before their mouths. It is a conventional abbreviation of the name of Brahm, and a Brahmin must always repeat it to himself before he commences and after he ends a lecture from the Vedas. These are the most ancient sacred writings of the Hindus; they prescribe the moral and religious duties of mankind. They are believed to have been revealed by Brahma, and to have been preserved by tradition until they were arranged in their present form by a sage, called on that account Vedavyasa, that is compiler of the Vedas. They are principally in prose, the remainder in verse, and have been much interpolated by the Brahmans. These priests are taken from the most distinguished race of the Hindus; they are adored by the people. "The *guru*, or spiritual guide, says Mr. Ward, is literally a god. Whenever he approaches, the disciple prostrates himself in the dust before him, and never sits in his presence without leave. He drinks the water with which he has washed the feet of his guru, and relies entirely on his blessing for final happiness." Some of their rites are exceedingly curious.

'The five great sacraments of the Brahmans are, the study of the Veda; the sacraments of the manes; of deities; of spirits; and the hospitable reception of guests.

'The rites and ceremonies used on these occasions are numerous. On rising from his sleep, a Brahman must clean his teeth with a twig of the ramiferous fig-tree, repeating to himself at the same time a prayer; or on certain days must rinse his mouth twelve times with water. He must then proceed to perform his ablutions, which are accompanied by various prayers and ceremonies. Having finished these, he puts on his mantle, after washing it, and sits down to worship the rising sun. During this worship he occasionally sips water, and touches with his wet hand different parts of his body: but if he happen to sneeze or spit, he must not sip water till he has first touched the tip of his right ear. He next meditates the holiest of texts (the *gayatri*) during three suppressions of breath, which is thus performed. Closing the left nostril with the two longest fingers of his right hand, he draws his breath through the right nostril; and then closing that nostril likewise with his thumb, holds his breath while he meditates the text; he then raises both fingers off the left nostril, and emits the breath he had suppressed; he next inhales water through each nostril, as an internal ablution to wash away sins. Again he worships the sun, standing on one foot, and resting the other against his ankle or heel, looking towards the east, and holding his hands open before him in a hollow form, repeating prayers in allusion, says Mr. Colebroke (from whose copious essays on the religious ceremonies of the Hindus I have abstracted this matter), to the seven rays of the sun, four of which are supposed to point towards the four quarters, one upwards, one downwards, and the seventh, which is centrical, is the most excellent of all. An oblation called *argha*, is offered, consisting of *tila*, flowers, barley, water, and red sanders wood, in a clean copper vessel, made in the shape of a boat. This the priest places on his head and presents it, with a text expressive that the sun is the manifestation

of the supreme being, present every where, produced every where, and pervading every place and thing. The oblation over, the sun is again worshipped with another prayer. Bathing at noon and in the evening is also enjoined, which may be done with water drawn from a well, a fountain, or a basin of a cataract: but water that lies above ground should be preferred; as should a stream of stagnant water; a river to a brook; a holy stream before a vulgar river, and above all, the water of the Ganges. Preparatory to any act of religion, ablutions should be performed: but ablution does not in all cases consist of the use of water. The body may be purified by ashes, by dust raised by the treading of cows, from wind or air, standing in the rain during daylight, &c. &c.

'The sacrament of deities consists in oblations to fire, with prayers and offerings, which vary according to the divinity worshipped. In consecrating the fire, and hallowing the sacrificial instruments, many ceremonies are practised; after these the priest takes a lighted ember out of a covered vessel which contains the fire, and throws it away, saying, "I dismiss far away carnivorous fire: may it go to the realm of Yama bearing sin (hence)!" He then places the fire before him, adding, "earth! sky! Heaven! this other (harmless) fire alone remains here." He then names the fire according to the purpose for which it is prepared, burning at the same moment a small log of wood, smeered with *ghee*. Numerous ceremonies follow, with prayers and oblations of *cusa* grass, &c. &c.

'The sacrament of the manes is also accompanied by numerous ceremonies. The corpse of the deceased is washed, perfumed, and decked with wreaths of flowers, and gold gems, &c. put into its mouth, nostrils, ears, and eyes. A perfumed cloth is then thrown over it, and it is carried to a holy place in a forest, or near water, accompanied by fire and food. The corpse of a Sudra is conveyed out of a town through the southern gate; that of a Brahman through the western; of a Ketrie through the northern; and of a Vaisya through the eastern. The funeral procession, in passing to its destination, must make a circuit to avoid any inhabited place. On reaching the spot, the relations must first bathe and then prepare the funeral pile: having done which they again bathe. These proceedings are attended, like the rest of the Hindu rites, by prayers, &c.

'The ceremonies occasionally vary, according to the person whose funeral obsequies may be performed. After the body has been burnt, oblations of water, &c. are offered; the relations of the deceased then change their clothes, and, sitting down, utter the following or other moral sentences.

'"Foolish is he who seeks permanence in the human state; unsolid, like the stem of the plantain tree; transient, like the foam of the sea. All that is low must finally perish; all that is elevated must fall; all compound bodies must end in dissolution; and life is concluded with death."' —pp. 151—154.

To these rites we shall add the author's account of the ceremonies which are practised with reference to Hindu male children.

'Various ceremonies are attendant upon Hindu boys between infancy and the age of eight years. After that age, and before a boy is fifteen, it is imperative on him to receive the *poita, zennaar*, or sacred thread, which, after a variety of preliminary ceremonies, is thus performed:—"The priest first offers a burnt sacrifice and worships the *salagrama*, repeating a num-

ber of prayers. The boy's white garments are then taken off, and he is dressed in red, and a cloth is brought over his head that no Sudra may see his face : after which he takes in his right hand a branch of the *vilwa*, and a piece of cloth in the form of a pocket, and places the branch on his shoulder. A *poita* of three threads made of the fibres of the *suru*, to which a piece of deer's-skin is fastened, is suspended from the boy's left shoulder, falling under his right arm, during the reading of the incantations." The father of the boy then repeats certain formulas, and pronounces three times in a low voice from the Gayitree, " Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler (*Savitri*) ; may it guide our intellect." After this the *suru poita* is taken off, and the real *poita* or sacred thread put on. During this ceremony the father repeats certain formulas ; *suru poita* is fastened to the *vilwa* staff, shoes are put on the boy's feet, and an umbrella in his hand. He then solicits alms from his parents and the company present, who give more or less according to their means. Various other ceremonies then follow, which are succeeded by the service called *sandhya ;* at the close of which the boy eats of the rice which has been offered in the burnt sacrifice, and thus the ceremony ends."

' The receiving of the *poita* is, as I have elsewhere stated, considered as the second birth of a Hindu, who is from that time denominated twice-born. A boy cannot be married till he has received the *poita*.

' The sacred thread must be made by a Brahman. It consists of three strings, each ninety-six hands, (forty-eight yards), which are twisted together; it is then folded into three, and again twisted ; these are a second time folded in the same number, and tied at each end in knots. It is worn over the left shoulder (next the skin, extending half way down the right thigh) by the Brahmans, Ketries, and Vaisya castes. The first are usually invested with it at eight years of age, the second at eleven, and the Vaisya at twelve. The period may, from especial causes, be deferred ; but it is indispensible that it should be received, or the parties omitting it become outcasts.'—pp. 154, 155.

Though very unequal in their structure, the temples of the Hindus are well worth the attention of the traveller. That of Rama, at Ramnaghur, is described ' as one of the most admirable specimens of indefatigable and minute labour in all Hindustan. The temple of Seringapatam, which is said to be a master-piece of Indian architecture, is supposed to be at least two thousand years old. The celebrated temple of Tripetty, in the Carnatic, about eighty miles from Madras, so much resorted to by pilgrims, is fabled to have been built by supernatural hands. ' It is built of stone, and covered with plates of gilt copper, and stands in a valley in the centre of a range of hills, which are impervious alike to the Christian and the Mussulman. The very sight of the hills, though at the distance of many leagues, is so gratifying to the Hindu devotees, that upon first catching a glimpse of these sacred rocks, they fall prostrate, calling upon the idol's name' (Vishnu). The shrine is filled with offerings brought by the pilgrims from all quarters, and placed before the idol, either as tokens of gratitude for their prosperity, or by way of propitiating his favour if they stand in need of it. These oblations consist for the most part of gold and silver lamps, coins of all sorts,

spices, and sometimes the hair cut from the head, in consequence, perhaps, of a vow made in infancy. A pilgrim who is lame presents a silver leg, and one who is blind offers a golden eye.

The religious parties in India that are most opposed to each other, are the Buddhas and the Brahmans. Opinions are much divided as to the antiquity and origin of the Buddha doctrine, which imposes upon the whole a milder form of worship than that practised by the disciples of the rival faith. But although expelled from a portion of the peninsula, the Buddhas are the most extensive sect of all those that are known in Asia; their tenets are acknowledged in Ceylon, some parts of Hindustan, Nepal, Thibet, some of the provinces of Tartary, the empires of China and Japan, and the dependencies; the kingdoms of Ava and Siam, and most of the countries on the shores of the China sea. It is a point violently disputed, whether Buddha was only an avatar of Vishnu, or an original and independent god. Into that controversy we need not enter. Whoever he was, his commandments, five in number, are in themselves excellent, and if generally adopted, would tend greatly to the moral improvement of the Hindus. They are, 1, Not to kill a living creature of any kind: 2, Not to steal: 3, Not to commit adultery: 4, Not to speak an untruth on any occasion: 5, Not to use intoxicating liquors or drugs. The Buddha heaven, or rather heavens, differ in many respects from the heaven of Indra, already described: in imagining them fancy seems to have taken a flight far beyond the ordinary extravagance of the east. There are altogether no fewer than twenty-six of them: of hells there are thirty-four!

The first part of the volume is full of this sort of mythological matter: the second is taken up with a description of several mountain and island tribes of India, who have been hitherto little known to the English reader. We are afraid, however, that we have already rather trespassed on his patience, and we shall therefore close the book, recommending those students to consult it, who feel a deeper interest in the subject than most persons who happen to live at this side of the Ganges.

ART. III.—*The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, Anglo-Saxon Period. Containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy, and the Institutions arising out of Laws and Usages which prevailed before the Conquest. In two Parts.* By Francis Palgrave, F.R.S. and F.S.A. London: Murray. 1832.

THIS is a work of no ordinary labour and learning, requiring for the discussion of almost every topic which it embraces, a mind, not only well stored with knowledge, but capable of turning that knowledge to the best account. The origin and character of the Anglo-Saxon institutions, have been treated by more than one of our eminent historians with considerable success. But we think that it has been reserved for Mr. Palgrave to finish off and crown the

edifices which they have raised. His extensive acquaintance with the principles of our constitution has been already manifested on various occasions, It was known that he had been for years employed in tracing out and putting to the proof, many original and, as it now appears, happy views, which he entertained as to the rise and progress of our commonwealth. Those views he has, to a certain extent, developed in the work whose title we have now given—a work which, though not calculated to attract popular applause, will, we are confident, be accepted by every constitutional lawyer and historian in the country, as a splendid and most valuable accession to our national literature.

Such a work we look upon as peculiarly precious at the present moment, when the public mind is so intensely fixed upon the improvement of our political as well as judicial institutions. At a period when no man can say to what extent alterations may be demanded and conceded, it is of the greatest importance that we should be able to ascertain, with as little doubt as possible, what are the real sources from which our existing establishments have sprung. There are few questions that can arise with reference to those establishments, especially with respect to Parliament, upon which Mr. Palgrave's volumes may not be consulted with advantage. They are luminous without any attempt at fine writing, profound without being tedious, recondite in the extreme, and yet they have no taint of pedantry. He traces the constitution upwards, analysing, as he proceeds, the component elements of the commonwealth, and has imparted an uncommon interest to his discussions of the political government of the realm, by connecting them with a minute account of the ranks and conditions of society amongst the Anglo-Saxons. Their legal institutions form the leading object of his attention; and without being restricted by chronological order, he pursues their history until they become merged in our existing common law. Men of learning have always been disposed to find out analogies between almost every branch of our common law and the legal instiutions of our Saxon ancestors: but in no work that we know of are those analogies so fully, so clearly, and so satisfactorily developed, as in the volumes now before us.

It is a fact which appears to have eluded the observation of most of our historians, that the ancient modes of administering the laws in this country, have in course of time produced, modelled, and, to a certain degree, fixed the form of our political constitution. 'That political constitution, so much extolled and so highly prized, is comparatively (with those laws) an invention of recent date, a creation of yesterday. Parliament, in its present form, and with the functions now severally vested in King, Lords and Commons, is entirely founded upon the legal constitution by which it was preceded; and the authorities exercised by the aristocratical and popular branches of the legislature, have arisen from the ancient

distribution of the powers of remedial and coercive justice.' It is to the popular impulse, arising doubtless from the genius of the people, which was given to our ancient courts of justice, that we are indebted for our limited monarchy. Those courts were themselves the creatures of doctrines and principles which were at one time common to the whole of the Teutonic nations, from Upsala to Toledo, from Lombardy to England. It has been our good fortune to see the popular authority constantly advancing and securing to itself strongholds in the administration of the law, which have ultimately produced and preserved our Parliament; while in France, Spain, and Italy, the monarchical authority became gradually predominant, converting into mere shadows, and for centuries altogether suppressing, the States General, the Cortes, and other legislative bodies, which, but for that accidental increase of the royal power, would have been at this day as much an integral portion of their respective government, as our Parliament is of the government of England.

After some preliminary observations, the author shews that 'the Anglo-Saxons were, in conformity with the policy that prevailed amongst all the Teutonic nations, divided into various classes, whose rank was the measure of their estimation before the law, and from whose various privileges the entire system of the laws and constitution was deduced.' The terms of aldermen and kings were at first synonimous, and their families were the highest in the state. Next to them in rank were the nobles, aristocracy being the pervading principle of the Anglo-Saxon government; the third class consisted of the remainder of the people, among whom were not included the serfs or vassals, who were placed in a state of perpetual dependence upon the nobility—that is to say, upon those of the nobility who possessed property—a class that has always been the object of peculiar attention on the part of the Anglo-Saxons. Even at the earliest stage of their institutions, we may perceive traces of that class now standing between the nobility and the great body of the people, to which we give emphatically the title of "gentlemen." The mode in which these different classes came to be originally established, is a subject of curious speculation to the antiquary; it is more to our purpose to state, that even in the earlier periods, our laws acknowledged the doctrine, that the rights and privileges exercised by the higher classes might be acquired by desert and industry, when derived by birth—a fortunate doctrine, which has been the main cause of the vast wealth and importance of this country, as compared with those states in which aristocracy is the monopoly of mere blood. 'This,' says Mr. Palgrave, though we apprehend that his ideas will not at present be universally relished, 'This is true equality; for it is the only equality which is conformable to human nature, and acceptable to mankind. Where it exists, as in England, it imparts contentment to each individual, and vigour to the commonwealth. Where it is

denied,—no matter under what pretence of policy or expediency—the vexation of the people becomes a never-failing source of weakness and rebellion.'

It is a vulgar notion that William the Conqueror almost totally changed the laws which he found in force in England. In point of fact his positive alterations were of limited extent, for the judicial establishments he left altogether untouched. Of the many points of resemblance between those establishments, and the mode in which justice is administered with us at the present day, the following passage affords curious proof.

'An organized judicial establishment, such as we now possess in England, is the result of long-continued obedience to the supremacy of the civil authority. During the subsistence of the Anglo-Saxon policy the state had not fully acquired all the functions which belong to executive jurisdiction. The law of nature was not yet entirely superseded by the artificial code of society, or, rather, both might be said to exist concurrently. In many cases, therefore, the principal object of the legislator was the regulation of the means by which individuals were to do justice to themselves in their own cause; and the laws of the land chiefly consisted of the rules intended to prevent those acts of oppression which might be perpetrated under colour and cover of the law of nature, which was restrained without being abrogated by the municipal law. In suits between man and man the execution of process seems to have been wholly intrusted to the parties, who, to use the familiar phrase, began by taking the law into their own hands, and originally, as it should seem, without asking the authority of a tribunal. The plaintiff compelled the appearance of the debtor by distraining his effects; and statutes were afterwards enacted by Canute, not for the purpose of destroying that power, but to prevent its being exercised by surprise. The pledge was not to be taken until the defendant had been thrice summoned to submit to the judgment of the hundred; a fourth day of appearance was to be appointed by the shire, and if the defendant still continued contumacious, the complainant had then liberty to seize the property of his adversary wherever he could find it, and at his discretion. When the King's courts were fully established, the power of distress, as the enforcement of civil process, was properly assumed by the tribunal; and the sheriff, acting by virtue of the King's writ, exercised the function which it was no longer expedient to vest in an interested individual, who might pursue his demand harshly and vexatiously, and perhaps even without any real foundation for his claim. Grounded thus upon the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic law, the Anglo-Norman jurisprudence first required the defendant to appear by the lawful summons of the officer, no arrest of the person being ever allowed at common law, except when justified by a breach of the peace, or a contempt of the King's authority. If he neglected the warning, then those mandates issued by virtue whereof his chattels were seized as the "pledges" that he would underlye the law, the writ of "*distringas*" being, as I have before observed in a similar instance, only the Teutonic law clothed in a more definite form. But there are still cases in which the law "allows a man to be his own avenger, or to minister redress to himself;" the most extensive and best known being when distress is made for rent in arrear. Until the common

law was greatly altered by modern statutes a distress corresponded to the Anglo-Saxon procedure, for the property was only taken as a pledge or security that the tenant would submit to his lord, and perform his service; and the summary power of sale, now exercised, has been created by the recent statute law, with more attention to the profit of the rich than to the rights which were secured to the poor by our ancient jurisprudence.

'When blood had been shed, and the foe had fallen, the Anglo-Saxon law allowed an ample power of vengeance. It was by raising the feud that the kinsman sought to retaliate upon the enemy. Septs and tribes were arrayed against each other, and the vassal fought beneath the guidance of his lord. The short terms of truce prescribed by the legislature only afforded breathing time to the offender, without protecting him from the assailants; and the fines imposed upon the armed troops who killed the guiltless man, testify that if a crime had been imputed to him the deed would have been a justifiable homicide. But the right of retributive aggression might be limited by the weakness of the aggrieved party. Destitute of the support of his kindred, he might be unable to pursue his adversary; the state was then bound to interfere, and the ealdorman, or even the king, might be required to supply that strength which could not be exerted by the individual.

'If the general authority by which justice ought to be administered is so inefficient that it cannot easily strike the guilty, or if such general authority does not exist, past offences are redressed, and future injuries prevented, by rendering the community to which the individual belongs answerable for the acts of the transgressors, who, amenable only to their own immediate superiors, would otherwise escape the punishment due to their crimes. Should a Syrian village be plundered by a band of Bedouins, who acknowledge a vague submission to the successor of the Caliph, but without allowing him any direct interference in their policy, the Pacha will make reprisals upon the tribe, and thus compel the Emir to produce the robbers, or to restore the spoil. International wars are best justified upon the plea, that the want of a common jurisdiction leaves no other mode of obtaining justice except by an appeal to force; and when one sovereign issues his orders to waste and destroy the property of the subjects of another, he inflicts these sufferings upon the innocent, because the dispute cannot be ended by the decree of a tribunal, possessing a coercive and pacific authority over the chief of the opponent state, who is only to be reached through the inconveniences which he thus indirectly sustains. The power given to the conservators of Magna Charta, of compelling King John to observe its provisions by attacking and distraining his possessions, was perhaps less derogatory to his ideas of royal dignity, than a formal submission to the supreme council of the realm. Considering, therefore, the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth as the union of jurisdictions originally independent, and confederated, rather than incorporated, under one government, we shall find that no inconsiderable portions of its laws consist of the expedients by which the responsibility of the members of the commonwealth was either enforced or superseded;—enforced, when they were compelled to employ their powers in obedience to the government of the state;—superseded, when their authority was transferred to the general legislature, and the regular administration of the law substituted for the rude and uncoerced exercise of natural justice.

'As the first government arose from parental authority, so the most obvious liability resulted from the ties of relationship. It was the ancient custom of the Celts, that every head of every sept, and every chief of every clan, should be accountable for any one of their sept when charged with any crime; and, until Ireland was fully reduced into shire-ground, the statute laws of the English government continued to enforce this responsibility. Under the Anglo-Saxons, whose policy was less patriarchal, there was no Ceancinnith, but the responsibility was attached to the "Maegth," who, if they did not discharge the legal fines in cases where the individual could not make compensation from his own means, were bound to surrender him into slavery. A Ceorl or Litus, who killed an individual of the earl-kind or noble-rank, drew down a heavy punishment upon his lineage; the blood of six of the subject caste might be required, according to the Anglo-Saxon law, to compensate for the treason committed against the majesty of the sovereign people, whilst the more rigorous continental code demanded the sacrifice of seven. The thief who, under the code of Athelstane, might be thus redeemed from death for the first offence, was delivered into the custody of his kindred, who were ever afterwards the special pledges for his good conduct. And if a "landless man," discharging himself from the service or commendation of his lord, was received or harboured by his sept, they were equally under the obligation of "leading him to folkright," if he were guilty of a crime, or of making full compensation for the offence if he absconded. Nor were these provisions unreasonable, according to the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, since the "Maegth" received a portion of the penalty in case the clansman fell by the sword. An example fully elucidating this principle of the Teutonic law is found in the custom which enabled the Salic Frank, and perhaps the Anglo-Saxon, to dissolve the communion existing between him and his sept or "parentela." In order to accomplish this purpose, he entered the Mallum, the Turginus or the Centenarius being present, and breaking five elm wands above his head, he cast the fragments before the assembly, declaring that he withdrew from all participation in the liabilities and inheritance of his kindred. From thenceforth, if any of the "parentela" died or were slain, he neither shared in the inheritance, nor received the blood fine, and, on his death, his property escheated to the fisc of the sovereign; by his severance from his kindred he had become an alien in his own country. The symbolical ceremony noticed in this law is remarkable, for it was long the custom amongst the Teutonic nations to break a staff above the head of the kneeling criminal, when the doom was passed which severed him from every earthly tie.'—pp. 180—185.

According to the principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, there were some crimes which could be expiated only by death, such as treason, desertion in the field of battle, open theft, deliberate murder, and housebreaking. There were other crimes from which the culprit might redeem himself by pecuniary fines, such as manslaughter, or a fatal duel fairly conducted. These pecuniary commutations, it seems, have never been formally abrogated, and the price of blood might still be exacted! Thus a party may still sue for damages for an assault, and afterwards indict the offender, and

have a fine inflicted upon him. The author's remarks on the other crimes which he mentions, are well worth extracting, if it were only to shew the attractive style in which he can clothe and decorate a dry subject.

'Theft was an offence of a deep and disgraceful die. All the Germanic tribes held this crime in great abhorrence. A thief, in the language of the Capitularies, was "unfaithful to the kingdom of the Franks." Nearly the same expression occurs in the Anglo-Saxon laws, in which he is said to be "untrue to the hundred," or "untrue to the people." At one period, wife and child, and every inmate above the age of ten years, passed into slavery, if they assisted in the concealment of any stolen property; for the Anglo-Saxon law of larceny included two degrees of offence; the act of "open theft," or rapine, which, as has been before observed, was irremissible; and the offence incurred by the individual who was found in possession of the stolen property,—in which case, however, whether he was the thief or the receiver, his crime might be pardoned by the payment of a penalty. Under Canute, the law, which had been modified from time to time, sustained further alterations. For the first offence, compensation was to be made to the injured party, by restoring twice the value of the stolen property, besides the "Were" to the Lord; and if the theft had been committed by a serf, he was branded with a hot iron; but for the second offence, the "Theowe" suffered death; the Freeman or Ceorl was to lose his hand or his foot both, according to the magnitude of the crime, and if these mutilations were not adequate to appease the vengeance of the law, the eyes of the wretched culprit were to be plucked out, or his nose and lips cut off, or he was to be scalped; punishments which form a singular contrast to the merciful sentiments evinced by the same code, and expressed with the most energetic simplicity. "He who has the power of judgment should earnestly think on that which he implores for himself, when he prays, 'forgive us, Lord, our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;' and we forbid that Christian men be put to death for trivial causes; nor should we rashly destroy the Lord's creation which he redeemed so dearly." The sentences threatened by the law were worse than death, but in countries thinly peopled, chequered with wastes and wilds, affording the ready means of escape and concealment, and where the rude and solitary habitations, and sequestered domains of the landholder, were extremely liable to the attack of the robber, it might be deemed necessary to protect the rights of property by punishments which, to us, appear grievous and disproportionate beyond all measure; and there are some who may think, that even our present civilized criminal code retains more of its ancient barbaric severity than is warranted by the general state of society. The Anglo-Saxon law was mitigated by allowing the offender, if he could, to make compensation, otherwise his services as a slave were to be accepted by the injured party. A justification for inflicting the punishment of death may be conceded to the legislator in those cases, where the probable consequences of the crime will lead to bloodshed. And as the resistance to open violence, or the struggles made by the robber to retain his spoil, were most frequently followed by the mutual fray, the ancient law which authorized the summary decapitation of the criminal may be reprobated as harsh, though not altogether stigmatized for its barbarity: it proceeded by military execution, sudden, appalling, and effective. The

fearful mutilations which rendered the maimed and miserable offender a ghastly spectre visiting the haunts of living men, have long ceased to be the terror and warning of the wicked; but it is hardly a paradox to assert that humanity has not gained greatly by the abolition of these cruel and revolting punishments; and that by adopting a code apparently more mild, we have not diminished the mass of suffering and pain. It is one of the evils resulting from a polished and refined state of society, and by which many of its advantages are dearly purchased, that the higher classes become insensible to the afflictions of their inferiors when concealed from their view. Let us assume the existence of a statute, enacting that any person suspected of petty larceny should forthwith have his right hand struck off in court, so as to disable him for the remainder of his life. Under this legislation, our magistrates, constituted as they now are, would certainly entertain great aversion towards the infliction of so disproportionate a punishment. The sight of the bleeding, maimed limb, would sicken them. It would hurt their feelings to sit upon the bench, and witness the agony, and listen to the shrieks and moans of the felon; for their own sakes, as well as for his, they would investigate the case with tenderness and caution; and it is probable, that in order to reduce the number of offenders, they would use very earnest endeavours to establish such a domestic police as would lessen the temptations, both physical and moral, which are ripe in the land, and so diminish the opportunities which lead to the commission of crime.

'But what is the present practice of the law of England? A child, to whom a trivial offence is imputed, may be committed by the magistrates of a corporation to a dungeon, so loathsome, vile, and insalubrious, that when he is acquitted after an incarceration of many months, his health will be irretrievably affected, and for the remainder of his days he will be condemned to drag on a painful and useless existence. Nor is this fate the worst which awaits even the innocent. Another, who from his poverty and abandonment is unable to procure the required bail, may undergo protracted confinement, before trial, in a prison, allowed, with the full knowledge, concurrence, and assent of the constituted authorities of the metropolitan county, to become such a school of vice and profligacy, that when declared guiltless of the offence of which he was accused, he is dismissed a hardened ruffian, ruined in character, body, and soul; destitute of the means of subsistence; tutored in wickedness, to which, before his commitment, he was a total stranger; and immediately becoming liable to the vengeance of justice. A generation has nearly passed away since the statue of Howard was raised in the cathedral by the voice and vote of the legislature; and England proudly claims the glory of his unwearied charity and philanthropy. Praise is easily bestowed; the vain honours of the cenotaph have been rendered by the chisel of the sculptor; but the task of following the precepts of the martyr of humanity requires sacrifices, which as yet we have been unwilling to perform. And the marble cenotaph will stand as a monument of the reproach of England, until those who could rescue so many of their fellow creatures from destruction, shall have redeemed the country from the guilt incurred by their permission and encouragement of the most shameful abuses, which degrade the national character, and debase the law.'—pp. 205—209.

In the language of the old English legislation, an outlaw was

said to bear a "wolf's head," and like that wild beast, was liable to be slain wherever he made his appearance. He was emphatically called the "friendless man;" every hand might be raised to strike him, none to revenge his fall! Criminals taken in delicto were punished on the spot. Circumstances of suspicion too were often held equivalent to direct evidence. For instance, a stranger lurking in the woods, who did not blow his horn, or otherwise proclaim that he was in distress and anxiety, was to be judged as a thief, though no other indication of crime could be alleged against him! This prompt system of justice, however, received some modifications after the Conquest, which imposed a check upon the passions, and prevented men from taking the criminal law so generally into their own hands. One of the results of these restrictions was that curious process known by the title of "Trial by battle," which had long before existed among the Scandinavian nations—a mode of decision which, the author contends, was by no means so absurd in its origin as some writers represent it. 'Man never begins,' he admirably observes, 'by introducing any law which is entirely unreasonable; but he very frequently allows a law to degenerate into folly, by obstinately retaining it after it has outlived its use and application.'

While upon this subject, Mr. Palgrave animadverts upon the inconsistency of our courts of justice in obstinately refusing to take cognizance of affronts, such as calling a gentleman a scoundrel, a rogue, giving him the lie, &c. This it is that has tended, more than any other cause whatever, to keep up the practice of duelling, so unchristian in its character, and to perpetuate a state of society in which no other redress than what the sword can give, is afforded for the most galling insults. It is a just remark of Bentham, that on this point our jurisprudence is eminently faulty, and that it has not advanced with the spirit of the age. There is little doubt that if the courts entered into the feelings and sentiments by which gentlemen are actuated, as they take notice of those positive injuries which affect the interests of a trader; if damages were to be given for scurrilous and offensive language, as they are now given for what are called "actionable words;" if, in short, common law were more conformable than it is with the rules of common sense, the practice of duelling, which in the eye of God is nothing more or less than the practice of deliberate murder, would very soon fall into desuetude.

We have already seen, that, under the Conqueror, the main fabric of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence remained unchanged: it continued, in fact, without material alteration, from the conquest to the reign of Henry II. It is to the latter sovereign that we are indebted for the "Assizes," an admirable institution, by means of which, justice, though still too expensive, is brought home as nearly as possible to every man's door. To Henry, also, are we under obligations for most of the present features of "trial by jury," which differs essen-

tially from the "trial by jury" established, or renewed by Alfred. In his time, the jurymen were mere witnesses of the facts in issue between the parties, and had no voice with respect to the decision further than the influence which their testimony possessed. Upon no part of his great theme has Mr. Palgrave displayed more extent of research, and soundness of argument, than upon this—deservedly considered the dearest among the rights of Englishmen. He traces the history of it in a masterly manner, and brings so much of sound authority to support his conclusions, that it seems impossible not to adopt them. He shews that, besides its judicial functions, the principle of the jury was in truth the great origin from which Parliament has been gradually derived. In the earliest instances of taxes charged upon moveable property, which occurred in the reign of John, every individual, the Earls and Barons only excepted, (who made their declarations through their seneschals,) was sworn as to the amount of his income. In the ninth year of the reign of Henry III., the practice was established of summoning an inquest, if the oath of the party was doubted, and from the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry III., to the reign of Edward II., the individual oaths were discarded, and inquests were impanelled, by whose authority the assessments already made by the four knights elected from every hundred, were confirmed or annulled. The principle of the jury had therefore, justly observes the author, 'both in its form and in its consequences, a very material influence upon the general constitution of the realm. Had it not been for the constant exercise of the functions which the people of England possessed when they assisted in the administration of the law, they would never have been qualified to claim their political rights. When no species of popular suffrage existed; when the bulk of the people had no political existence; when the magnates of the shire, or their seneschals, returned the knights, and the knights appeared in parliament as suppliants before the council and the king,—then, and during the whole of that period of the infancy of liberty, the mainspring of the machinery of remedial justice existed in the franchise of the lower and lowest orders of the political hierarchy.' It is curious to observe, that while this franchise was making its way constantly among the lower orders of the community, most of the royal prerogatives were gradually separated in substance from the crown, and diffused among those officers who, though called its servants, are the real depositories of its power.

'The principal benefit to be derived from the submission of mankind to civil government, is the sure and regular administration of justice; and, therefore, in almost all those ancient nations which were united into one body-politic or community, the sovereign was the supreme judge of the state. Modern policy has reduced the judicial attributes of the sovereign to a legal fiction, by effecting a complete separation between his executive and judicial functions, the latter, though exercised in his name, being vested in a distinct order, constituting a permanent magistracy; but this

form of government is comparatively a recent invention. Even when the tribunal was filled by the servants of the altar, the doctrine of the union of sovereignty and judicature was not affected; because, in those cases, the state was really governed by the hierarchy.

'Originally uniting the characters of king, of priest, and of warrior, the rulers of the Anglo-Saxons seem, from the earliest period of their authentic history, to have possessed a transcendent jurisdiction which extended to all those cases when the ordinary courts were inefficient, or the local authorities destitute of energy and vigour. This prerogative authority became the more necessary in proportion as the dominion of the king, or the empire of the "Bretwalda," or "Ruler of Britain," became enlarged, and embraced a greater number of communities within its boundaries. The Anglo-Saxon states were united without being incorporated. The men of Kent and the men of Sussex, though both obeyed the sceptre of Athelstane, were fellow subjects without being fellow citizens; and the more jealous each tribe or clan would be of preserving its independent existence beneath the paramount authority of the crown, the more would the public tranquillity demand that the supreme magistrate should be invested with the salutary power of regulating and correcting the defects of the popular administrations. Complaints of abuses perpetrated in a popular court preferred to another poplar tribunal, generally lead either to the defeat of the appellant or to the most destructive national dissentions. The sway of a master is less irksome than the prepondérance of an equal in rank; and if the welfare of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth required that the suitor of the burgh or the shire should obtain relief, in default of justice the members of the Folkmoot would be less aggrieved by the interposition of the crowned and anointed monarch, than by the mandates of individuals who were their peers. The utility of admitting of a mediating authority, even though purchased by some sacrifice of individual self-will or liberty, cannot be better exemplified than by adverting to the downfall of the federative states, whether ancient or modern, which have wanted a central point of judicial union. No man ought to be judge in his own cause; and, great as the evil may prove, when a sultan or a sophi assumes that office, the oppressions of despotism only change their form, without being less vexatious, when the citizen has to combat a tyrant in every one of his equals. Time alone can show whether the institution of the republics of English America are capable of counteracting the vices and wickedness of democracy; but the political student will be instructed, by observing that even now there are symptoms of approaching dissentions between the supreme court and the states of the union, which, if not repressed, must end either by destroying the controlling jurisdiction assigned to the judges who administer the federal law; or by investing them with rights approaching to a sovereign prerogative, and hitherto unknown to the Anglo-American constitution. In England the introduction of lawless despotism, under the guise of discretionary authority, has been effectually prevented by the distribution of power amongst the sovereign and the hereditary, the appointed and the elected magistracy; yet all the remedial functions which belong to the parliament and the various judges of the land, have been derived from the crown; and the history of English law and policy consists in little else than in a demonstration of the manner in which the exercise of power has been transferred from the sovereign to his counsellors and to the

courts which bear his name, a process by which the ancient royal prerogatives, arbitrary and indefinite in their nature, have either been coerced by the law, or shared with those who have become the organs of the national influence and authority. Whenever the crown has been deprived of a prerogative during the revolutionary struggles which compose our annals, royalty, though afterwards restored in appearance to its original state, has never regained its pristine strength, although the government may have resumed its legitimate course. The flood has always been less than the ebb; and it would be difficult to deny the proposition, that the crown has always lost in authority by the compacts which have been made between the king and the people. For the rights which the sovereign has ceded by charter or statute he has never obtained any full equivalent; and even the instruments of monarchical sway have been converted into permanent limitations of the monarch's power. "*Nullum tempus occurrit Regi*" may have been the maxim of the judge on the bench; but whilst the king's right to a fishery or a forest, a marsh or a moor, was guarded with the most jealous care, and asserted with the utmost vigilance, his most lofty prerogatives have been bestowed, by habit and practice, upon his advisers or his servants; who at first were the mere temporary depositories of his will, but whose claims have been allowed to become indefeasible against their sovereign and master.'—pp. 278—281.

The result of all these innovations has been, by removing the responsibility from the king to his officers, to give a security to royalty, which nothing can destroy but an attempt upon the part of the sovereign to assume personal responsibility again, by counteracting upon any important point the ardent and unanimous wishes of the nation. Those changes have also eventually succeeded in substituting the empire of the law for the will of the monarch. In treating of them, Mr Palgrave demonstrates that undoubtedly several of them have been encroachments upon the royal authority, but, he ought to have added, which perhaps his attention to forms and parchments prevented him from clearly discerning, that the genius of the people of this country has always been identified with a love of liberty: that the monarchy was in fact originally itself an encroachment upon their unquestionable rights, the royal office and title of king not having been known to the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, before their arrival in England, and that every step which has since been taken for the resumption of those rights, ought rather to be considered as a restoration of very ancient customs, rather than as an innovation, implying the establishment of new doctrines.

One of the most interesting chapters in this work, is that in which the author treats of the history of our constitution during the middle ages, in which he shews, we think, in the most satisfactory manner, the truth of these propositions, that the law of England has resulted from the state of the people, and that the political constitution has grown out of the machinery which was employed to execute the law. He next traces out the connexion which he believes to exist between the history of the Roman empire

and the institutions that have taken root in this country; after which he follows up his views with a masterly sketch of the remote causes that led to the establishment of the kingdoms of modern Europe, and of the final separation of Britain from the empire. How soon Wales became connected with England, and what was the extent of that connexion when first it took place, are questions that have frequently been discussed by antiquaries, without much light being thrown upon the subject. They are among the darkest parts of our history, and the information which Mr. Palgrave has collected with reference to them is, we fear, more curious than satisfactory.

'During the reign of Egbert an important alteration took place in the British government; the Cambrian kingdom was severed into the sovereignties of Gwyneddh, Deheubarth, and Powys, in pursuance, as it is said, of the division made by Roderick the Great amongst his three sons, Anarawd, Cadel, and Mervyn, who respectively took these principalities. With the title of "*Brenyn Cymry Oll*," or King of all the Cymri, the first, Anarawd, whose royal seat was placed at Aberfraw, possessed the supremacy over his brethren, and to him the others were to render homage and fealty. The modern Welsh historians represent this transaction as an actual division of all the territory. In Deheubarth, or "Demetia," and Powys, however, the smaller "Reguli," continued to reign, and the real construction of Roderick's testament seems to be, that the superiority of Deheubarth and Powys was transferred by Roderick to his two younger sons, who, in their turn, were to consider the eldest as their common sovereign and liege lord. But the inferior princes were not displaced; and, to borrow the phraseology of the feudal law, such states as Brycheniog or Gwent were "*arriere-fiefs*" of the British crown.

'As we advance, the proofs of the subjection of the Cymric princes are more clear and precise. That they became "men" of Alfred is proved by unequivocal testimony. Asser, the Briton, the contemporary and the biographer of Alfred, speaking of the regions of "Deheubart," which, according to Celtic idiom, he designates as the "right hand side of Britain," says, "they belong, and have long belonged, to Alfred; Asser then enumerates the names of the kings and reguli who had sought Alfred's protection against their enemies, and purchased such aid by their vassalage. Anarawd, the son of Roderick, in the same manner, surrendered his independence and his kingdom, and promised entire homage and subjection to the Anglo-Saxon crown. Idwall, the son of Anarawd, renewing the obligation of his father, yielded to the supremacy and might of Edward, the son of Alfred. If any consistent principle prevailed, the submission of the "King of all the Cymri," the ruler of Aberfraw, drew with it the fealty of those who, in their turns, were dependent upon his authority, and Hoell, the prince of Powys, together with Clydawc, another prince of the adjoining country, were accordingly the obedient homagers of the Saxon sovereign.

'Athelstane enforced his sway with as much energy and effect as his predecessors. Compelled to resort to Hereford, the British sovereigns complied with the terms imposed upon them, as the punishment of that resistance which the Saxons termed rebellion. They graced the triumph of Edgar on the Dee; they bowed as vassals before the throne of the

"Basileus;" and in the last years of the reign of the last legitimate Anglo-Saxon king, the power of the liege lord placed his dependants upon the throne.

'From almost the earliest period that can be traced, such subjection was accompanied by the payment of tribute. It may be inferred, that any prince who acknowledged the authority of a Bretwalda contributed to supply his treasury; but with respect to the "Welsh" we possess decided evidence of this token of subjection. The tribute imposed by Egbert upon the "North Welsh" is stated in general terms. Athelstane increased this ancient burden to an amount which had hitherto been unexampled. Twenty pounds weight of gold and three hundred pounds of silver were to be transmitted yearly into the "hoard" of the Anglo-Saxon king. Twenty-five thousand beeves were to be driven annually into his pastures. And in addition to these stores of wealth, the king was gratified by the fleetest hounds and the keenest hawks which a nation of hunters could present to their superior.

'According to the laws of Howell-dda, the tribute which the "King of Aberfraw" was bound to yield to the "King of London" was fixed at sixty-three pounds, to which the whole territory of Cambria was assessed. This, though smaller in amount than under Athelstane, was still a sufficient proof of dependence; and we may praise the candour of the Cymri, who have not attempted to deny the incontestible truth,—a truth which neither disgraces them nor their descendants,—that, compared with the English, they were the weaker community. The war, begun by Edgar for the purpose of enforcing the payment of this tribute, is said, by the Welsh, to have been terminated by his acceptance of three hundred wolves' heads, which, in the course of three years, entirely cleared the country of these noxious animals. It is difficult to avoid the supposition that such a payment partakes more of the character of popular tradition than of historical fact. The English chroniclers represent the command as a newly invented tax, an additional burden, and not a commutation. And, in fact, whether the tale of Edgar be true or not, the promise of rendering the "ancient and accustomed tribute" due to the English kings, was repeated by the Welsh princes in the very last years of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy.' —pp. 457—460.

Mr Palgrave has sought, with more success perhaps than could have been expected, for explanations of our ancient constitution in the history of the organization and administration of the Carlovingian empire, but we confess that we have derived more pleasure, as well as instruction from his discussions, when he keeps them more strictly within the limits of Saxon law and custom. He has traced with equal industry and accuracy the rise and progress of the Witenagemot; a short extract from his account of its advance after the reign of Egbert, will not be without interest at the present moment.

'Considered as a political assembly, the Witenagemot advanced rapidly in power; an advance accelerated not only by the prosperity but by the misfortunes of the realm. The sovereign could not compel the obedience of the different nations composing the Anglo-Saxon empire. Hence it became the more necessary for him to concilitate their opinions if he solicited

any service from a vassal prince or a vassal state, beyond the ordinary terms of the compact; still more when he needed the support of a free burgh or city, and we may view the assembly as partaking of the character of a political congress, in which the liegemen of the crown, or the communities protected by the "Basileus," were asked or persuaded to relieve the exigencies of the state, or to consider those measures which might be required for the common weal. The sovereign was compelled to *parley* with his dependants.

'It may be doubted whether any one member of the empire had power to legislate for any other member. The Regulus of Cumbria was unaffected by the vote of the Earl of East Anglia, if he chose to stand out against it. These dignitaries constituted a congress, in which the sovereign could treat more conveniently and effectually with his vassals than by separate negociations. It was in such an assembly that the Witan agreed to render that fatal tribute, the Danegeld. But the determinations of the Witan bound those only who were present or who concurred in the proposition; and a vassal denying his assent to the grant, might assert that the engagement which he had contracted with his superior did not involve any pecuniary subsidy, but only rendered him liable to perform service in the field. Most of the great "Gemoots," or assemblies, enumerated in the chronicles, appear to have been of this ambiguous character. Conventions of the prelates, nobles, and optimates of the land, who sometimes compelled by the imminent necessity of the case, and sometimes stimulated by the desire of forwarding their own plans and views, took upon themselves to extend their functions beyond their original powers. Authority, however, always strengthens by exercise; and it is probable that the imperial Witenagemot of Wessex would ultimately have been consolidated into the states general of the Anglo-Saxon empire.

'If it be allowable to pursue our conjectures supported in some degree by historical parallels, we may suppose that the assembly convened by the Basileus, and which for want of a better term I have called the "Imperial Witenagemot," was a *shire court* for the district in which it was held; a *land-gemot* for the particular kingdom; and an *imperial witenagemot* for the whole empire. In such a case the lay assembly would contain within it three classes of members: or rather there would be three assemblies, appearing at this distance of time, as resolved into one, but which would be perfectly distinguishable by a contemporary.

'Assuming that King Edward "wore his crown" at Winchester, all the members of the shire of "Hamtun," including the reeves and men of the townships, would attend *de more*. The earls and royal thanes of Wessex would be convened pursuant to special writs. And the general proclamation would require the attendance of the Scottish and British reguli or kings, the great earls of Mercia, and East Anglia, and Northumbria, and all the other heads of communities, whether burghs or shires, even from the most distant confines of the island. A statute enacted in such an assembly would acquire legal validity in *Wessex proper* without any further promulgation, the West Saxon Witenagemot being included in the Imperial Witenagemot; whilst in the other states the ordinance would not take effect until accepted and re-enacted in manner before described.

'The attendance given by the great earls or Ealdormen, and by the Thanes, the feudal tenants of the crown, is proved by every Anglo-Saxon charter;

and there are very strong reasons for supposing that a landed qualification of a definite extent was requisite to obtain a seat in the assembly, unless the member held his station as a great officer of the crown, or perhaps as a municipal magistrate. The authority of the Anglo-Saxon imperial legislature differed most materially from that of an old English Parliament; but its conformation approached to the shape which Parliament afterwards assumed.'—pp. 641—644.

We shall add the author's admirable concluding observations upon the predominance of the Saxon genius in our institutions, notwithstanding the minor changes which took effect in some parts of our law by the Norman conquest.

'We attribute over-much to the Norman Conquest. The subjugation of the English race affords an easy and plausible mode of accounting for the vast difference between the state and government of England, under the Plantagenets, and the institutions of an earlier age. But the simplest theory is not always the truest: and, notwithstanding the ascendancy of the Normans, the usages and customs of Anglo-Saxon England were retained with much greater pertinacity than in those countries where no foreign ruler attained the throne. When William wore the crown of England, Gaul and Germany had already forgotten the Salic and the Ripuarian laws. Scarcely had the Capets established themselves on the throne, when all the barbaric codes of the Carlovingian empire seem to pass away. The legislation of Charlemagne was forgotten in the glories of the twelve peers. And whilst the fabulous enterprises of the hero of chivalry were sung by the minstrel in hall and bower, the venerable volumes of the Capitularies cast away by the Jurist, sank into that repose from which they were not to be awakened, until their pages became the toilsome study of the mere antiquary.

'The changes in English policy were effected principally by the slow operation of internal causes; by usages which modified the statute; by the common assent which altered or revoked the law; and by the silent establishment of new forms and proceedings, creating new channels for the administration of the government. The most important principle of the English constitution, which without asserting in direct terms that the sovereign is responsible to the nation, does virtually place him in subordination to the law, may be traced as it began to be developed in the Anglo-Saxon empire. In the earlier ages of Anglo-Saxon history, we may observe various instances of sovereigns deposed for the real or alleged abuse of their authority. Sigebert, the tyrannical king of Wessex, thus resigned his crown, pursuant to the compulsory decree of the "Proceres" and people, and accepted a dependant principality. And the usurping Beornred was dethroned by the unanimous voice of the Mercians, to make way for the magnanimous Offa. Neither of these cases can however be considered as constitutional precedents. The first, a successful effort to displace an oppressive monarch, may find a parallel in every age and country. The second, the restoration of the right royal line, is rather an argument against a deposing power, and it is difficult to admit that they afford a clear proof of any authority, grounded upon the theory of a constitutional compact between the nation and the king.

'This idea, so new to the world, and so influential, can only be deduced from those who, when they rendered the coronation of the monarch a

religious ceremony, attempted to teach the sovereign, that for the due performance of his duties towards his people, the mortal king continued accountable to Him who rules the universe. If the "Basileus" was honoured as the "anointed of his Lord," and in some measure revered as reigning by the peculiar help and favour of Providence, the very sanctity ascribed to his person increased his moral responsibility. Flattery might pervert these titles, and the sovereign might thereby be exalted in his own conceit; yet if truly read, they contained the deepest lesson of humility.

'The royal inauguration, according to the ceremonial established by the western church, was considered as a sacerdotal ordination. The King, the chief of the state, became a member of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Hence when the sacramental cup was withheld from the laity, the King of France, as a servant of the altar, still received the communion in both kinds. And the mystic rites of consecration were sought by the sovereign, who deemed that they afforded the best protection against the rude hand of unlawful violence. The prelates chanted the coronation ritual, dictated by the clergy; and the sovereign received his diadem from priestly hands; yet if the priesthood took upon themselves thus to act, in conferring the dignity, they demanded from the sovereign the most solemn engagement, for the due performance of the trust which he undertook to perform.

'Raised to the supreme dignity of his tribe, the Pagan chieftain was lifted up upon the shield, or he ascended the rocky fragment or the mound; and the bard repeated his genealogy, and extolled the deeds of his ancestors; from them he derived his right.—No oath was imposed, no compact formed.—The "head of the kindred" he stood unchecked and unchallenged amidst the tribe. But the Christian monarch, the anointed sovereign, was rendered accountable for his duty to those over whom he ruled.

'Three were the promises exacted by the people from the Basileus of Britain:—That he would always preserve true peace—forbid rapacity and injury—and in all his judgments command equity and mercy. Such an oath was taken by Ethelred. Let us consider the result of his reign. He is accused, perhaps justly, of imbecility and of tyranny. The affections of his subjects were alienated—he was guilty in their eyes—their support lost—and Ethelred was compelled to abandon his crown to the Danish invader. Canute, the son Sweyne, was called to the succession by his followers. But experience had been acquired by the English, and the "Witan,"—the optimates, clergy, and laity,—now discovered that no king could be so dear to them as their own "*gecynde Hlaford*,"—their own natural sovereign,—*provided he would govern them more justly and treat them more equitably than he had hitherto done.* The address, for thus we may term the declaration of the national legislators, was transmitted to Ethelred, then an exile in Normandy. In answer he dispatched the Atheling Edward, accompanied by his ambassadors. Ethelred greeted his liegers well, and promised to be a good lord to them. All those things would he amend which were disliked by them, and all that had been said or done against him he would pardon, provided *they would submit to him loyally and without deceit*:—and pursuant to this compact, Ethelred was restored to the crown.

'This was a most memorable proceeding. The address of the Witan amounted to a complete recognition of the right of the House of Cedric; but at the same time it involved an equally clear and distinct assertion, that

the legislature could impose limitations upon the wearer of the crown. Ethelred was their legitimate king, but in as much as he was made by the law, he must govern by the law; and the English were entitled to demand security for the due administration of the royal authority. Ethelred assented to the claim, he complied with the wishes of his people, and promised to grant a general amnesty. But this very promise implied that he asserted the theory of an indefeasible right, and that he might be remitted to the full exercise of his power, if his subjects should violate their duty, or fail in the observance of their engagement towards their sovereign.

'This mutual covenant gave sanction to the principle, that the king and his people were bound together by law. The right to the throne is not derived from the people; but the people are entitled to demand security for their privileges from the sovereign. Haughty as the port of the king or his ministers might be, this doctrine was never entirely forgotten. When the Anglo-Saxon sceptre had passed into the hands of the Norman line, and the memory of the ancient constitution was hallowed by time, the "law" of the last legitimate Anglo-Saxon king, appeared as the people's protection against arbitrary power. Edward was viewed as a sovereign whose empire was founded upon justice. The name of the Confessor was echoed from reign to reign, and the Anglo-Saxon liberties were transmitted from charter to charter, until at last the constitution settled into that form, which, whatever may be its defects, gives to the sovereign the least power of abuse, and the greatest share of beneficial authority,'—pp. 653—658.

The second volume is entirely taken up with 'Proofs and Illustrations' of the doctrines, advanced by the author in the dissertations which his first volume contains. There are amongst them a great variety of curious documents and facts, which are well entitled to the consideration of the constitutional lawyer, the historian, and the legislator.

Art. IV.—1. *The British Dominions in North America; or a Topographical and Statistical Description of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Islands of Newfoundland, Prince Edward, and Cape Breton; including considerations on Land-granting and Emigration. To which are annexed, Statistical Tables and Tables of Distances, &c.* By Joseph Bouchette, Esq., Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, &c. *In two volumes 4to, embellished with Views, Plans of Towns, Harbours, &c.* London: Longman and Co. 1832.

2. *A Topographical Dictionary of the Province of Lower Canada.* By Joseph Bouchette, Esq., &c. 4to. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

3. *The Emigrant's Pocket Companion; containing what Emigration is, who should be Emigrants, where Emigrants should go; a Description of British North America, especially the Canadas; and full Instructions to intending Emigrants.* By Robert Mudie, author of "The Picture of Australia," "Picture of India," &c. 12mo. pp. 276. London: 1832.

The last of these volumes, which we shall notice first, is an extremely sensible, and at this moment a particularly useful little

work. From whatever cause it has arisen, it is certain that the desire of emigration from these kingdoms has become a kind of ruling passion with a great number of the agricultural and operative classes of the community. There are some political economists who affect to say that our population is not redundant, and that if his labours were only properly directed, there is, and for a long time will be, quite enough of labour to occupy every man in the country. The practical answer to this theoretic system is, that there have been for several years multitudes of labourers of all descriptions in the market, for whom no employment could be found; that in consequence, the parochial rates have been burthened to such an extent, as to have the effect of a property tax, or rather of a confiscation of property, without example in any other part of the world; and that notwithstanding this, there is still a degree of pressure, and privation, and misery, felt by the lower orders, more severe and universal than they had ever experienced before. They have lately sought, and still continue in vast numbers to seek, relief from this state of wretchedness, by abandoning the land of their fathers, and seeking beyond the seas for that decent support, which, with the most indefatigable industry, and the best intentions, they cannot find at home. Never did a greater misfortune happen to this empire, than the breach which has occurred between the crown and the people at such a crisis. The results of that momentous event will necessarily increase the agitation which has so long prevailed in the minds of all men; will necessarily also suspend many works of industry, and by throwing still greater masses of the people out of employment, augment beyond all bounds the distress which they have hitherto borne with admirable patience. This fearful stage in our history, the issue of which no man can pretend to foresee, will moreover increase the number of emigrants, who will probably in a short time be going forth in swarms from every harbour in the three kingdoms. To such of them as can read, and turn their reading to good account in the way of reflection, and of deriving from the councils of others sound rules for the direction of their conduct, we strongly recommend Mr. Mudie's little work. It contains within a small compass almost every thing which it may be useful for them to think of beforehand; points out the circumstances under which emigration may be advantageous or prejudicial, and suggests many reflections which it would be the duty of every individual to make before he resolve on removing to any of the colonies.

The only motive, Mr. Mudie very properly states, which should influence any man to emigrate, is the natural one of self interest. If upon consideration he can convince himself that he would do better abroad than at home, abroad he ought to go; but he ought not to decide that question in the affirmative, merely because he is in want of employment at home. It is not every man who is fit to emigrate, that is to say, who is likely to promote his views in life

by leaving one country and going to another. He who is most likely to be benefitted by such a change, must be well acquainted with his own capabilities, must be in good health, and indeed of a robust constitution; must have confidence in his power to live awhile in comparatively perfect seclusion from every thing that is agreeable and captivating in civilized society, and must be prepared to turn his hand to any work that may become necessary for his purposes. In few of the places where the emigrant is likely to settle, will he find the results of that admirable subdivision of labour, which he sees so abundantly at home; he may have for a while to sow, reap, thrash, grind his own wheat, and convert it into bread; to kill his own meat, make his own clothes, build and keep in repair his cottage, and do many other things, of which, on setting out, he might have no notion.

As to the question whither the emigrant is to go, and where he is to take up his residence, Mr. Mudie need not have discussed it, we think, so much at length. There can be no doubt, that for every reason of climate, language, proximity to the mother-land, for government and institutions political and civil, the Canadas, or rather especially Upper Canada, must supersede in the choice of an honest and industrious British subject, every other of the colonies without exception. To the description of the Canadas, consequently, Mr. Mudie has properly devoted the principal portion of his volume. He has condensed with much diligence the ample details given in the two quarto volumes of Mr. Bouchette; or rather he has selected from them, and given in an epitomised form, whatever he has thought most worthy of the colonist's attention. As we have those elaborate volumes now before us, we shall refer to them for our extracts, although Mr. Mudie's work shall guide us through their more popular topics.

The British possessions in Canada are too well known to be geographically described in this place. They are favoured by an inland water communication, conferred upon them by nature, which has no rival in the world, for extent and facility of use during the unfrozen period of the year. And even when they are covered with a dense surface of ice, they become almost equally useful, as they furnish ready made high roads of the least expensive and most convenient description. The current that flows from Lake Superior through the lake Huron, filling the Michigan on its way, and passes through the lakes Erie and Ontario, whence it proceeds in a noble stream through Lower Canada to the Atlantic, offers a body of water of about two thousand miles in its whole length, and with some small exceptions, which may be got rid of by artificial means, navigable every where for vessels of large burden. Mr. Bouchette's description of Lake Superior, will afford the reader some idea of that magnificent natural reservoir.

'Lake Superior, without the aid of any great effort of imagination, may be considered as the inexhaustible spring from whence, through unnumbered

ages, the St. Lawrence has continued to derive its ample stream. This immense lake, unequalled in magnitude by any collection of fresh water upon the globe, is situated between the parallels of 46° 25′ and 49° 1′ north latitude, and the meridians of 84° 34′ and 92° 14′ west longitude. Its length, measured on a curved line through the centre, is about three hundred and sixty geographical miles, its extreme breadth, one hundred and forty, and its circumference, in following the sinuosities of the coasts, about one thousand five hundred. Its surface is about six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the tide water of the Atlantic ; but the shores exhibit almost cosclusive indicia of its having been in former ages as much perhaps as forty or fifty feet higher than its present level. Various soundings have been taken, from eighty to one hundred and fifty fathoms; but its greatest depth probably exceeds two hundred fathoms, thus demonstrating the bottom of the lake to be nearly six hundred feet *below* the level of the ocean. The crystalline transparency of its waters is unrivalled, and such as to render rocks at an extraordinary depth, distinctly visible. The bottom of the lake chiefly consists of a very adhesive clay, which speedily indurates by atmospheric exposure, and contains small shells of the species at present existing in the lake.

'A sea almost of itself, this lake is subject to many vicissitudes of that element, for here the storm rages, and the billows break, with a violence scarcely surpassed by the tempests of the ocean, but it is not subject to the oceanic phenomena displayed by an unerring and periodical flux and reflux. Its expansive surface, however, yields to the influence of heavy winds; so that when these blow strong from one quarter, they produce a very perceptible rise of the lake in the opposite directions. The spring freshets are also known to have occasioned a rapid swelling of the waters, which has been especially conspicuous after a vigorous winter. That its waters were once salt is by no means unlikely, and the supposition stands in some degree supported by the nature of the fish that inhabit them, and the marine shells that are found along the beaches or imbedded in the shores.'—pp.127, 128.

This noble lake is connected with the Huron by a strait of about forty miles long; midway between the two lakes occur the Falls of St. Mary, which, together with the great impetuosity of the rush of a tremendous mass of water through a confined channel, rendered it necessary to have recourse to a portage of about two miles long, for the purpose of connecting the navigable parts of the strait. Lake Huron is smaller in its dimensions than Lake Superior. Lake Erie is another magnificent sheet of water, being about two hundred and sixty-five miles long, sixty-three miles wide at its centre, and six hundred and fifty-eight miles in circumference. It is, perhaps, in one sense, an inconvenience, that the boundary line between the possessions of Great Britain and those of the United States, should run, or be claimed to run, nearly mid-way through these lakes, and down through the whole channel of the St. Lawrence. This inconvenience will, however, be but of a temporary nature; as the Canadas are so manifestly destined to carry on no other than an amicable intercourse with the grand federation in their neighbourhood. Whatever havoc the frenzied advocates of war may perpetrate in the old world, we trust that, in the course of a few years at least, the word

will be altogether blotted out from the vocabulary of the English language in America. What a pity would it not be, for instance, if ever hostilities should prevent either country from carrying on its commerce upon such a beautiful expanse of water as that of Lake Erie, as well as the various canals and rivers with which it communicates.

'The invaluable advantages enjoyed by Lake Erie from its geographical position and relative connexion with surrounding navigable waters, and the scene of commercial animation it exhibits, are so correctly described in a journal published at Buffalo, that we cannot do better than give the following extract from it:—"It is peculiarly gratifying to notice the annual increase of business upon the waters of Lake Erie. The lake navigation commenced this spring (1830) much earlier than usual, and it has already assumed a degree of importance and activity unequalled by that of any former period. Besides the numerous schooners that constantly crowd our wharfs, waiting their several turns to load and unload, seven fine steam-boats have full and profitable employment; one of these boats now leaves our harbour every morning, crowded with freight and passengers destined to the fertile regions of the west. It is impossible to reflect on the almost incredible increase of business upon Lake Erie for the last five or six years, without indulging in what, to some, may appear extravagant anticipations of the future.

'"The map of the entire globe does not present another sheet of water more strikingly peculiar than that of Lake Erie. It literally commands the navigable waters of North America. From the south a steam-boat has already ascended the Allegany to Warren; and a trifling improvement of the Chatauque outlet will enable steam-boats from New Orleans to approach within three miles of Portland harbour. From the north the vessels of Lake Ontario have already visited Lake Erie, through the Welland Canal and river. The same spirit of enterprise that produced the Welland Canal, it is believed will soon be enabled to overcome the natural impediments to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and open an easy and uninterrupted communication from Lake Erie, through Lake Ontario, to Montreal and Quebec. The ease with which a canal of sufficient capacity to pass steam-boats can be opened between Lake Michigan and the navigable waters of the Mississipi is well known. This enterprise has been long agitated, and will, it is believed, soon be accomplished. But this will not be the only channel of intercourse between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico. From the southern shores of Lake Erie, the Ohio, and Pennsylvania, canals will open a communication through the Ohio river to the Mississipi.

'"Lake Erie, therefore, may be regarded as a great central reservoir, from which open in all directions the most extensive channels of inland navigation to be found in the world; enabling vessels of the lake to traverse the whole interior of the country, to visit the Atlantic at the north or in the south, and collect products, the luxuries and wealth of every clime and country."' —vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

The communication between the lakes Erie and Ontario is formed by the Niagara, and from thence the current pursues its way under the name of the St. Lawrence, in a broad bed to the ocean. Every body knows that the Niagara is not navigable, on account of its cataracts, in consequence of which the Welland

canal has been excavated, at the expense of about two hundred and seventy thousand pounds, a very moderate sum, considering the great objects which are gained by the creation of an uninterrupted navigable canal between the Erie and the Ontario. On our side we have, indeed, a rival to it in utility, at about treble or quadruple the expense, in the famous Rideau canal, which affords a safe navigation in time of war from the Ontario to Montreal. The division of the St. Lawrence between the two countries would, in such an event, render the navigation dangerous to both, and hence the Americans have also their canal of precaution, for a similar purpose, called the Grand Erie Canal, which is, like our own, a work of stupendous magnitude, and incalculable utility.

Upper Canada and Lower Canada would appear to have been so called with reference to the current which flows from Lake Superior to the ocean, the former being situated in the neighbourhood of the upper parts of that current, the latter comprising its lower portions. The actual division between the two Canadas, however, has been made with a view to include, as nearly as possible, all the old French settlements and tenures in Lower Canada, and to present to British settlers in Upper Canada, a tract of territory where they might obtain grants of land on tenures more conformable to their own usages, and, if we may say so, have no difficulty in completely Anglicising the country. We cannot but think that there was a want of political foresight, in thus perpetuating divisions between the old French and the new English settlers. Until these lines of demarcation are done away, and the tenures and civil laws are more assimilated in both the Canadas, we fear that we may look in vain for that legislative harmony between them, which, upon every account, would be so desirable.

With respect to the climate of the Canadas, Mr. Bouchette makes the following observations:—

'America possesses a climate peculiar to itself. The temperature of its atmosphere under the different degrees of latitude from the equator towards the poles, is not to be deduced from the atmospheric temperature of places situated under the analogous circles of latitude on the ancient continent; and it would therfore be very fallacious to judge of the climate of Quebec, or that of York, the capitals of Lower and Upper Canada by those of Poictiers and Florence, although the latter places are situated in the same average latitude as the former. But what are the immediate or remote causes of the peculiarities of the American climate has not yet, we believe, been very satisfactorily demonstrated, though the subject has led to much philosophical speculation, and formed the groundwork of certain meteorological theories

'Hence it is supposed, that the poles of the globe and the isothermal poles are by no means coincident, and that on the contrary, there exist two different points within a few degrees of the poles where the cold is greatest in both hemispheres. These points are believed by Dr. Brewster, to be situated about the 80th parallel of latitude, and in the meridian of 95° east, 100° west longitude. The meridians of these isothermal poles he con-

siders as lying nearly at right angles to the parallels of what might be called the meteorological latitude, which, according to his theory, appear to have an obliquity of direction as regards the equator, something like the zodiac. Thus the cold circle of latitude that passes through Siberia, would be the same that traverses the frigid atmosphere of Canada. This theory, which appears to us extremely rational, and strongly supported by facts, would go some length towards explaining the causes of the gradual decrease of the severity of cold in the south of Europe, and leaves us to the conclusion, that eventually the cold meridian of Canada may work its way westward, and leave that part of America to the enjoyment of the same temperature as those European countries situated in corresponding latitudes.

'That the temperature of the air is modified by agricultural operations cannot be denied, but that these operations should of themselves be capable of producing the changes that are known to have taken place in the course of ages in Europe,—where formerly the Tyber used to be often frozen, and snow was by no means uncommon at Rome; where the Euxine sea, the Rhone, and the Rhine, were almost every year covered with ice of sufficient thickness to bear considerable burthens,—it is scarcely possible rationally to admit; and indeed the meteorological observations, as far as they go in Canada, serve rather to disprove than to establish the fact.

'The rigour of the cold in North America has also been ascribed to the vast extent of the continent towards the arctic pole, to the superior elevation of the land, to the immense height and continuity of its mountains, the vastness of its forests, &c.; but we believe, that although these causes, admitting the facts to be all true, might tend to augment the frigor of the atmosphere, they seem insufficient of themselves to produce the wide discrepancy that marks the temperature of corresponding latitudes in Europe and in America.'—vol. i. pp. 334, 335.

Although, calculating by the latitude, the Canadas ought to have the temperate climate of central Europe, it is very certain, though the cause has not been yet explained, that their winters are very cold, and their summers very hot. The old inhabitants, and they are the best practical philosophers on such a subject, say that the climate has become perceptibly milder within their recollection. It may not be wrong to infer that, in proportion as the forests are removed, and the earth exposed more extensively to the influence of the sun, as well as more fully permitted to exercise its own temporary power upon the atmosphere, the climate will be still more mitigated.

Mr. Mudie's sketch of the general aspect of the country may be taken as a very correct one. To his little volume we may also refer for a good account of its natural productions, its minerals, vegetables, and animals. The first town in point of rank and commercial importance in Canada is Quebec, the second Montreal, but, as sometimes happens, the second is in many respects a preferable place of residence for those who can afford to live there. It is situated on an island in the St. Lawrence, contains, including suburbs, nearly forty thousand inhabitants, is in many parts very handsomely built, and surrounded by a picturesque country. In

point of society, Montreal is said to enjoy much of the ease and frugal elegance of a French provincial town. Quebec is also a beautiful city. Its situation is superb. It was undoubtedly a great oversight in those statesmen who had the regulation of our North American territory after the conquest of Canada, that they did not take measures for bringing about an amalgamation between the British settlers and the Canadians. Mr. Bouchette has borrowed, from the work of a native Canadian, a lively account of the habits, usages, and character of the Canadian peasantry. If this account be a correct one, and Mr. Bouchette states that it is most accurate in all its parts, we must think that few difficulties would have been incurred in attempting to *fuse* them in time, at least with emigrants from Ireland.

'"Of the various circumstances connected with the habits and manners of a people, the most important are, *first*, the degree of difficulty experienced by them in obtaining the means of subsistence; *secondly*, the proportions in which these means of subsistence are spread over the whole mass of the population; and *thirdly*, the quantum of the means of comfort which the people at large deem requisite to their happiness. Where the obtaining of subsistence is not a matter of overwhelming or exceeding difficulty, where the wealth of the country is spread in nearly even portions over the whole of the inhabitants, and where the standard of enjoyment is a high one, happiness must of necessity be the lot of that people. Such is the situation of my countrymen; and from the experience which my travels in various parts of the globe have given me, I well know that their comfort and happiness, excepting, perhaps in the United States of America, can find no equal; and that the unfortunate peasant of Europe, apparently degraded in mind and worn out in body, exhibits a picture of wretchedness, which to the poorest *habitant* on the banks of the St. Lawrence would appear almost utterly inconceivable, and upon which his imagination could not dwell without surprise and disgust.

'"The people with hardly an exception are proprietors of land, and live by the produce of their own labour from their own property. By the law of the country, the property is equally divided among all the children; and from the small quantity of capital yet accumulated in individual hands, the division of land has become somewhat minute. Among the people of the United States there exists a roving disposition, that leads them in multitudes to make new settlements in the wild lands, and thus rapidly to spread civilization over the immense unreclaimed territories which they possess. This feeling exists not in Canada; the inhabitants generally are far from adventurous; they cling with pertinacity to the spot which gave them birth, and cultivate with contentedness the little piece of land which in the division of the family property has fallen to their share. One great reason for this sedentary disposition is, their peculiar situation as regards religion. In Canada, as in all Catholic countries, many of the people's enjoyments are connected with their religious ceremonies; the Sunday is to them their day of gaiety; there is then an assemblage of friends and relations, the parish church collects together all whom they know, with whom they have relations of business or pleasure; the young and old, men and women, clad in their best garments, riding their best horses, driving in their gayest *calèches*,

meet there for burposes of business, love, and pleasure. The young *habitant*, decked out in his most splendid finery, makes his court to the maiden whom he has singled out as the object of his affections; the maiden, exhibiting in her adornment every colour of the rainbow, there hopes to meet *son chevalier*; the bold rider descants upon, and gives evidence of, the merits of his unrivalled pacer; and in winter the powers of the various horses are tried in sleigh or carrole racing; in short, Sunday is one grand fête—it forms the most pleasurable part of the *habitant's* life; rob them of their Sunday, you rob them of what, in their eyes, renders life most worthy of possession. Moreover, the people are a pious people, and set an extraordinary value upon the *rites* of their religion. Take them where they may be unable to participate in these observances, and you render them fearful and unhappy. The consequence of all these circumstances is, that the Canadian will never go out singly to settle in a wild territory, neither will he go where his own religious brethren are not.'—vol. i. pp. 403—405.

Towards the end of winter, the Canadian farmer is occupied in the manufacture of sugar. His other operations are much the same as they would be if he had been in England, with the exception of some peculiarities in the cultivation of Indian corn, and in the fact, that every thing he grows is for his own use. He sows flax to make his household linen, his corn and cattle his family consume, he makes at home his soap and candles, his wife makes his shoes, or mocasins, and the greater portion of his clothing. Although, by reason of the climate, he can only work a portion of the year, yet the Canadian finds no difficulty in securing abundant means of existence. To the same lively writer, Mr. Bouchette, we are indebted for the following further remarks:—

'"The comforts of the people, if compared with any other nation, are wonderfully great: their food, from their French habits, consists not of animal food to the same extent as that of the richer English, but is, nevertheless, nourishing and abundant. No griping penury here stints the meal of the labourer; no wan and haggard countenances bear testimony to the want and wretchedness of the people. I may say, I believe without exaggeration, that throughout the whole Canadian population, no instance can be found of a family unprovided with the complete and comfortable means of subsistence; the food, indeed, is oftentimes coarse, but always wholesome. From the length of the winter, it is found necessary to kill in the autumn such stock as is intended for the winter's food: a great portion is immediately salted; some part is frozen; and thus, though during the early part of the winter, and the latter part of the summer, the population live on fresh food, still for a great portion of the year their chief animal food is salted. With a little care, however, this might in a great measure be obviated.

'"While the Canadians are thus universally well supplied with food, they are equally fortunate as to their clothing and their habitations. Till lately, the chief clothing of the population was wholly of their own manufacture, but the cheapness of English goods has in some degree induced a partial use thereof. Canadian cloth is however still almost universally used; and the grey *capot* of the *habitant* is the characteristic costume of the country. This *capot* is a large coat, reaching to the knee, and is bound

round the waist by a sash, which sash is usually the gayest part of the Canadian's dress, exhibiting usually every possible bright colour within the power of the dyer. This, with a straw hat in summer, a *bonnet rouge*, or a fur cap in winter, and a pair of mocasins made out of sole leather, complete the dress of the peasant. The women are clothed nearly after the fashion of a French peasant: a cap in place of a bonnet, with a dark cloth or stuff petticoat, a jacket, (*mantelet*,) sometimes of a different colour, and mocasins the same as those of the men, form their every-day dress. On the Sunday they are gaily attired, chiefly after the English fashion, with only this difference—where the English wears one, the Canadian girl wears half-a-dozen colours. Here, as in the case of their food, no penury is manifest: an exceeding neatness in their persons, and cleanliness, that first requisite to comfort, mark the people to be above the influence of want, and to be in that state of ease which permits them to pay due attention to decency of external appearance.'—vol. i. pp. 406, 407.

The habitations of the Canadians are generally constructed of wood, but the wealthy farmers have substantial houses of stone, which are both large and commodious, though low, which in summer makes them uncomfortably warm. In winter they are heated by the aid of stoves, to a degree which a European could not endure, and yet the Canadian feels no difficulty in passing from this high temperature, often above ninety degrees of Fahrenheit, into the open air, which is often thirty degrees below zero. The Canadian dwellings are generally like those of the French in Normandy, with the exception that the floor is of wood, as well as the other parts of the edifice, which on the outside are universally whitewashed. They are usually surrounded by a small garden, which, though productive of fruits and vegetables, seldom adds to the beauty of the scene, as it wants that picturesque neatness of which the English only are such perfect masters. These gardens, like many of those in France, are for the most part cultivated by the women, who may be seen digging in them under the burning influence of the sun. We continue to extract from the little work of the native Canadian.

'"Although neatness, at least English neatness, is not to be found in the habitations of the Canadian peasantry, perfect cleanliness is every where apparent, and, added to this comfortable quality, an unstinted sufficiency of the various articles of furniture required for a comfortable *ménage*. Beds in abundance; linen, and all the requisite culinary utensils, all that are really wanted, are there. Again—here, as in the circumstance of food, a high degree of comfort and enjoyment exists; and though the means may to a delicate European appear somewhat rude, the grand end of happiness is completely obtained.

'"Few of the amusements of the people are peculiarly characteristic, except those of the winter. I have already said that the winter is chiefly spent in pleasure, and that the greater part of the population at that period cease from serious labour. The chief pleasures of the inhabitants consist at this time of *carioling* and visiting each other. As the people live for the most part each on his own farm, the distance between neigh-

bours becomes oftentimes too great for a pedestrian to go over with comfort; the snow lying on the ground for at least five months in the year, would also render walking unpleasant; a cariole, or light sleigh is therefore universally used. Church-going, visiting, purchasing, in short, every journey, whether of pleasure or business, is performed in the cariole. Every farmer possesses one, sometimes two or three; and the farm horses, being exceedingly active and light, draw his winter carriage. The whole of this is evidence of great plenty and comfort,—the horses must be fed for many months at no small cost, and might, if their masters desired, be profitably employed. The cessation from labour also during the greater part of the period, is another proof of the easy circumstances of the people: not only is there a cessation from labour, but a constant round of parties, and dancing, of which the whole people are passionately fond. At these parties abundance of good things is always manifest. The people assemble not merely to see one another, but with a serious intention of enjoying themselves; and to this enjoyment they wisely deem eating to be an absolutely necessary adjunct. Healthy and robust as they are, it may easily be presumed that the *quantity* of the viands is an essential particular. Their eating, like their dancing, is no mock proceeding; they dance with spirit, and they eat with vigour. Again, this is evidence of plenty.'—vol i. pp. 408, 409.

Their weddings are not only festivals, but a succession of festivals, the whole bridal *cortege* sometimes going about from house to house for a fortnight together, renewing at each house their hearty banquets, and their equally jovial dancing. Thus passes the winter: the summer is a period of almost unremitted labour; the Canadians have few out-door sports; their principal amusement is fishing, the methods of practising which are peculiar.

'"In the spring the fish usually run up into the thousand small creeks (in England they would be called rivers,) which fall into the St. Lawrence; these being oftentimes shallow, permit a man to wade across and along them: one carries a bundle of dry pine or cedar bark splinters, lighted, and used as a torch; another follows with a barbed spear, having a handle eight or ten feet long, and by the aid of the torch-light he is enabled to see the fish as they lie along the bottom of the stream; which fish he cautiously approaches and transfixes with his spear; when the water is too deep for him to wade, a canoe is procured; a light iron grate is placed in the bow, and filled with dry pitchy pine splinters, which blaze vehemently, and cast a bright and ruddy glow through the water to many yards distance. The fish, as before, are by this means discovered lying at the bottom of the stream, and are caught in the same manner. Great dexterity is often evinced in the management of the spear; and I have often seen fish of four or five feet in length caught in this manner. In the calm evenings of summer, as the night comes gradually on, canoe after canoe, with its bright and waving light, may be seen putting silently from shore, and gliding rapidly and noiselessly along the still and glossy river; with one touch of the paddle the canoe is impelled to the spot pointed out by the gestures of the spearsman, who, waiting till the fish be within his range, darts his weapon with admirable precision upon the devoted prey, lifts it as quietly as possible into the canoe, and proceeds onwards in search

of further sport. The water of the St. Lawrence, clear beyond that of almost all the rivers I have seen, is admirably fitted for this purpose; and will allow a dexterous sportsman to seize his prey if it be tolerably large, even when the water is ten or twelve feet in depth. There are few scenes in Canada more peculiar and striking than this night fishing. Often have I stood upon the banks of the broad and beautiful St. Lawrence, and contemplated with rapture the almost fairy picture it afforded. The still and mighty expanse of water, spread out in glassy calmness before me, with its edges fringed by a dark mass of huge forests sweeping to the very brink of the river; and the deep *purple* shade of night closing over all, have together conjured up a scene that has held me for hours in contemplation. The song of the *voyageur* floating over the smooth and silent water, and mellowed by distance, has, in my imagination, equalled the long-lost strains of the Venetian gondolier; the glancing multitude of waving lights, belying the homely purpose to which they were applied, have seemed a nocturnal festival; and by the aid of a little romance in my own feelings, have not seldom cheated me into half-poetical musings. The 'garish eye of day,' luckily invariably dispelled the hallucination, by robbing the scene of its enchanting but temporary beauty. I would however recommend the traveller in those distant regions, to view the scene in a calm night of June; and I doubt not but that in a short time he will discover himself more romantic than he deemed;' "—vol. i. pp. 410, 411.

Mr. Bouchette bears testimony that, however highly coloured this burst of romance may appear, it is not the colouring of fiction, but plain matter of fact. The beautiful picture it exhibits of the scenery of the St. Lawrence is equally applicable, he adds, to that of the Ottawa, and other parts of the province. He states on the authority of the Canadian writer, that in consequence of the equal division of property which the French law has rendered necessary, the whole mass of the population have almost an equal share in the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, and of the contentment which that possession usually produces. It must be pleasing to every well constituted mind to learn further, from a writer so well acquainted with the subject of which he treats, that the Canadians are free from many of the vices which prevail among the peasantry of other countries. Theft is so little known amongst them, that their property is exposed in the most careless manner, and the doors of their houses are never fastened. In their dealings with each other their honesty is never questioned.

'"In the kindlier affections they, like all happy people, are eminently conspicuous; though from being less rich, they are, perhaps, less remarkable in this particular than the people of the United States. Except in those portions overrun by the Irish and Scotch settlers, the traveller never meets with a refusal to give him assistance, and in all parts the distress of a neighbour is promptly, and, I may say, generously relieved. No party feelings, no feelings of religion, no religious or political watch-words or signs, here break in upon the gentle tendencies of the people. The same intolerance of opposite sects is not to be found here as in Europe; I have myself known the most perfect cordiality to exist between the priest of the

parish and his jewish neighbour; and have heard a sentimental deist openly avow his unbelief before the same clergyman, discuss the propriety of his opinion, and be on the most perfect terms of intimacy and good feeling. This tolerance has hitherto led to no evil results, the people being one of the most pious and decorous to be found on the face of the globe; their piety, at the same time, being free from austerity and bigotry, and their decorum from hypocrisy.

'"A bold spirit of independence, moreover, reigns throughout the conduct of the whole population; happily they are yet undebased by the dominion of a rich oligarchy; they live not in fear of any man's power or influence; upon themselves only—on their own industry, do they depend for subsistence; and thus they have not hitherto learned to make distinctions between the welfare of the poor and the rich; to bow down with abject servility before the powerful, and in their turn to exact a wretched prostration from those still weaker than themselves.. Courteous in their manners, polite in their address, they offend not by rude and rough familiarity, or indifference to the comfort of others, neither do they forget their own dignity, even though they be poor; they cringe not, they fawn not, nor are they like slaves, cruel and oppressive; they preserve an even simplicity and honest straight-forwardness of manner, alike free from servility on the one hand and bluntness on the other. In this circumstance again they differ widely from the people of the United States. The Americans, from a desire to mark their independence, their freedom from all the pernicious restraints of European despotisms, too often forget the common courtesies of life. To insult a man they sometimes consider an effective method of informing him that they are free from his control; just as by cheating him they believe that they save themselves from being overreached. The Canadian, on the contrary, while acting with independence, is polite; while guarding himself from becoming a dupe, is honest.'"—vol. i. pp. 412, 413.

We need make no apology for continuing the quotation.

'"It may be said, and perhaps with truth, that the Canadian population are, for the most part, superstitious; but this is a failing common to all uneducated persons; and we can hardly consider it a vice, unless it lead to cruel conduct towards one another. We, however, have no ducking of poor old women, no desire to burn witches, &c.; superstition with us merely multiplies the prayers of the fearful peasant, and occasions a somewhat lavish use of holy water and candles. It may in England be asked how, in a Catholic country, wherein a perfect freedom is allowed to the Catholic priesthood to inculcate every doctrine which they are able, a complete subjection of the people has not taken place, and a grovelling superstition and furious bigotry introduced? The answer is easy: the Catholic religion is not a state religion; its priests are armed with no temporal power; they use only the influence of the understanding; are merely the advisers, not the rulers of their flocks. The existence of many religions, moreover, all equally under the protection of the law; the multiplication of doctrines consequent on this state of things, and the mutual watchfulness over each other's conduct, also resulting from it; all introduce a general toleration and mildness among the various priesthoods of the various religions. The Catholic religion is, in Canada, no

more the instrument of the people's degradation, than is the quaker religion in Pennsylvania: but change the situation of each, erect them into state religions, and both would be equally noxious. In the present situation of the nation, however, the Catholic priesthood of Canada exhibit a spectacle that others would do well to imitate; they are laborious in their duties, frugal in their living, decorous in their manners; possessed of much intelligence, and some learning, they are gentle, modest, and benevolent.

'"Crimes of the more atrocious description are almost unknown among us; murder, arson, as well as attacks generally on the person, are seldom heard of. The people are for the most part of a mild disposition; a broil or fight at their meetings of pleasure seldom occurs; and the more fierce and deadly passions of our nature are never roused by the pressure of famine. The habit of settling differences by personal collision does not exist among them, the law affords the only remedy, which they willingly adopt; and they consequently seem, and are, in fact, litigious. The petty mischiefs arising from this spirit, however, are more than compensated by the absence of all those dreadful scenes which are exhibited in countries where the law is a luxury only for the rich; and where the poor man, if he wishes redress for an injury or insult, must seek it by an attack upon the person of the offender. In France, since the revolution, the practice of duelling seems to have spread through the whole population. The military spirit generated by the wars attendant on that mighty regeneration, however, was never breathed into the French Canadians; and the English practice of *boxing* has not, hitherto, become a favourite diversion. The comparative cheapness of law, moreover, gives an immediate outlet to the angry passions: the slow and deadly revenge of the Indian was therefore never adopted; and thus, in spite of being derived from the French, governed by the English, and living with the Indians, the people are free from the private pugnacity of all of them: this, added to the absence of want, accounts for the almost perfect absence of all the more dreadful crimes known in other lands."'—vol. i. pp. 413—415.

The following remarks apply to the intellectual character of the Canadians generally:—

'"To those persons who know the English character, who understand the spirit of *fun* which reigns throughout the whole land, the sedateness and almost mock gravity of the American native must be a matter of surprise. The American has not a particle of *fun* in his whole composition; if he jokes, it is the saddest thing in nature; if he attempts to be witty, it is by the aid of Joe Miller; he labours in a vocation to which he is unaccustomed, and for which he is by no means fitted. There is something of this sort of discrepancy between the character of the French and the Canadians. A more good-humoured people than the latter can hardly be found; but the sparkling vivacity, the vehemence of temper, the tiger-like passion and brilliant fiery wit of a Frenchman, are not to be found among them. They are sedate, nay, almost grave; have their temper under control; and still without the gay vivacity of the French, are free also from the fierceness of their passions. They are by this means a happier people, though, perhaps, less attractive. Though shrewd, perhaps I might say cunning, they exhibit not the same quickness of intellect which the French peasant is possessed of; they seize not with rapidity a new idea; have

little *tact* in the management of men to their purposes: not perceiving the means of winning their way by the aid of other men's weaknesses, and moulding to their will the peculiar character and temper of each. Few nations possess this sort of power in the same extent as the Irish, and in this point the Irish and French assimilate; but the Canadian is as incapable in this particular as an Englishman or a Scotchman. It would be a curious point of investigation to search after the circumstances which, in the cases both of English and French colonists, have led to these differences of character." '—vol. i. pp. 415, 416.

Such a race as these Canadians may indeed be justly called "their country's pride." If it were possible that many of our British settlers could be disposed of in their neighbourhood and amongst them, the benefits of the alliance would be mutual.

Amongst other points, the emigrant should not overlook the material one, that in all human probability the Canadas will be able, in the course of a few years, to erect a government which shall be altogether independent of England. If this great change, to which we look forward with just as much certainty as parents generally do to the separate establishment of their children when they arrive at suitable ages, should take place in a spirit of friendship and wisdom on both sides, it may be rendered equally advantageous to the Canadas and to Great Britain. We hope the former will not be driven, by any intemperate faction, to seek the recognition of their independence, before they shall be in a situation to maintain it against either the intrigues or the aggressions, if any should be attempted, of the neighbouring states. We look upon the idea of a general confederation of the whole of the North American continent as a vision, which not only the passions, but the properly considered interests of the parties must ever prevent from being realized. But when the day comes for the seasonable claim of the Canadas to govern themselves, we also hope that no silly resistance will be offered to it in this country. The commerce of the Canadas with England must increase from year to year, whether the former remain dependent upon us or not, unless something be done to embitter the minds of the people against us, and compel them to seek for friends elsewhere. Mr. Bouchette's remarks, however, on this important subject, may be taken as entitled to great weight.

'But the supposition we have indulged may by some, and we apprehend with justice, be considered very speculative; we have entertained it, nevertheless, with a view of pointing out a few of the advantages that would be thrown into the opposite scale, were the colonies ever to pass by conquest, from their present allegiance to another. Nature, however, seems, in some respects, to have designed things otherwise; and casting a glance into futurity, when, at some after period, the colonies shall have grown into opulence and power, we dwell far more upon that section of the empire as forming one collective and independent nation, than as sinking into the American confederacy, as an integral part of their own,

even now, overgrown union. The St. Lawrence presents to our mind the trunk of a tree that has no necessary affinity with the United States, and seems destined to bear different fruit. It is the prop of a new nation, the avenue to an independent empire, the great highway of a rival, not a dependency; and therefore, in our contemplation, when that day arrives which is to witness the British colonial trans-Atlantic dominions swerve from the ægis of Britain's protection, it will be to erect themselves into a free, independent, and sovereign state, united with the country that fostered them in their infancy, by ties and treaties of permanent friendship and alliance, calculated to perpetuate reciprocal commercial benefits, and consolidate their mutual power.

'At what distance of time such an event may be consummated it is more difficult to foretel than some imagine, who calculate the duration of our present colonies upon the data afforded by England's first plantation in America; there is between them no parity. The rule of government in the earlier history of British colonization is widely different from the modern system of enlightened and liberal colonial policy. Colonies are no longer treated like step-children—nay, the connexion between the metropolitan and the colonial part of the empire, is considered as more analagous to the relation between bridegroom and bride. The colonies are more the consorts than the daughters of Great Britain, and are, as such, more immediately participant in the honours, privileges, and prerogatives of their lord. It is therefore fallacious to say, that because one set of colonies, at a time when the policy by which they were ruled was illiberal and injurious, threw off their allegiance as soon as their energies began to ripen, another set, governed by principles widely dissimilar, should follow the example. The best interests of men are generally the most powerful incentives to action, and we think it would be a task of little difficulty to show, that the colonies would be consulting their own solid interests by clinging, for years yet, to the parent tree on which they are ingrafted.

'What essential privileges would the colonies command beyond those they now enjoy, if they were either independent, or a section of the United States of America? How would it affect their civil rights? They freely elect their representatives, have thus a voice in legislation; are taxed by their own consent, and have a direct control over all public monies; would they have more in this respect? In the exercise of religion they are perfectly free; all sects and denominations are, not only tolerated, but protected. In their justiciary they sit as judges and juries, and their lives and their property are thus in their own hands. Their laws are defined and their burthens are extremely light,—indeed, direct taxation is almost unknown, and, in fact, unnecessary in the colonies. The onus of their defence falls upon the mother country, and although she commands for this boon the control of her colonial commerce, that control is not injurious, since by throwing open the home markets to their produce, the best opportunities and means are probably thereby given to the colonists, for its sale. They also enjoy several privileges in the British markets which they might not have in foreign ones, and it is therefore problematic, whether the trade and commerce of those colonies would be very materially improved by a more extended sphere of trade, under other circumstances.

'These are the leading features of the subject as they suggest themselves to us; we are aware that there are municipal offices which, in the United States, are elective—in the colonies, donative; that is, in the gift of the crown; but generally speaking, the patronage of the crown is exercised with wisdom, and consistently with the interests of the governed: and in truth should such, from mistaken causes, not be the case, the inhabitants have the right of representation by constitutional means. In fact, the British colonist is in full possession of rights, privileges, and immunities, commensurate with those of subjects in the united kingdom, without being nevertheless burthened with one hundredth part of the weight of taxation. How far such a happy state of things may be desirable to perpetuate, cannot be doubted; and however there should exist those who entertain visionary notions of the political greatness of independence, there are others who look to solid blessings, and the latter will be sure to find them in the BRITISH COLONIES IN NORTH AMERICA.'—vol. ii. pp. 245—247.

The topographical dictionary and maps by which these volumes are accompanied, are extremely valuable. Indeed, taking the whole work together, it may be justly described as one of the best statistical publications which we possess concerning any country whatever. Mr. Bouchette has resided in the Canadas during a great portion of his life, and has been employed for many years in an office that gave him the means of obtaining the most authentic information on every topic. His volumes will give the public, at this side of the Atlantic, a much higher idea of the capabilities and growing greatness of the Canadas than has hitherto been entertained in this country. It is only to be regretted, that a production of such real utility should be rendered inaccessible to the great mass of readers by its high price—a price, however, which intrinsically it is well worth.

ART. V.—*The Alhambra.* By Geoffrey Crayon, Author of "The Sketch Book," &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

THESE volumes will be read by many persons, simply because they have prefixed to them the popular, and, we may add, deservedly popular name of Geoffrey Crayon. But they will be very soon forgotten by every body who reads them, those only excepted who may feel an uncharitable pleasure in comparing the minor and perishable productions of a man of genius, with the early efforts of his mind, upon which his reputation has fixed its permanent character. Not one of his works has tended in the slightest manner to increase the fame which he derived from his original "Sketch Book." "Bracebridge Hall" is very well. It deserves to be placed almost upon an equality with the volumes which immediately preceded it. But Mr. Washington Irving has since gone gradually down the hill. His "Tales of a Traveller" were a complete failure, and although the 'Alhambra' is rather better, it is not the work

which we confess we expected, from the practised and elegant pen of the American Addison.

Nevertheless, though upon the whole a mediocre affair, there are here and there some sketches in these pages which remind us of the hand of the master. They are more playful, more trifling, less finished, and have fewer of the impressive touches of light and shadow, than the memorable pictures which first raised the name of Irving to celebrity. But there are some of them so pleasing, indicating such gentle dispositions, so pure a taste, so benevolent a mind, and withal so romantic a cast of sentiment, that if upon the whole the reader will be disappointed, it will be because he sees that the author evidently still possesses the same power to charm which he originally exhibited, though he has not thought fit to exercise it with the same industry. He has got into idle, lounging, dreaming habits, which render him rather too careless of his literary fame.

Every body knows that Mr. Washington Irving has been, a few years ago, in Spain, where he spent some time, certainly not unprofitably. That journey has already enabled him to write four volumes on Columbus, two on the conquest of Grenada, and these two, now before us, on the Alhambra. In how many more tomes his tour through the Peninsula is to be described, we have not the least idea. Neither have we the means of calculating the number of volumes which he may even now be meditating upon the literature, antiquities, mountains, manufactures, laws, and wines of that romantic land, for he seems to have the art of splitting into a thousand forms a collection of matter, which other travellers would be contented with cramming into one journal.

The whole of the second, and a portion of the first volume are taken up with legendary stories, which the author picked up in various ways, and has connected by hook or by crook, with the poetical name of the Alhambra. It was his object, he says, in compliance with the suggestion of his friend Wilkie, to produce something in the Haroun Alraschid style, having a dash of that Arabian spice which pervades every thing in Spain. How far he has executed that design, the reader must judge for himself. This we do know, that the following remarks on Spanish scenery, however unexpected by persons who have never been in that country, are perfectly accurate.

'Many are apt to picture Spain to their imagination as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the

heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

'In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts, cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sun-burnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length he perceives some village on a steep hill, or rugged crag with mouldering battlements and ruined watch tower; a strong hold, in olden times, against civil war or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

'But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people; and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

'There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and of La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert; or a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market town without his trabuco, and perhaps a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparation of a warlike enterprise.

'The dangers of the road produce also a mode of travelling resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the east. The arrieros, or carriers, congregate in convoys, and set off in large and well armed trains on appointed days; while additional travellers swell their numbers and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate traverser of the land, crossing the peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias to the Alpuxarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily: his alforjas, of coarse cloth, hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle, hanging at his saddle bow, contains wine or water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A mule-cloth, spread upon the ground, is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low

but clean-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation: "Dios guarde à usted!" "Va usted con Dios, Caballero!" "God guard you!" "God be with you, Cavalier!"

'As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon the burthen of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched out for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandolero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault.

'The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant wayfaring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflections. These he chaunts forth with a loud voice, and long, drawling cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time, with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chaunted, are often old traditional romances about the Moors, or some legend of a saint, or some love ditty; or, what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandolero, for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and it is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties, among the rude and lonely scenes that they illustrate; accompanied, as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

'It has a most picturesque effect also to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chaunting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the craggy defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky; sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle cloths, while, as they pass by, the ever-ready trabuco slung behind the packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.'—vol. i. pp. 4—11.

Our author, on his journey from Madrid to Granada, was accompanied by one of the Secretaries of the Russian Embassy, who, like himself, set forth with the least possible degree of pomp, determined to be pleased, and to take with equal mind the rough or the smooth, just as it came. Having hired a couple of steeds for themselves, and a third for a small supply of luggage, and for the conveyance of a little Biscayan lad, whom they dubbed their Sancho, they proceeded on their way, resolved to enjoy 'the rude mountain scramble, the roving, hap-hazard way-faring, the frank, hospitable,

though half-wild manners, that give such a true game flavour to romantic Spain,' where, he truly remarks, 'the most miserable inn is as full of adventure as an enchanted castle, and every meal is in itself an achievement.' Witness the first evening of their first journey.

'While we were supping with our Drawcansir friend, we heard the notes of a guitar, and the click of castanets, and presently a chorus of voices singing a popular air. In fact, mine host had gathered together the amateur singers and musicians, and the rustic belles of the neighbourhood, and, on going forth, the court-yard of the inn presented a scene of true Spanish festivity. We took our seats with mine host and hostess, and the commander of the patrol, under the archway of the court; the guitar passed from hand to hand, but a jovial shoemaker was the Orpheus of the place. He was a pleasant looking fellow, with huge black whiskers; his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows; he touched the guitar with masterly skill, and sang little amorous ditties with an expressive leer at the women, with whom he was evidently a favourite. He afterwards danced a fandango with a buxom Andalusian damsel, to the great delight of the spectators. But none of the females present could compare with mine host's pretty daughter, Pepita, who had slipped away, and made her toilette for the occasion, and had covered her head with roses; and who distinguished herself in a bolero with a handsome young dragoon. We had ordered our host to let wine and refreshment circulate freely among the company, yet, though there was a motley assembly of soldiers, muleteers, and villagers, no one exceeded the bounds of sober enjoyment. The scene was a study for a painter: the picturesque group of dancers, the troopers in their half-military dresses, the peasantry wrapped in their brown cloaks; nor must I omit to mention the old meagre alguazil, in a short black cloak, who took no notice of any thing going on, but sat in the corner, diligently writing, by the dim light of a huge copper lamp that might have figured in the days of Don Quixote.

'I am not writing a regular narrative, and do not pretend to give the varied events of several days' rambling over hill, and dale, and moor, and mountain. We travelled in true contrabandista style, taking every thing, rough and smooth, as we found it, and mingling with all classes and conditions, in a kind of vagabond companionship. It is the true way to travel in Spain. Knowing the scanty larders of the inns, and the naked tracts of country which the traveller has often to traverse, we had taken care on starting to have the alforjas or saddle bags of our squire well stocked with cold provisions, and his bota, or leathern bottle, which was of portly dimensions, filled to the neck with choice Valdepenas wine. As this was ammunition for our campaign, more important than even his trabuco, we exhorted him to have an eye to it; and I will do him the justice to say that his namesake, the trencher-loving Sancho himself, could not excel him as a provident purveyor. Though the alforjas and bota were repeatedly and vigorously assailed throughout the journey, they appeared to have a miraculous property of being never empty; for our vigilant squire took care to sack every thing that remained from our evening repasts at the inns, to supply our next day's luncheon.

'What luxurious noontide repasts have we made on the green sward, by

the side of a brook or fountain, under a shady tree! and then what delicious siestas on our cloaks spread out on the herbage!

'We paused, one day at noon, for a repast of the kind. It was in a pleasant little green meadow, surrounded by hills, covered with olive trees. Our cloaks were spread on the grass, under an elm tree, by the side of a bubbling rivulet; our horses were tethered where they might crop the herbage; and Sancho produced his alforjas with an air of triumph. They contained the contributions of four days' journeying, but had been signally enriched by the foraging of the previous evening, in a plenteous inn at Antequera. Our squire drew forth the heterogeneous contents one by one, and these seemed to have no end. First came forth a shoulder of roasted kid, very little the worse for wear; then an entire partridge; then a great morsel of salted codfish, wrapped in paper; then the residue of ham, then the half of a pullet, together with several rolls of bread, and a rabble rout of oranges, figs, raisins, and walnuts. His bota also had been recruited with some excellent wine of Malaga. At every fresh apparition from his larder he would enjoy our ludicrous surprise, throwing himself back on the grass, and shouting with laughter. Nothing pleased the simple-hearted varlet more than to be compared for his devotion to the trencher, to the renowned squire of Don Quixote. He was well versed in the history of the Don, and, like most of the common people of Spain, he firmly believed it to be a true history.

'"All that, however, happened a long time ago, Senor!" said he to me one day, with enquiring look.

'"A very long time," was the reply.

'"I dare say more than a thousand years?" still looking dubiously.

'"I dare say not less."

'The squire was satisfied.'—vol. i. pp. 18—23.

Arrived at Granada, the author, who too soon lost his diplomatic companion, established himself without delay in the interior of the Alhambra, which, all the world knows, is an ancient castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, connected with a fortress which stretches irregularly round the whole crest of a hill that overlooks the city. After the expulsion of the Moors, the palace was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs, but has been altogether abandoned since the early part of the last century. The fortress, at one time, included within its walls a little town, together with a church and a Franciscan convent; but the whole is now little better than a mass of ruins, though some parts of the Moorish palace still continue to be habitable. The author had the enthusiasm to prefer to the convenience of a hotel, a set of apartments which had been prepared in the Alhambra, by Italian artists, for Elizabeth of Parma, the consort of Philip V., and which were, at this period, in a state of terrible decay. It was his humour to occupy them, and he describes them with a minuteness which shews how delighted he felt, though a republican, to sleep in the apartments of a beautiful queen. The first night of his sojourn there, he was troubled with various alarms of ghosts and robbers:

the second, however, he had the courage to take a view of the Alhambra by moonlight.

'I have given a picture of my apartment on my first taking possession of it; a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the night, and now rolls in full splendour above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeam, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

'I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the chequered fortunes of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight, when every thing was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and such a place! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere: there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment; every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weatherstain, disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

'At such a time I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

'Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar and the notes of a single voice, rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window; a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain. Such were the scenes that have detained me for many an hour, loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate, and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.'—vol. i. pp. 127—130.

Mr. Crayon treats us to a highly amusing account of the inhabitants of the Alhambra, among whom he found as motley a set of tatterdemalion characters as could well be imagined. One or two ragged fellows who shew the place to strangers, call themselves sons of the Alhambra, their ancestors having held the same office from time immemorial. They are as poor as a sprat, always gad-

ding about, doing nothing, caring for nothing, living almost upon nothing, an art which the Spaniards know how to practice better than any other nation. Among these happy idlers the author makes jocose mention of a portly old fellow, with a bottle nose, clad in a rusty garb, with a cocked hat of oil-skin, and a red cockade, who by turns acts as sexton, deputy alguazil, and marker of a fives' court established at the foot of one of the towers. Yet he bore the splendid historical name of Alonzo de Aguilar! Another son of the Alhambra, by name Mateo Ximenes, acted as our author's squire on all occasions. 'His family has inhabited the fortress ever since the time of the conquest, handing down hereditary poverty from father to son; not one of them having been ever known to be worth a maravedi!' One of the amusements of the place is thus laughably described.

'I had repeatedly observed a long lean fellow perched on the top of one of the towers, manœuvering two or three fishing-rods, as though he was angling for the stars. I was for some time perplexed by the evolutions of this aërial fisherman, and my perplexity increased on observing others employed in like manner on different parts of the battlements and bastions; it was not until I consulted Mateo Ximenes, that I solved the mystery.

'It seems that the pure and airy situation of this fortress has rendered it, like the castle of Macbeth, a prolific hereditary place for swallows and martlets, who sport about its towers in myriads, with the holiday glee of urchins just let loose from school. To entrap these birds in their giddy circlings, with hooks baited with flies, is one of the favourite amusements of the ragged "sons of the Alhambra," who, with the good-for-nothing ingenuity of arrant idlers, have thus invented the art of angling in the sky!'—vol. i. p. 140.

There is a good deal of the sportive ease and pleasantry of the original Sketch Book in the chapter entitled 'The Balcony.'

'In the hall of the Ambassadors at the central window, there is a balcony of which I have already made mention: it projects like a cage from the face of the tower, high in mid-air above the tops of the trees that grow on the steep hill side. It serves me as a kind of observatory, where I often take my seat to consider not merely the heaven above but the earth beneath. Besides the magnificent prospect which it commands of mountain, valley, and vega, there is a busy little scene of human life open to inspection immediately below. At the foot of the hill is an alameda, or public walk, which, though not so fashionable as the more modern and splendid paseo of the Xenil, still boasts a varied and picturesque concourse. Thither resort the small gentry of the suburbs, together with priests and friars, who walk for appetite and digestion, majos and majas, the beaux and the belles of the lower classes, in their Andalusian dresses, swaggering contrabandistas, and sometimes half-muffled and mysterious loungers of the higher ranks, on some secret assignation.

'It is a moving and motley picture of Spanish life and character which I delight to study; and, as the naturalist has his microscope to aid him in his investigations, so I have a small pocket telescope which brings the countenances of the motley groups so close, as almost, at times, to make me

think I can divine their conversation by the play and expression of their features. I am thus, in a manner, an invisible observer, and, without quitting my solitude, can throw myself in an instant into the midst of society,—a rare advantage to one of somewhat shy and quiet habits, and who like myself is fond of observing the drama of life, without becoming an actor in the scene.

'There is a considerable suburb lying below the Alhambra, filling the narrow gorge of the valley, and extending up the opposite hill of the Albaycin. Many of the houses are built in the Moorish style, round patios, or courts, cooled by fountains, and open to the sky; and as the inhabitants pass much of their time in these courts and on the terrace roofs during the summer season, it follows that many a glance at their domestic life may be obtained by an aërial spectator like myself, who can look down at them from the clouds.

'I enjoy in some degree, the advantages of the student in the famous old Spanish story, who beheld all Madrid unroofed for his inspection; and my gossiping squire, Mateo Ximenes, officiates occasionally as my Asmodeus, to give me anecdotes of the different mansions and their inhabitants.

'I prefer, however, to form conjectural histories for myself, and thus can sit for hours weaving from casual incidents and indications that pass under my eye, the whole tissue of schemes, intrigues, and occupations of certain of the busy mortals below. There is scarce a pretty face or a striking figure that I daily see, about which I have not thus gradually framed a dramatic story, though some of my characters will occasionally act in direct opposition to the part assigned them, and disconcert my whole drama. A few days since, as I was reconnoitring with my glass the streets of the Albaycin, I beheld the procession of a Novice, about to take the veil; and remarked several circumstances that excited the strongest sympathy in the fate of the youthful being thus about to be consigned to a living tomb. I ascertained to my satisfaction that she was beautiful; and, by the paleness of her cheek, that she was a victim rather than a votary. She was arrayed in bridal garments, and decked with a chaplet of white flowers, but her heart evidently revolted at this mockery of a spiritual union, and yearned after its earthly loves. A tall stern looking man walked near her in the procession; it was evidently the tyrannical father, who from some bigoted or sordid motive had compelled this sacrifice. Amidst the crowd was a dark handsome youth, in Andalusian garb, who seemed to fix on her an eye of agony. It was doubtless the secret lover from whom she was for ever to be separated. My indignation rose as I noted the malignant expression painted on the countenances of the attendant monks and friars. The procession arrived at the chapel of the convent; the sun gleamed for the last time upon the chaplet of the poor novice as she crossed the fatal threshold, and disappeared within the building. The throng poured in with cowl, and cross, and minstrelsy; the lover paused for a moment at the door. I could divine the tumult of his feelings; but he mastered them, and entered. There was a long interval. I pictured to myself what was passing within; the poor novice despoiled of her transient finery, clothed in the conventual garb, her bridal chaplet taken from her brow, her beautiful head shorn of its long silken tresses—I heard her murmur the irrevocable vow. I saw her extending on her bier; the death-pall spread over her; the funeral service was performed; I heard the deep

tones of the organ, and the plaintive requiem chaunted by the nuns; the father looked on with a hard unfeeling countenance. The lover—but no, my indignation refused to paint the lover; there the picture remained a blank.

'After a time the throng again poured forth, and dispersed various ways, to enjoy the light of the sun and mingle with the stirring scene of life; the victim, however, remained behind. Almost the last that came forth were the father and the lover; they were in earnest conversation.—The latter was vehement in his gesticulations; I expected some violent termination to my drama; but an angle of a building interfered and closed the scene. My eye has since been frequently turned to that convent with painful interest. I remarked late at night a light burning in a remote window of one of its towers. "There," said I, "the unhappy nun sits weeping in her cell, while perhaps her lover paces the street below in unavailing anguish."

'The officious Mateo interrupted my meditations, and destroyed in an instant the cobweb tissue of my fancy. With his usual zeal, he had gathered facts concerning the scene that put my fictions all to flight. The heroine of my romance was neither young nor handsome; she had no lover—she had entered the convent of her own free will, as a respectable asylum, and was one of the most cheerful residents within its walls.

'It was some little while before I could forgive the wrong done me by the nun in being thus happy in her cell, in contradiction of all the rules of romance; I diverted my spleen, however, by watching for a day or two the pretty coquetries of a dark-eyed brunette, who, from the covert of a balcony shrouded with flowering shrubs and a silken awning, was carrying on a mysterious correspondence with a handsome, dark, well whiskered cavalier, who was frequently in the street beneath her window. Sometimes I saw him at an early hour, stealing forth wrapped to the eyes in a mantle. Sometimes he loitered at a corner, in various disguises, apparently waiting for a private signal to slip into the house. Then there was the tinkling of a guitar at night and a lantern shifted from place to place in the balcony. I imagined another intrigue like that of Almaviva, but was again disconcerted in all my suppositions, by being informed that the supposed lover was the husband of the lady, and a noted contrabandista, and that all his mysterious signs and movements had doubtless some smuggling scheme in view.'—vol. i. pp. 177—185.

We must add, what may be taken as a pretty general picture of a day at Granada.

'I occasionally amused myself with noting from my balcony the gradual change that came over the scenes below, according to the different stages of the day.

'Scarce has the grey dawn streaked the sky, and the earliest cock crowed from the cottage on the hill-side, when the suburbs give signs of reviving animation; for the fresh hours of dawning are precious in the summer season in a sultry climate. All are anxious to get the start of the sun, in the business of the day—the muleteer drives forth his loaded train for the journey; the traveller slings his carbine behind his saddle, and mounts his steed at the gate of the hostel; the brown peasant urges his loitering beasts laden with panniers of sunny fruit and fresh dewy veget-

ables, for already the thrifty housewives are hastening to the market. The sun is up and sparkles along the valley, tipping the transparent foliage of the groves. The matin bells resound melodiously through the pure bright air, announcing the hour of devotion. The muleteer halts his burthened animals before the chapel, thrusts his staff through his belt behind, and enters with hat in hand, smoothing his coal-black hair, to hear a mass, and put up a prayer for a prosperous wayfaring across the Sierra. And now steals forth on airy foot the gentle Senora, in trim basquina, with restless fan in hand, and dark eye flashing from beneath the gracefully folded mantilla. She seeks some well-frequented church to offer up her morning orisons; but the nicely-adjusted dress, the dainty glove, and cobweb stocking, the raven tresses exquisitely braided, the fresh plucked rose that gleams among them like a gem, show that earth divides with heaven the empire of her thoughts. Keep an eye upon her, careful mother, or virgin aunt, or vigilant duenna, whichever you be, that walk behind.

'As the morning advances, the din of labour augments on every side; the streets are thronged with man, and steed, and beast of burthen, and there is a hum and murmur like the surges of the ocean. As the sun ascends to his meridian, the hum and bustle gradually decline; at the height of noon there is a pause. The panting city sinks into lassitude, and for several hours there is a general repose. The windows are closed; the curtains are drawn; the inhabitants retired into the coolest recesses of their mansions; the full fed monk snores in his dormitory; the brawny porter lies stretched on the pavement beside his burthen; the peasant and the labourer sleep beneath the trees of the Alameda, lulled by the sultry chirping of the locust. The streets are deserted except by the water-carrier, who refreshes the ear by proclaiming the merits of his sparkling beverage, "colder than the mountain snow."

'As the sun declines there is again a gradual reviving, and when the vesper bell rings out his sinking knell, all nature seems to rejoice that the tyrant of the day has fallen. Now begins the bustle of enjoyment, when the citizens pour forth to breathe the evening air, and revel away the brief twilight in the walks and gardens of the Darro and the Xenil.

'As night closes, the capricious scene assumes new features. Light after light gradually twinkles forth; here a taper from a balconied window; there a votive lamp before the image of the saint. Thus by degrees the city emerges from the pervading gloom, and sparkles with scattered lights, like the starry firmament. Now break forth from court and garden, and street and lane, the tinkling of innumerable guitars, and the clicking of castanets; blending at this lofty height in a faint but general concert. Enjoy the moment, is the creed of the gay and amorous Andalusian, and at no time does he practise it more zealously than in the balmy nights of summer, wooing his mistress with the dance, the loveditty, and the passionate serenade.'—vol. i. pp. 185—189.

In most old countries where many battles have been fought, but especially in Spain, the lower orders of the people love to amuse themselves with stories of hidden treasure. One of these, 'The Mason,' the author tells in a manner that rather savours, it must be fairly acknowledged, of that "Haroun Alrasched style" which he

was so anxious to catch. We prefer, however, taking a ramble with him among the hills.

'Our party continued up the Barranco, with a bold rugged height to our left called the "Silla del Moro," or chair of the Moor, from the tradition already alluded to, that the unfortunate Boabdil fled thither during a popular insurrection, and remained all day seated on the rocky summit, looking mournfully down on his factious city.

'We at length arrived on the highest part of the promontory above Granada, called the Mountain of the Sun. The evening was approaching; the setting sun just gilded the loftiest heights. Here and there a solitary shepherd might be descried driving his flock down the declivities to be folded for the night; and a muleteer and his lagging animals, threading some mountain path, to arrive at the city gates before nightfall.

'Presently the deep tones of the cathedral bell came swelling up the defiles, proclaiming the hour of "oracion," or prayer. The note was responded to from the belfry of every church, and from the sweet bells of the convents among the mountains. The shepherd paused on the fold of the hill, the muleteer in the midst of the road, each took off his hat and remained motionless for a time, murmuring his evening prayer. There is always something pleasingly solemn in this custom, by which, at a melodious signal, every human being throughout the land unites at the same moment in a tribute of thanks to God for the mercies of the day. It spreads a transient sanctity over the land, and the sight of the sun sinking in all his glory, adds not a little to the solemnity of the scene.

'In the present instance the effect was heightened by the wild and lonely nature of the place. We were on the naked and broken summit of the haunted Mountain of the Sun, where ruined tanks and cisterns, and the mouldering foundations of extensive buildings, spoke of former populousness, but where all was now silent and desolate.

'As we were wandering among these traces of old times, Mateo pointed out to me a circular pit that seemed to penetrate deep into the bosom of the mountain. It was evidently a deep well, dug by the indefatigable Moors to obtain their favourite element in its greatest purity. Mateo, however, had a different story, and much more to his humour. This was, according to tradition, an entrance to the subterranean caverns of this mountain, in which Boabdil and his court lay bound in magic spells, and from whence they sallied forth at night, at allotted times, to revisit their ancient abodes.

'The deepening twilight, which, in this climate, is of such short duration, admonished us to leave this haunted ground. As we descended the mountain defiles there was no longer herdsman or muleteer to be seen, nor any thing to be heard but our own footsteps, and the lonely chirping of the cricket. The shadows of the valley grew deeper and deeper until all was dark around us. The lofty summit of the Sierra Nevada alone retained a lingering gleam of daylight; its snowy peaks glaring against the dark blue firmament, and seeming close to us from the extreme purity of the atmosphere.

'"How near the Sierra looks this evening!" said Mateo; "it seems as if you could touch it with your hand; and yet it is many long leagues off." While he was speaking, a star appeared over the snowy summit of

the mountain, the only one yet visible in the heavens, and so pure, so large, so bright and beautiful, as to call forth ejaculations of delight from honest Mateo.

'"Que estrella hermosa! que clara y limpia es! No pueda ser estrella mas brillante!"

'(What a beautiful star! how clear and lucid! no star could be more brilliant!)

'I have often remarked this sensibility of the common people of Spain to the charms of natural objects. The lustre of a star, the beauty or fragrance of a flower, the crystal purity of a fountain, will inspire them with a kind of poetical delight; and then what euphonious words their magnificent language affords with which to give utterance to their transports!

'"But what lights are those, Mateo, which I see twinkling along the Sierra Nevada just below the snowy region, and which might be taken for stars, only that they are ruddy, and against the dark side of the mountain?"

'"Those, Senor, are fires made by the men who gather snow and ice for the supply of Granada. They go up every afternoon with mules and asses, and take turns, some to rest and warm themselves by the fires, while others fill the panniers with ice. They then set off down the mountain so as to reach the gates of Granada before sunrise. That Sierra Nevada, Senor, is a clump of ice in the middle of Andalusia, to keep it cool in summer."

'It was now completely dusk; we were passing through the Barranco, where stood the cross of the murdered muleteer, when I beheld a number of lights moving at a distance, and apparently advancing up the ravine. On nearer approach, they proved to be torches borne by a train of uncouth figures arrayed in black: it would have been a procession dreary enough at any time, but was peculiarly so in this wild and solitary place.

'Mateo drew near, and told me in a low voice that it was a funeral train bearing a corpse to the burying ground among the hills.

'As the procession passed by, the lugubrious light of the torches falling on the rugged features and funeral weeds of the attendants, had the most fantastic effect, but was perfectly ghastly as it revealed the countenance of the corpse, which, according to the Spanish custom, was borne uncovered on an open bier. I remained for some time gazing after the dreary train as it wound up the dark defile of the mountain. It put me in mind of the old story of a procession of demons bearing the body of a sinner up the crater of Stromboli.'—vol. i. pp. 208—214.

After exhausting the history of the interior of the Alhambra, and describing the scenery around it, our author launches into the wonderful legends connected with that storied ruin, requesting the reader, if any of them shock his faith, to remember the nature of the place, and make due allowances. The apology was not altogether uncalled for, seeing the strange matters which he has collected for the amusement of the credulous. We shall give the reader a specimen of these compositions, after we shall have introduced him to some fresh visitors who arrived at the Alhambra.

'It is now nearly three months since I took up my abode in the Alhambra, during which time the progress of the season has wrought many changes. When I first arrived every thing was in the freshness of May; the foliage of the trees was still tender and transparent; the pomegranate had not yet shed its brilliant crimson blossoms; the orchards of the Xenil and the Darro were in full bloom; the rocks were hung with wild flowers, and Granada seemed completely surrounded by a wilderness of roses, among which innumerable nightingales sung, not merely in the night, but all day long.

'The advance of summer has withered the rose and silenced the nightingale, and the distant country begins to look parched and sunburnt; though a perennial verdure reigns immediately round the city, and in deep narrow valleys at the foot of the snow-capped mountains.

'The Alhambra possesses retreats graduated to the heat of the weather, among which the most peculiar is the almost subterranean apartment of the baths. This still retains its oriental character, though stamped with the touching traces of decline. At the entrance, opening into a small court formerly adorned with flowers, is a hall moderate in size, but light and graceful in architecture. It is overlooked by a small gallery supported by marble pillars and moresco arches. An alabaster fountain in the centre of the pavement still throws up a jet of water to cool the place. On each side are deep alcoves with raised platforms, where the bathers, after their ablutions, reclined on luxurious cushions, soothed to voluptuous repose by the fragrance of the perfumed air and the notes of soft music from the gallery. Beyond this hall are the interior chambers, still more private and retired, where no light is admitted but through small apertures in the vaulted ceilings. Here was the sanctum sanctorum of female privacy, where the beauties of the harem indulged in the luxury of the baths. A soft mysterious light reigns through the place; the broken baths are still there, and traces of ancient elegance. The prevailing silence and obscurity have made this a favourite resort of bats, who nestle during the day in the dark nooks and corners, and, on being disturbed, flit mysteriously about the twilight chambers, heightening in an indescribable degree their air of desertion and decay.

'In this cool and elegant though dilapidated retreat, which has the freshness and seclusion of a grotto, I have of late passed the sultry hours of the day, emerging towards sunset; and bathing, or rather swimming, at night in the great reservoir of the main court. In this way I have been enabled in a measure to counteract the relaxing and enervating influence of the climate.

'My dream of absolute sovereignty, however, is at an end. I was roused from it lately by the report of fire-arms, which reverberated among the towers as if the castle had been taken by surprise. On sallying forth I found an old chevalier with a number of domestics in possession of the Hall of Ambassadors. He was an ancient count, who had come up from his palace in Granada to pass a short time in the Alhambra for the benefit of purer air; and who being a veteran and inveterate sportsman, was endeavouring to get an appetite for breakfast by shooting at swallows from the balconies. It was a harmless amusement: for though by the alertness of his attendants in loading his pieces he was enabled to keep up a brisk fire, I could not accuse him of the death of a single swallow. Nay,

the birds themselves seemed to enjoy the sport, and to deride his want of skill, skimming in circles close to the balconies, and twittering as they darted by.

'The arrival of this old gentleman has in some manner changed the aspect of affairs, but has likewise afforded matter for agreeable speculation. We have tacitly shared the empire between us, like the last kings of Granada, excepting that we maintain a most amicable alliance. He reigns absolute over the court of the lions and its adjacent halls, while I maintain peaceful possession of the region of the baths, and the little garden of the Lindaraja. We take our meals together under the arcades of the court, where the fountains, cool air, and bubbling rills, run along the channels of the marble pavement.

'In the evening a domestic circle gathers about the worthy old chevalier. The countess comes up from the city with a favourite daughter about sixteen years of age. Then there are the official dependents of the count, his chaplain, lawyer, his secretary, his steward, and other officers and agents of his extensive possessions. Thus he holds a kind of domestic court, where every person seeks to contribute to his amusement, without sacrificing his own pleasure or self-respect. In fact, whatever may be said of Spanish pride, it certainly does not enter into social domestic life. Among no people are the relations between kindred more cordial, or between superior and dependent more frank and genial. In these respects there still remains in the provincial life of Spain much of the vaunted simplicity of the olden times.

'The most interesting member of this family group, however, is the daughter of the count, the charming though almost infantine little Carmen. Her form has not yet attained its maturity, but has already the exquisite symmetry and pliant grace so prevalent in this country. Her blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair, are unusual in Andalusia, and give a mildness and gentleness to her demeanour in contrast to the usual fire of Spanish beauty, but in perfect unison with the guileless and confiding innocence of her manners. She has, however, all the innate aptness and versatility of her fascinating countrywomen, and sings, dances, and plays the guitar and other instruments to admiration.

'A few days after taking up his residence in the Alhambra, the count gave a domestic fête on his saint's day, assembling round him the members of his family and household, while several old servants came from his distant possessions to pay their reverence to him, and partake of the good cheer. This patriarchal spirit, which characterised the Spanish nobility in the days of their opulence, has declined with their fortunes; but some who, like the count, still retain their ancient family possessions, keep up a little of the ancient system, and have their estates overrun and almost eaten up by generations of idle retainers. According to this magnificent old Spanish system, in which national pride and generosity bore equal parts, a superannuated servant was never turned off, but became a charge for the rest of his days; nay, his children and his children's children, and often their relations to the right and left, became gradually entailed upon the family. Hence the huge palaces of the Spanish nobility, which have such an air of empty ostentation, from the greatness of their size compared with the mediocrity and scantiness of their furniture, were absolutely required in the golden days of Spain, by the patriarchal habits of

their possessors. They were little better than vast barracks for the hereditary generations of hangers on, that battened at the expense of a Spanish noble. The worthy old count, who has estates in various parts of the kingdom, assures me that some of them barely feed the hordes and dependents nestled upon them, who consider themselves entitled to be maintained upon the place rent free, because their forefathers have been so for generations.

'The domestic fête of the count broke in upon the usual still life of the Alhambra; music and laughter resounded through its late silent halls; there were groups of the guests amusing themselves about the galleries and gardens, and officious servants from town hurrying through the courts bearing viands to the ancient kitchen, which was again alive with the tread of cooks and scullions, and blazed with unwonted fires.

'The feast, for a Spanish set dinner is literally a feast, was laid in the beautiful Moresco hall, called "La Sala de las dos Hermanas" (the saloon of the two sisters); the table groaned with abundance, and a joyous conviviality prevailed round the board; for though the Spaniards are generally an abstemious people, they are complete revellers at a banquet. For my own part, there was something peculiarly interesting in thus sitting at a feast in the royal halls of the Alhambra, given by the representative of one of its most renowned conquerors; for the venerable count, though unwarlike himself, is the lineal descendant and representative of the "Great Captain," the illustrious Gonsalvo de Cordova, whose sword he guards in the archives of his palace at Granada.

'The banquet ended, the company adjourned to the hall of the Ambassadors. Here every one contributed to the general amusement by exerting some peculiar talent, singing, improvising, telling wonderful tales, or dancing to that all-pervading talisman of Spanish pleasure, a guitar.

'The life and charm of the whole assemblage, however, was the gifted little Carmen. She took her part in two or three scenes from Spanish comedies, exhibiting a charming dramatic talent; she gave imitations of the popular Italian singers with singular and whimsical felicity, and a rare quality of voice. She imitated the dialects, dances, and ballads of the gypsies and the neighbouring peasantry; but did every thing with a facility, a neatness of grace, and an all-pervading prettiness, that were perfectly fascinating.

'The great charm of her performances, however, was their being free from all pretension or ambition of display. She seemed unconscious of the extent of her own talents, and, in fact, is accustomed only to exert them casually like a child for the amusement of the domestic circle. Her observation and tact must be remarkably quick, for her life is passed in the bosom of her family, and she can only have had casual and transient glances at the various characters and traits brought out *impromptu* in moments of domestic hilarity, like the one in question. It is pleasing to see the fondness and admiration with which every one of the household regards her: she is never spoken of, even by the domestics, by any other appellation than that of La Nina, "the child;" an appellation which, thus applied, has something peculiarly kind and endearing in the Spanish language.

'Never shall I think of the Alhambra without remembering the lovely little Carmen, sporting in happy and innocent girlhood, in its marble

halls, dancing to the sound of the Moorish castanets, or mingling the silver warbling of her voice with the music of the fountains.

'On this festive occasion several curious and amusing legends and traditions were told, many of which have escaped my memory; but out of those that struck me I will endeavour to shape forth some entertainment for the reader.'—vol. ii. pp. 3—14.

This is all very charmingly told. Few men possess in so eminent a degree the art of making much out of nothing, as Mr. Irving. A favourite pigeon made his escape from a cage, remained away until the next evening, and then returned again, to the great joy of his fair mistress. The incident is told in two lines, and a common tourist would see nothing in it. But Mr. Irving extends it to several, we forget how many, highly interesting pages. He paints the care with which the bird was attended, the grief of the little mistress during his protracted absence, her vain pursuit after him, the danger to which the bird was exposed from the suspicious diligence with which his wanderings were observed by some robber pigeons, who tried by their blandishments to seduce him from his allegiance, and the welcome return of the prodigal child, who had been nearly starved in his attempt to re-assert his natural liberty. It puts us in mind of the small colourless soap bubble which we have seen a boy raise upon the end of a tube; he breathes into it, the globule becomes larger and larger, the lights and shades of the rainbow come down from the skies to embellish the fairy creation, and when it floats buoyant on the air, it looks like a miniature world. It vanishes in a moment, but still it was beautiful while it lasted.

We regret that the legend of the Moor's Legacy is rather too long for quotation. It is one of the best in the whole collection, being the story of a water-carrier of Granada, by name Pedro Gil, or Peregil, as he was called for shortness' sake, who began the world with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder. He next purchased a donkey, on each of whose sides he fixed a water jar in a pannier, which saved him a great deal of labour in a climate where every man exerts himself as little as he possibly can; the street rang with his cheerful song, as trudging after his donkey, he cried out, "Who wants water—water colder than the snow." Peregil was the pleasantest of water-carriers, and behaved to all his customers with the most engaging civility. Though apparently the gayest of mortals, he had much cause for bitter reflection: he had a large family, and his profligate wife spent, in tawdry finery and amusements, all his earnings. One evening, when he went to the well of the Alhambra for a supply of its crystal water, he found seated on a stone bench, near the well, a stranger in Moorish garb, who, complaining of illness, requested Peregil to conduct him to the city. The request was granted as soon as made, and Peregil moreover, when he found that the Moor had no place to go to for the night, offered him the shelter of his own humble habitation, which was gladly accepted. A mat and

sheep skin were spread for him on the ground in the coolest part of the house. In the course of the night he was seized with convulsions, which terminated in his death, but not before he bequeathed to Peregil a small box of sandal wood, which had been strapped round his body. The wife was dreadfully alarmed, fearing, that if the body were found in their house, they would be forthwith accused of murder; so they agreed to bury the deceased next morning very early in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. While they were performing this operation, they happened to be espied by a little varlet of a barber, a spider-legged, weasle-faced, prying fellow, to whom nothing was unknown that happened in Granada. He had to shave the Alcalde that morning, and while lathering his face, he told him what he had seen, at once accusing Peregil of murder. The Alcalde, supposing that Peregil must have made something by the deed, sent for him forthwith, and questioned him; finding out that the deceased was a Moor, he expressed his willingness to pass over the circumstance, provided the booty were given up. The sandal-wood box was accordingly produced, but lo! it contained nothing, save a piece of old parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and with it a small wax taper. The Alcalde threw him back the box with disdain, but kept the donkey for the costs of the investigation. It turned out that the parchment and taper were of more value than they seemed, for they enabled Peregil, with the assistance of a Moorish jeweller, to discover an immense treasure which had been concealed in a cavern under the Alhambra. In an evil hour, the wife indulged herself with sporting a diamond bracelet, which the eye of the prying barber lighted upon with the rapacity of a hawk pouncing on its prey. Off speeds he to the Alcalde again, who burns once more with desire to obtain a share of that of which he believed the man had been robbed. Peregil and his friend were summoned, and obliged to confess the discovery they had made. But they told him that much more treasure still remained in the cave, which they would be happy to share with him. It was so agreed, and the Alcalde, his alguazil, the barber, the jeweller, and Peregil, proceeded at midnight to the spot, the former bringing the donkey with him, to bear away his portion of the expected prize. Now it was the property of the taper to open the mouth of the cavern, which looked to all appearance as flat and solid as a rock, and to keep it open by its power of enchantment as long as it remained lighted. By its assistance, Peregil and the jeweller entered, the other three being afraid at first to venture in; but when they beheld the enormous treasures that were drawn out, and with which the poor donkey's back was almost broken, and were told that there was still remaining one chest that held ten times more, their cupidity could not resist the temptation, and in they went, while Peregil and his friend were carrying out each a load of jewels and gold. The moment the three rascals were fairly within the cavern, the Moor extinguished the taper, the cave was

instantly shut upon them, and there they remain entombed to the present day.

The 'Rose of the Alhambra' is another tale very prettily told, and if we prefer quoting that of the 'Governor and the Notary,' it is only because it comes somewhat more easily within the limits of our space.

'In former times, there ruled as governor of the Alhambra, a doughty old cavalier, who from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of el Gobernador Manco, or "the one-armed governor." He in fact prided himself upon being an old soldier, wore his mustachios curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket handkerchief in the basket hilt.

'He was, moreover, exceedingly proud, and punctilious, and tenacious, of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway, the immunities of the Alhambra as a royal residence and domain were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with fire arms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he were of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at his gate, and lead the horse by the bridle. Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excresence of the capital, it must at all times be somewhat irksome to the captain-general who commands the province, to have thus an *imperium in imperio*, a petty independent post in the very centre of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor, that took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction, and from the loose vagrant character of the people, that had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress as in a sanctuary, and from thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

'Thus there was a perpetual feud and heart burning between the captain-general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter, inasmuch as the smallest of two neighbouring potentates is always the most captious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain-general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra, and here was always a bustle and parade of guards and domestics, and city functionaries. A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace, and public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering his quarry from his nest in a dry tree.

'Whenever he descended into the city, it was in grand parade, on horseback, surrounded by his guards, or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice, of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, out-riders, and lacquies, on which occasions he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration, as vice-regent of the king, though the wits of Granada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain-general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and, in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of "the king of the beggars." One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between these two doughty rivals, was the right claimed by the governor, to have all things passed free of duty

through the city that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees, this privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of contrabandists took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress, and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

'The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd meddlesome escribano or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in a maze of legal subtleties. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of his city, and he penned a long letter for him in vindication of the right. Governor Manco was a straight-forward cut-and-thrust old soldier, who hated an escribano worse than the devil, and this one in particular worse than all escribanos.

'"What!" said he, curling up his mustachios fiercely, "does the captain-general set his man of the pen to practise confusions upon me? I'll let him see that an old soldier is not to be baffled by schoolcraft."

'He seized his pen, and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right of transit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical potentates, it so happened, that a mule, laden with supplies for the fortress, arrived one day at the gate of Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as rusty and staunch as an old toledo blade. As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack-saddle of the mule, and, drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side glance of a cur passing through hostile ground, and ready for a snap and a snarl.

'"Who goes there?" said the centinel at the gate.

'"A Soldier of the Alhambra," said the corporal, without turning his head.

'"What have you in charge?"

'"Provisions for the garrison."

'"Proceed."

'The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces, before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of a small toll-house.

'"Hallo there!" cried the leader, "Muleteer, halt, and open those packages."

'The corporal wheeled round, and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

'"A fig for the governor, and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

'"Stop the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket; "Muleteer, proceed."

'The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack; the custom-house

officer sprang forward, and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal levelled his piece, and shot him dead.

'The street was immediately in an uproar.

'The old corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks, and cuffs, and cudgellings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain, as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons, and conducted to the city prison; while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been rummaged, to the Alhambra.

'The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag, and capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vapoured about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he despatched a message, demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offences of those under his command. The captain-general, aided by the pen of the delighted escribano, replied at great length, arguing that as the offence had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of his civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length, and legal acumen; the governor became hotter, and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain-general, cooler, and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

'While the subtile escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who, mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage, and receive the consolations of his friends.

'A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to Spanish form, by the indescribable escribano. The corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

'It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put *in capilla*; that is to say, in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end, and repent them of their sins.

'Seeing things drawing to an extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose, he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the escribano, he summoned him to the portal.

'The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

'"What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?"

'"All according to law—all in strict form of justice," said the self-sufficient escribano chuckling and rubbing his hands. "I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case."

'"Fetch it hither," said the governor. The escribano bustled into his

office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

'He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time, a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

'"Prythee, man, get into the carriage, out of this pestilent throng that I may the better hear thee," said the governor.

'The escribano entered the carriage, when, in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachman smacked his whip— mules, carriage, guards, and all, dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

'He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel or exchange of prisoners—the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain-general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith caused a gallows, tall and strong, to be erected in the centre of the Plaza Nueva, for the execution of the corporal.

'"Oho! is that the game?" said Governor Manco. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he, in a message to the captain-general, "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your escribano dangling against the sky."

'The captain-general was inflexible; troops were paraded in the square; the drums beat; the bell tolled. An immense multitude of amateurs had collected to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or Tower of the Bell.

'The notary's wife pressed through the crowd with a whole progeny of little embryo escribanos at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain-general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put his threat in execution, if you hang the soldier."

'The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamours of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra under a guard, in his gallows garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect, and a face of iron. The escribano was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy and conceit had evaporated; his hair, it is said, had nearly turned grey with affright, and he had a downcast dogged look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

'The old governor stuck his one arm a-kimbo, and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend, said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and, above all, take care how you play off your shcoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."'—vol. ii. pp. 175—189.

The 'Governor Manco and the Soldier,' is rather a dull affair, protracted to an unreasonable length. It is, as usual, a story of wealth obtained by a poor man by happening to form an acquaint-

ance with one of the long since departed Moors. The 'Legend of the Two Discreet Statutes,' is another of the same description, from which we pass with pleasure to the agreeable history of the Founder of the Alhambra.'

'Having dealt so freely in the marvellous legends of the Alhambra, I feel as if bound to give the reader a few facts concerning its sober history, or rather the history of the magnificent princes, its founder, and finisher, to whom the world is indebted for so beautiful and romantic an oriental monument. To obtain these facts I descended from this region of fancy and fable, where everything is liable to take an imaginative tint, and carried my researches among the lusty tomes of the old Jesuits' library in the university. This once boasted repository of erudition is now a mere shadow of its former self, having been stripped of its manuscripts and rarest works by the French, when masters of Granada. Still it contains among many ponderous tomes of polemics of the Jesuit fathers, several curious tracts of Spanish literature; and, above all, a number of those antiquated dusty parchment-bound chronicles for which I have a peculiar veneration.

'In this old library I have passed many delightful hours of quiet, undisturbed literary foraging, for the keys of the doors and book-cases were kindly entrusted to me, and I was left alone to rummage at my leisure—a rare indulgence in these sanctuaries of learning, which too often tantalize the thirsty student with the sight of sealed fountains of knowledge.

'In the course of these visits I gleaned the following particulars concerning the historical character in question:—

'The Moors of Granada regarded the Alhambra as a miracle of art, and had a tradition that the king who founded it dealt in magic, or, at least, was versed in the alchemy, by means whereof he procured the immense sums of gold expended in its erection. A brief view of his reign will show the real secret of his wealth.

'The name of this monarch, as inscribed on the walls of some of the apartments, was Abu Abd'allah, (*i. e.* the father of Abdallah,) but he is commonly known in Moorish history as Muhamed Abu Alahmar, (or Mahomed, son of Alahmar,) or simply Abu Alahmar, for the sake of brevity.

'He was born in Arjona, in the year of the Hejira 591, of the Christian era 1195, of the noble family of the Bena Nasar, or children of Nasar, and no expense was spared by his parents to fit him for the high station to which the opulence and dignity of his family entitled him. The Saracens of Spain were greatly advanced in civilization; every principal city was a seat of learning and the arts, so that it was easy to command the most enlightened instructors for a youth of rank and fortune. Abu Alahmar, when he arrived at manly years, was appointed Alcayde or Governor of Arjona and Jaen, and gained great popularity by his benignity and justice. Some years afterwards, on the death of Abon Hud, the Moorish power in Spain was broken into factions, and many places declared for Muhamed Abu Alahmar. Being of a sanguine spirit and lofty ambition, he seized upon the occasion, made a circuit through the country, and was everywhere received with acclamations. It was in the year 1238, that he entered

Granada amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude. He was proclaimed king with every demonstration of joy, and soon became the head of the Moslems in Spain, being the first of the illustrious line of Beni Nasar, that had sat upon the throne. His reign was such as to render him a blessing to his subjects. He gave the command of his various cities to such as had distinguished themselves by valour and prudence, and who seemed most acceptable to the people. He organized a vigilant police, and established rigid rules for the administration of justice. The poor and the distressed always found ready admission to his presence, and he attended personally to their assistance and redress. He erected hospitals for the blind, the aged, and the infirm, all those incapable of labour, and visited them frequently; not on set days with pomp and form, so as to give time for everything to be put in order and every abuse concealed, but suddenly and unexpectedly informing himself by actual observation and close inquiry, of the treatment of the sick and the conduct of those appointed to administer to their relief. He founded schools and colleges which he visited in the same manner, inspecting personally the instruction of the youth. He established butcheries and public ovens, that the people might be furnished with wholesome provisions at just and regular prices. He introduced abundant streams of water into the city, erecting baths and fountains, and constructing aqueducts and canals, to irrigate and fertilize the Vega. By these means prosperity and abundance prevailed in this beautiful city, its gates were thronged with commerce, and its warehouses filled with luxuries and merchandize of every clime and country.

'While Muhamed Abu Alahmar was ruling his fair domains thus wisely and prosperously, he was suddenly menaced by the horrors of war. The Christians, at that time profiting by the dismemberment of the Moslem power, were rapidly regaining their ancient territories. James the conqueror had subjected all Valencia, and Ferdinand the saint was carrying his victorious arms into Andalusia. The latter invested the city of Jaen, and swore not to raise his camp until he had gained possession of the place. Muhamed Abu Alahmar was conscious of the insufficiency of his means to carry on a war with the potent sovereign of Castile. Taking a sudden resolution, therefore, he repaired privately to the Christian camp, and made his unexpected appearance in the presence of King Ferdinand. "In me," said he, "you behold Muhamed, king of Granada; I confide in your good faith, and put myself under your protection. Take all I possess, and receive me as your vassal." So saying, he knelt and kissed the king's hand in token of submission.

'King Ferdinand was touched by this instance of confiding faith, and determined not to be outdone in generosity. He raised his late rival from the earth, and embraced him as a friend, nor would he accept the wealth he offered, but received him as a vassal, leaving him sovereign of his dominions, on condition of paying him a yearly tribute, attending the Cortes as one of the nobles of the empire, and serving him in war with a certain number of horsemen.

'It was not long after this that Mhuamed was called upon, for his military services, to aid King Ferdinand in his famous siege of Seville.—The Moorish King sallied forth with five hundred chosen horsemen of Granada, than whom none in the world knew better how to manage the

steed or wield the lance. It was a melancholy and humiliating service however, for they had to draw the sword against their brethren of the faith.

'Muhamed gained a melancholy distinction by his prowess in this renowned conquest, but more true honour by the humanity which he prevailed upon Ferdinand to introduce into the usages of war. When, in 1248, the famous city of Seville surrendered to the Castilian monarch, Muhamed returned, sad and full of care, to his dominions. He saw the gathering ills that menaced the Moslem cause; and uttered an ejaculation often used by him in moments of anxiety and trouble—"How straightened and wretched would be our life, if our hope were not so spacious and extensive."

'"Que angoste y miserabile seria nuestra vida, sino fuera tan dilatada y espaciosa nuestra esperanza!"

'When the melancholy conqueror approached his beloved Granada, the people thronged forth to see him with impatient joy; for they loved him as a benefactor. They had erected arches of triumph in honour of his martial exploits, and wherever he passed he was hailed with acclamations as *El Ghalib*, or the conqueror. Muhamed shook his head when he heard the appellation, "*Wa la ghalib ila Alá!*" exclaimed he—(There is no conqueror but God!) From that time forward he adopted this exclamation as a motto. He inscribed it on an oblique band across his escutcheon, and it continued to be the motto of his descendants.

'Muhamed had purchased peace by submission to the Christian yoke; but he knew that where the elements were so discordant, and the motives for hostility so deep and ancient, it could not be secure or permanent. Acting therefore upon an old maxim, "arm thyself in peace, and clothe thyself in summer," he improved the present interval of tranquillity by fortifying his dominions and replenishing his arsenals, and by promoting those useful arts which give wealth and real power to an empire. He gave premiums and privileges to the best artizans; improved the breed of horses, and other domestic animals; encouraged husbandry; and increased the natural fertility of the soil twofold by his protection, making the lovely valleys of his kingdom to bloom like gardens. He fostered also the growth and fabrication of silk, until the looms of Granada surpassed even those of Syria in the fineness and beauty of their productions. He moreover caused the mines of gold and silver and other metals found in the mountainous regions of his domains, to be diligently worked, and was the first king of Grenada who struck money of gold and silver with his name, taking great care that the coins should be skilfully executed.

'It was about this time, towards the middle of the thirteenth century, and just after his return from the siege of Seville, that he commenced the splendid palace of the Alhambra; superintending the building of it in person; mixing frequently among the artists and workmen, and directing their labours.

'Though thus magnificent in his works and great in his enterprizes, he was simple in his person and moderate in his enjoyment. His dress was not merely void of splendour, but so plain as not to distinguish him fro n his subjects. His harem boasted but few beauties, and these he visited but seldom, though they were entertained with great magnificence. His wives were daughters of the principal nobles, and were treated by him as friends

and rational companions. What is more, he managed to make them live as friends with one another. He passed much of his time in his gardens, especially those of the Alhambra, which he had stored with the rarest plants and the most beautiful and aromatic flowers. Here he delighted himself in reading histories, or in causing them to be read and related to him, and sometimes, in intervals of leisure, employed himself in the instruction of his three sons, for whom he had provided the most learned and virtuous masters.

'As he had frankly and voluntarily offered himself a tributary vassal to Ferdinand, so he always remained loyal to his word, giving him repeated proofs of fidelity and attachment. When that renowned monarch died in Seville, in 1254, Muhamed Abu Alahmar sent ambassadors to condole with his successor, Alonzo X., and with them a gallant train of a hundred Moorish cavaliers of distinguished rank, who were to attend, each bearing a lighted taper round the royal bier, during the funeral ceremonies. This grand testimonial of respect was repeated by the Moslem monarch during the remainder of his life on each anniversary of the death of King Ferdinando el Santo, when the hundred Moorish knights repaired from Granada to Seville, and took their stations with lighted tapers in the centre of the sumptuous Cathedral, round the cenotaph of the illustrious deceased.

'Muhamed Abu Alahmar retained his faculties and vigor to an advanced age. In his seventy-ninth year he took the field on horseback, accompanied by the flower of his chivalry, to resist an invasion of his territories. As the army sallied forth from Granada, one of the principal adalides or guides who rode in the advance, accidentally broke his lance against the arch of the gate. The councillors of the king, alarmed by this circumstance, which was considered an evil omen, entreated him to return. Their supplications were in vain. The king persisted, and at noontide the omen, say the Moorish chroniclers, was fatally fulfilled. Muhamed was suddenly struck with illness and had nearly fallen from his horse. He was placed on a litter, and borne back towards Granada, but his illness increased to such a degree that they were obliged to pitch his tent in the Vega. His physicians were filled with consternation, not knowing what remedy to prescribe. In a few hours he died vomiting blood, and in violent convulsions. The Castilian prince, Don Philip, brother of Alonzo X., was by his side when he expired. His body was embalmed, enclosed in a silver coffin, and buried in the Alhambra, in a sepulchre of precious marble, amidst the unfeigned lamentations of his subjects, who bewailed him as a parent.

'Such was the enlightened patriot prince, who founded the Alhambra, whose name remains emblazoned among its most delicate and graceful ornaments, and whose memory is calculated to inspire the loftiest associations in those who tread these fading scenes of his magnificence and glory. Though his undertakings were vast, and his expenditure immense, yet his treasury was always full; and this seeming contradiction gave rise to the story that he was versed in the magic art, and possessed the secret for transmuting baser metals into gold. Those who have attended to his domestic policy, as here set forth, will easily understand the natural magic and simple alchemy which made his ample treasury to overflow.'—vol. ii. pp. 273—287.

Having afforded the reader the means of forming his own judg-

ment upon this "New Sketch Book," as it is called in the advertisements, we shall only add, that, though the materials are slight in themselves, they are put together with much of the author's well known tact. Although the age of superstition has passed away, yet there is something even in the most extravagant fictions, which has a secret charm for the mind—a charm, not unknown even to the gravest of men, though they might not often wish to acknowledge it.

Art. VI.—*A Queer Book.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. 12mo. pp. 379. London: Cadell. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1832.

We suppose that the shepherd of Ettrick imagines that, in consequence of his late reception in London, he may publish any thing he pleases, with the expectation that it will sell. Otherwise we could not have accounted for the appearance at this time of day of a volume, which may be justly described not merely as a 'Queer Book,' but as a book filled with much rank nonsense and ridiculously bad writing. It contains a series of ballads and other poems, drawn up in what Mr. Hogg believes to be an "old style;" but in what part of the country he found models for many of his strange and uncouth expressions, whether in some sequestered nook of the Orcades, the highlands, among the coal mines of Northumberland, or upon the wolds of Yorkshire, we are at a loss to conjecture. Here are legends of witchery, of "faëry," of ghosts and other mysterious beings, with whom none but the Scotch are acquainted, all intended, we presume, for the amusement of our English nurseries. But who can read them in those noisy habitations? Who, reading, can understand them, we should like to know? He talks of a "weird woman," who brought the eagles from the rocks, and *snoolit* them in her cursed pens. Now we have no objection in the world to Mr. Hogg's making this, our "most thinking public," believe that the said lady turned the shepherds into moorcocks, and the shepherdesses into moorhens, but we should have been exceedingly obliged either to him or her, if either had condescended to inform us what the deuce is meant by *snoolitting*. It requires no small portion of the power of incantation to find out what we are to understand by the word *deray*—'At moulting time there was *deray*.' What *is* deray? Is there any good reason, may we ask, why the past tense of the verb "begin" should be transmuted into *begoud*? 'Then he *begoud* to *yuff* and bark.' We suppose that to yuff means to grow surly, but, for aught we know, it may mean just the reverse, or something very different—perhaps to wag a dog's tail. Such a combination of English letters as yuff, certainly has never met our eyes before.

Having already admitted the possibility of persuading our good people to believe anything in the shape of witchery, and easily to yield to the fable that shepherds and shepherdesses were once upon

a time turned into moorcocks and moorhens, we may, however be permitted to protest against the language in which they are pleased to indulge. A laird happening to shoot a pair of the enchanted birds, must have been not a little surprized on hearing himself saluted forthwith in these elegant terms:—

'"Hold!—damme you, Sir," says the moorcock:
"How dared you shotte your guns at me?"'

No wonder that the laird ran away. It seems, according to Hogg, that he never before got 'sic a *fleg*.' Oh! shade of Samuel Johnson, canst thou inform us whether, in all thy lexicographical lucubrations, thou hast ever encountered the word *fleg*? Strange to say, with these, and many other similar faults of expression, there is no want of poetry in some parts of this same ballad. The cock and hen, so innocently murdered by the laird, turn out to be,

——'Tom Flemon of Blode-hope,
And bonny May of Fingland-sheill,'

two lovers, who, though never joined in life, in death were not divided. Poor May's blood is not inaptly said to stripe her bonny skin,

'Like rainbows on a wreath of snow.'

The dirge sung over their graves by the witch, exhibits also an extensive, though very wild, range of imagination.

'Adieu! adieu!
Sweet spirits, adieu!
A kind farewell I send with you!
As fond and fair
As ever you were,
I see you pacing the fields of air!—
Away! away!
By the cloudlet gray,
And the hues that mingle the night and the day,
O'er valleys from which the dews descend,
Where the glaring sunbeams never blend,
But a gloaming dims the dell and river,
And a holy stillness dwells for ever;
Where the ruffling breeze
Never waves the trees,
And the waters neither swell nor freeze;
Where storms the soul can never harrow,
Nor terrors of the lightning's arrow,
Nor glances of delirious joy,
Without illusion or alloy;
But the lingering spirit's life is led,
In a dreary hope, and a holy dread,
Till the last day
Shall pass away,
Of hope, of longing, and dismay;

When the doom is read, that effaced is never,
And the fates of spirits seal'd for ever.

'Adieu! adieu!
Sweet spirits, adieu!
A kind farewell I send with you,
To a land where I have lived approved—
A land where I have sinn'd and loved,
And thence was forced, to earth's domain,
To a body of flesh and blood again;
For thrice, as punishment condign,
Has this unyielding soul of mine
Been driven away, as being remiss,
From verges of the fields of bliss,
Downward—away o'er fire and flood,
To inherit mortal flesh and blood,
But here, above thy earthly shrine,
I pray such fate be never thine:
May you love and kiss,
In dreamy bliss,
In your home of slumbering quietness;
And sometimes, at the midnight noon,
Climb the steep eyebrows of the moon,
To watch her workings of commotion,
That heave the tides of the earthly ocean;
That torfel and roll her to and fro,
Like surges of death in the world below,
That call the mists to the fair moonshine,
And the fresh sweet showers from the fields of brine;
Then mark the workings of nature's strife,
When the infant tempest springs to life;
And how the bolts of burning levin
Are moulded in the forge of heaven;
And far in flaming vengeance hurl'd
Away to world beyond world.

'O, then, how sweet your walks to renew,
Where the angels of night distil the dew;
And sink to your sweet alcove again,
In that benignant, quiet reign,
Where roses twine,
With the eglantine,
In the fairy bowers that once were mine!
Adieu! adieu!
Sweet spirits, adieu!
A kind farewell I send with you!'—pp. 10—13.

The funeral ceremony over, the witch invites the laird to her habitation, where she tells him a long rigmarole story of her having lived about a thousand years before that period, of having been sold by her father as a slave, and afterwards converted into a spirit, in which capacity she traversed various regions of the globe. Happening, towards the conclusion of her tale, to cast an eye upon the

laird, she was astounded to find him in a most profound sleep, when she very naturally gave him a box on the ear, which awoke and astonished him. His anger, however, soon subsided, and he asked her to give him something to drink, remarking with great truth,

> ' " Such tales as that I hope are few,
> They make a man both sick and sad;
> And, if one could believe them true,
> They're fit to put a body mad."

Whether he succeeded in getting any thing to eat or drink, or how long he remained with the witch, the poet himself never could find out. In the third fytte of the ballad we find his lairdship turned into a crow, to which state his only objection was, that he would much rather have been changed into a " tuneful lark." So much for the laird of Gilbertoun!

There is in the poem entitled ' Elen of Reigh ' a strange mixture of beautiful poetry with the most egregious silliness. But this is Hogg's way, we suppose. We shall separate a little of the gold from the base alloy.

> ' Have you never heard of Elen of Reigh,
> The fairest flower of the North Countrie?
> The maid that left all maidens behind,
> In all that was lovely, sweet, and kind:
> As sweet as the breeze o'er beds of balm,
> As happy and gay as the gamesome lamb,
> As light as the feather that dances on high,
> As blithe as the lark in the breast of the sky,
> As modest as young rose that blossoms too soon,
> As mild as the breeze on a morning of June;
> Her voice was the music's softest key,
> And her form the comeliest symmetry.
>
> ' But let bard describe her smile who can,
> For that is beyond the power of man;
> There never was pen that hand could frame,
> Nor tongue that falter'd at maiden's name,
> Could once a distant tint convey
> Of its lovely and benignant ray.
> You have seen the morning's folding vest
> Hang dense and pale upon the east
> As if an angel's hand had strewn
> The dawning's couch with the eider down,
> And shrouded with a curtain gray
> The cradle of the infant day?
> And 'mid this orient dense and pale,
> Through one small window of the veil,
> You have seen the sun's first radiant hue
> Lightening the dells and vales of dew,
> With smile that seem'd through glory's rim
> From dwellings of the cherubim;

And you have thought, with holy awe,
A lovelier sight you never saw,
Scorning the heart who dared to doubt it?
Alas! you little knew about it!
At beauty's shrine you ne'er have knelt,
Nor felt the flame that I have felt;
Nor chanced the virgin smile to see
Of beauty's model, Elen of Reigh!

'When sunbeams on the river blaze,
You on its glory scarce can gaze;
But when the moon's delirious beam,
In giddy splendours woos the stream,
Its mellow'd light is so refined,
'Tis like a gleam of soul and mind;
Its gentle ripple glittering by,
Like twinkle of a maiden's eye;
While, all amazed at heaven's steepness,
You gaze into its liquid deepness,
And see some beauties that excel—
Visions to dream of, not to tell—
A downward soul of living hue,
So mild, so modest, and so blue!'—pp. 76—78.

It was Elen's fate to love another maiden, with whose heart her own was linked in bonds of the most fervent affection. But her fair companion died on the threshold of womanhood. Elen never again smiled. Her days were spent in wandering about looking for the beloved one. She was at length missed from her father's dwelling, and the result is told in the following exquisitely beautiful lines.

'That very night the mysterious dame
Not home to her father's dwelling came;
Though her maidens sat in chill dismay,
And watch'd, and call'd, till the break of day.
But in the dawning, with fond regard,
They sought the bower where the song was heard,
And found her form stretch'd on the green,
The loveliest corpse that ever was seen.
She lay as in balmy sleep reposed,
While her lips and eyes were sweetly closed,
As if about to awake and speak,
For a dimpling smile was on her cheek,
And the pale rose there had a gentle glow,
Like the morning's tint on a wreath of snow.

'All was so seemly and serene,
As she lay composed upon the green,
It was plain to all that no human aid,
But an angel's hand, had the body laid;
For from her form there seem'd to rise,
The sweetest odours of Paradise.

Around her temples and brow so fair,
White roses were twined in her auburn hair;
All bound with a birch and holly band,
And the book of God was in her right hand.'—pp. 92, 93.

Why does not the shepherd contrive to give us something like a uniform poem in this style? One would really think that passages like these which we have quoted, must have been written when the man was in his sober senses, and that the quantities of extravagant trash which have escaped from his pen, must have been the produce of his more jovial hours. If so, we fear we must conclude that his convivial enjoyments consume no slender portion of his life.

His address to his youngest daughter seems to have been written in one of his happiest moods.

'Come to my arms, my dear wee pet!
My gleesome, gentle Harriet!
The sweetest babe thou art to me
That ever sat on parent's knee;
Thy every feature is so cheering,
And every motion so endearing.
Thou hast that eye was mine erewhile,
Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,
And such a playful, merry mien,
That Care flies off whene'er thou'rt seen.

'And, if aright I read thy mind,
The child of nature thou'rt design'd;
For, even while yet upon the breast,
Thou mimick'st child, and bird, and beast;
Canst cry like Maggy o'er her book,
And crow like cock, and caw like rook,
Boo like a bull, or blare like ram,
And bark like dog, and bleat like lamb:
And when afield, in sunshine weather,
Thou minglest all these sounds together,—
Then who can say, thou happy creature!
Thou'rt not the very child of nature?

'Child of my age and dearest love!
As precious gift from God above,
I take thy pure and gentle frame,
And tiny mind of mounting flame;
And hope that through life's chequer'd glade,—
That weary path that all must tread,—
Some credit from thy name will flow
To the old bard who loved thee so:
At least thou shalt not want thy meed,—
His blessing on thy beauteous head,
And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
Lighten'd the shades of life and death—
Who said with sweet benignity,
"Let little children come to me."

'And now, sweet child, one boon I crave—
And pout not, for that boon I'll have,—
One kiss I ask for grandam's sake,
Who never saw thy tiny make;
And one for her who left us late,
Laid low, but not forgotten yet;
And thy sweet mother, too, the nearest
To thee and me, the kindest, dearest,—
Thou sacred, blest memorial,
When I kiss thee, I kiss them all!

'Tis very strange, my little dove!
That all I ever loved, or love,
In wondrous visions still I trace,
While gazing on thy guiltless face;
Thy very name brings to my mind
One, whose high birth and soul refined
Withheld her not from naming me,
Even in life's last extremitye.
Sweet babe! thou art memorial dear
Of all I honour and revere!

'Come, look not sad: though sorrow now
Broods on thy father's thoughtful brow,
And on the reverie he would dwell—
Thy prattle soon will that expel.
—How dar'st thou frown, thou freakish fay!
And turn thy chubby face away,
And pout, as if thou took'st amiss
Thy partial parent's offer'd kiss!
Full well I know thy deep design;
'Tis to turn back thy face to mine,
With triple burst of joyous glee,
And fifty strains at mimicrye!

'Crow on, sweet child! thy wild delight
Is moved by visions heavenly bright:
What wealth from nature may'st thou gain,
With promptings high to heart and brain!
But hope is all—though yet unproved,
Thou art a shepherd's best beloved:
And now above thy brow so fair,
And flowing films of flaxen hair,
I lay my hand once more, and frame
A blessing, in the holy name
Of that supreme Divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee'.—pp. 239—242.

It must be admitted, we fear, after all, that this Hogg is *sui generis*, a most voluminous writer, but scarcely within the pale of sober criticism. He appears to be surrounded by a little band of worshippers in the north, who are ready to maintain his cause against all the world. He is in truth a "wayward wight," and must have some good qualities, both of head and heart, to make amends for the *etourderie* of many of his productions.

ART. VII.—1. *Country Houses. In three volumes*, 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1832.

2. *Arlington. A Novel.* By the Author of "Granby." *In three volumes*, 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

3. *The Contrast.* By the Author of "Matilda," "Yes and No," &c. &c. *In three volumes*, 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

THOUGH far from being a performance of the highest order, yet the first of these works is a very pleasant collection of tales. There is, towards the conclusion of the third volume, a postscript, containing nothing more or less than a regular sermon, with a suitable text, in which said sermon, the moral lessons intended to be inculcated in each of the tales are developed in due succession. This is in exceedingly bad taste. If the object which the author had in view in writing his sketches were not sufficiently developed without the aid of the postcript, they could derive no assistance from any such commentary; and if the end were manifest without the sermon, the sermon was not only unnecessary, but injurious, for very few persons choose to be inveigled into a lecture when they set out for amusement.

Nor is this the only objection which we entertain against this work, on the score of the author's disposition to mingle the serious with the agreeable. In one of his tales he introduces a lengthened controversy upon the comparative merits and doctrines of the churches of Rome and England. Now if this controversy had been ably conducted on either side, we might have been reconciled to such an anomalous proceeding, by reason of the instruction that might, perhaps, in some instances, have been gathered from the arguments of the contending parties. But the author, though we believe a clergyman, betrays the most shallow ignorance of the tenets of both churches, with reference to those points on which they principally disagree. His controversy, therefore, is neither pleasant nor profitable, and the bare apprehension of encountering it will, we presume, turn away many of his readers from a work which, in other respects, is sufficiently well calculated to while away an idle hour.

The first tale in the series is entitled 'Christmas Gambols'—the scene in the country, at Lady Vernon's. The gathering of the company is well described.

'Somebody has compared, and not inaptly, a country house when a large party is arriving, to the Bull and Mouth Inn. Every body intends to get there just in time to dress for dinner; when there are ladies, a quarter of an hour more is necessary for unpacking; though, indeed, the single men, having distant quarters, a few minutes extra are required by them to find out No. 3 and No. 5, and carry the carpet bags and portmanteaus into their proper rooms.

'Before Lady Lucy Latour's carriage was relieved from its double imperial, or half the thousand and one small parcels were carried up

stairs, Mr. Latour came in with four smoking horses from Lord Manton's, where he had been on a shooting party. In an opposite direction through the park, came Mrs. Beaumont with her own grays; Mr. Latour's hacks tried to get the whip hand, but the driver of Mrs. Beaumont's leaders knew his own place too well, and gained it, nearly at the expense of both the carriages. Mr. Latour was well aware of the time it takes to unpack a lady's carriage of all its work-boxes and dressing-cases, and perceiving the post-boys would have a squabble, he made the best of it, jumping out of his carriage left them to settle it, and offered his arm to Mrs. Beaumont into the house; she was excessively *shocked*, though she looked prodigiously *pleased*, that her postilion should have been so impertinent, he would, she was afraid, always do so; but he was such a faithful creature, had lived so long with her, and was so careful of his horses; and, excepting on such occasions, so civil, she felt obliged to overlook and apologize for it. In short, it was a *lucky* incident for her, it was told to every fresh person she met, and, with variations, was even resumed at dinner, and again in the evening, as it reminded her of *so many* such *provoking* occurrences that had happened to *her* carriage and horses, and gave her an opportunity of telling, though she was really ashamed to make the acknowledgment, of the enormous price she gave for her horses, but it was so difficult to get a good match, and she must own it was her *folly* to wish to have the most complete set-out in the country, *coûte qui coûte.*

'Her arrival was followed by that of Arthur Nugent, a nephew of Lady Vernon's, who came more humbly: having been set down on the turnpike road by the Cambridge coach, he was followed on foot by his servant, carrying his luggage. There was other arrivals—of Mrs. Eleanor Latour, and Miss Grey, and single men; but the sound of the first dinner bell sent all parties to their respective rooms; and whilst they are employed with the important duties of the toilette, we will take leave to give our readers a slight sketch of some of the company they are to meet with at dinner.

'Mr. and Lady Lucy Latour had been one of the handsomest couples ever united at St. George's, and they were both equally desirous to retain their pretensions. Lady Lucy was a quiet person, content to look well, be well dressed, and have her *ecarte*; her maternal anxiety was bounded to having her daughters *admired*; and she never doubted they could fail of being so by any person of true fashion or taste; and it must be owned she had generally reason to be in every point contented.

'Mr. Latour was a highly polished, and what has been called a *fine* man, not of *la veille cour*, when big wigs and brocaded waistcoats were in fashion; but something of a later date, the Chesterfield school with the ease of a foreigner, and something of the modern negligence added to it. From having lived much abroad, he knew something, if not personally, at least by anecdote, of all illustrious persons, from the Emperor Alexander to Murat's cook; and possessed abundance of excellent stories collected from all countries. He knew the rent-roll of all the large estates in England, how much their respective owners won or lost at Newmarket or Crockford's, could tell to a bird what had been killed at the most celebrated battûs, and by whom. He frequented the betting room at Tattersalls, and was, he did not know how, always lucky in guessing the horse that would win the Derby, though he never profited by his skill; he lived too fast as

it was without racing, but the continent was open, and a little change of climate was good for Lady Lucy, and amused the young ladies.

'Why, it may be asked, did such a man come to *quiet* Eastbrook Park? He was just returned with his family from a two year's residence on the continent, he had no establishment yet in England; it was very convenient to visit a little, previous to forming one; Lady Lucy and Lady Vernon were distant relations and old friends, and having himself no other engagement ready, he joined his family, and accepted of Sir Thomas's hospitality, for he could "run up to town" if he found it insufferably dull. But he was a man who knew how to glean amusement when it suited him to do so; and he had formed the laudable resolution of making some out of Mrs. Beaumont, by playing her off. She was one of those persons who, having had an unexpected piece of good fortune, and owing it in some measure to their own personal merit, are perfectly in good humour with themselves and the world. She had been for many a year a Bath belle, almost a beauty; but had unluckily arrived at that nameless age at which all single ladies stop, still Fanny Phillips!—but the death of a singular man of large fortune in the neighbourhood of Bath, called his brother from India, where he had accumulated more pagodas than he knew what to do with, having, at the same time, obtained an unmanageable stock of bile; in this forlorn state, encumbered by the addition of ten or twelve thousand a year, he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Fanny Phillips, whom he had often taken on his knee as a child before he went to India. She was not long in transferring herself from his knee to his heart; and it must be owned if *she* was a *lucky* woman, *he* was a very *fortunate* man! She made him a charming wife, she lost no time in opening his house, the doors of which had rusted on their hinges, its key having been lost for years. She new furnished it in perfect taste as to expense; put as much varnish and gilding as possible on the old pictures and their frames; patronised his black cook, and made herself perfect connoisseur in mullagatawny soup and currie, and was never failing in her attentions to all Mr. Beaumont's Asiatic luxuries—but all would not prolong his valuable life; a fit of jaundice made her a widow, and sole possessor of all his land and pagodas. She had in due time recovered the shock, and now, with an unmarried sister as a companion, was fully enjoying all her good fortune. Of Miss Phillips we need only remark she was a person of *habit*, a great worker; knew every new invention for bazaars and charity stalls; kept so exact an account of her works, that she could detect one of her own court plaster cases any where; and thought the world would be at an end if she failed to wind her watch up as the clock struck nine.

'The second dinner bell made every one hurry down, and a party from east, west, north, and south, assembled for the first time in the drawing-room; the gentlemen, clothed in their usual quantity of broad cloth, were standing round the fire, whilst the ladies having stripped off their furs and shawls, like butterflies who had just left their chrysalis, were shivering on the sofas; and with just light enough from the fire to prevent the people from running against each other.

'Before the ladies appeared, Arthur Nugent, with the curiosity of a very young man, had been asking his cousin what sort of girls the Miss Latours were?

'"All I know of them," said Frederick, "was three or four years ago, when they 'smelt of bread and butter;' the eldest was a clumsy, puddingish girl, with a complexion that *ought* to have been fair, but *was* muddy; the other was a dark gipsy, with a pair of very saucy black eyes. Nothing to be afraid of Arthur, unless you are a determined swain; I give you free leave with these damsels, but don't poach on my manor, or meddle with Louisa Grey, I intend to keep her for my own special amusement."

'Arthur was young, gay, and indiscriminating, and quite ready to be pleased with every body, happy to play any part in any under plot for his cousin's amusement, provided, like the jackal, he had his share, and with rather a significant look he promised to keep from attentions as desired.

'"But my good fellow," said Frederick, "don't run away with a notion that I am in love, or going to be in love with Louisa Grey. Venus herself would hardly inspire me unless she was an *heiress!* But I have a natural antipathy to your travelled Misses, who have been tight-laced in Paris, smothered with accomplishments at Rome, and have had French Counts and Italian Marquisses sighing over them; and I don't intend to make myself cheap to the Miss Latours, or any others, and so I shall just save appearances by a few common attentions elsewhere: now we understand each other."

'Frederick in vain was endeavouring to pierce through the "darkness made visible," to find out which of the three ladies in white was Louisa Grey, (for a few years, and the step from the close bonnet and parted hair of an uncome-out-girl, and the metamorphosis into a come-out one, armed at all points, was so great, that dinner was announced, and the elderly ladies and gentlemen had trotted off before he had made the discovery), Lady Vernon settled the point by saying, "Frederick, take care of Miss Latour," and the lady hooked herself on his arm: he was so provoked, that during their short walk to the dining-room he formed the noble resolution to be as disagreeable and inattentive as possible to the lady thus forced upon him.

'On the opposite side of the table were seated Grace Latour and Mr. Beresford, the curate of the parish, an agreeable young man, whose name and connexions were a general passport in the neighbourhood. Next to him sat Louisa Grey and Arthur Nugent, who, however, continued to give Frederick a look, assuring him he remembered their bargain. Though Pope has libelled the sex by saying,

"Most women have no character at all,"

but are distinguished by "fair and brown," we must take the liberty in the nineteenth century to aver, that there are distinctions of genius as well as species.

'Miss Latour was tall, exquisitely fair, with beautiful brown hair, but no great expression of countenance—a perfect *languid* beauty, with a captivatingly soft voice. Her sister was a direct contrast, and they had been called the black and the white heart cherries. Every one knows Marmontel's *petit nez retrousse*, but Grace Latour had not *le nez retrousse*, for her nose and brow were finely formed; her mouth was not good, but she had brilliant eyes, and a fine set of teeth, and was altogether, though a very small person, *piquante* and *spirituelle*.

'Louisa Grey was by far the handsomest, though the least striking of the three; a pale Madonna beauty, and, to Frederick's great astonishment,

the laughing girl was a pensive, interesting, and non-melancholy looking young woman. He had looked several times at her before he could recollect whence had come the change; and then it occurred to *him* that she had lost her only brother in some particularly distressing way. He would have dwelt on the probability of such deep grief for a brother, but the toast was going round, and, moreover, General Dorozenski and Count Wezebor arrived, and were announced; Sir Thomas insisted they should take their seats at dinner *sans toilette*. A place was made for the General by Lady Vernon, and for his friend by Grace Latour. The latter was a handsome sickly looking Pole, with more moustache and larger whiskers than quite suits English taste; his fair neighbour took her tone from the general, and addressed him in French, and he in return made abundance of civil bows.

'The dinner was devoured and discussed in the usual way; General Dorozenski ate, drank, talked and laughed; gave accounts of the magnificent yet peculiar way of life amongst the great manufacturers of Manchester, Preston, and Liverpool; and told some good stories of the cotton spinners. Dessert passed, and Frederick had only remarked of his neighbour, Miss Latour, that she had good taste in the wine she chose after fish, that her voice was certainly melliffluous, and as the cook had done his best, things rather improved with him. There is nothing like a capital dinner for putting people in a good humour, even it they are not professed epicures. "Lie lightly on him earth who" reduced gastronomy to a science, theoretical, practical, experimental, and conversational; for how many otherwise *dull* dinners does that make interesting and agreeable.'—*Country Houses*, vol. i. pp. 9—19.

The vanities and follies of the proud and foppish are shown off in good style. The portrait of Frederick, a completely spoiled only son, is drawn with tact and discrimination. The heroine of the scene is of course, Louisa Grey, one of those "amiable and interesting" country girls who figure in almost almost every modern novel, and who, by the magical powers of the author, is united to Frederick, after his selfish motives and heartless manners have been corrected by the administration of a proper dose of the "tender passion."

The second tale, "Easter Holidays at Stoke Park," is another exhibition much of the same character. Amidst the familiarities of private theatricals, and the *badinage* of fashionable society, the pure and affectionate heart of Emma Legh, the daughter of a great Lord's agent, is exposed to more than one temptation, which threatens her happiness. But by the assistance and advice of a sensible and experienced female friend of her father's she is eventually extricated from her danger, and united to a young clergyman in every way worthy of her.

The most spirited sketch of the whole is that entitled, "Winding up." Does the reader understand what winding up means? An ambitious Lady Mother, who throughout three seasons has been exhausting every resource of "management" in order to get her two daughters suitably married, at length imagines that she has

all but secured for the eldest, at least, a match in every way agreeable to her views—an ancient title and an excellent fortune. But the expected proposal is not yet made, the season is drawing rapidly to a close, and the anxious mother is put to the utmost stretch of her ingenuity to accomplish the desirable object before their departure from town. Lady Honiton's designs are unexpectedly about to be frustrated, by her Lord's announcing his intention to remove sooner than she had reason to apprehend to Inglewood forest. But in consideration of the great advantages proposed to be gained, he yields to her earnest solicitation that he should take his departure with the principal servants of his establishment, and leave the ladies for a week or two more behind him to shift as well as they could. The scenes that occur within this time of grace are taken from the life. Lady Honiton has a convenient friend, a certain Miss O'Brian from Ireland, who is at her elbow on all occasions when any thing confidential is either to be said or done; and in a family where the private fortune had been nearly wasted in the endeavour to keep up an outward show, much of both occasionally arose to give employment to a maiden lady like Miss O'Brian, an indefatigable hanger on the skirt of rank and fashion. There is first the difficulty of a reduced *menage* to be talked over, for the ladies being invited to a water-party and public breakfast, at which the young Marquis of St. Leonard's is to be present, the day must be concluded by a supper in London, for every body knows the importance of a supper on such occasions. And then the young ladies must have new hats for the day—not merely the most fashionable, but the most rare, the most novel, the most peculiar that can be had for money. Oh, the preparations that were made for the all-important, the final day, when, of course, the tacit preference, so long discerned by the mother's keen eye, was to be at length avowed, and the day settled for the nuptials! Alas! the parties, though they meet, scarcely interchange more than a word; the day ends without forwarding the matter a jot: but still another resource remains, an archery meeting at Inglewood had been reserved by the mother as a dernier resort. The young Marquis agrees to take Inglewood on his way to the Moors in the shooting season. But the result of the day is best described in the following colloquy.

'When seated the next day at her breakfast table, Lady Honiton sent a servant to enquire after Miss O'Brian; the answer was returned by the lady in person.

'"Well, Juliet, how are you?" all exclaimed at the same moment.

'"You must ask my shoes how they do, for they are the greatest sufferers, and they were quite a new pair."

'"Oh never mind your shoes," cried Lady Louisa, "we will all subscribe to give you others."

'Though Miss O'Brian declared she had breakfasted, yet her consump-

tion of tea and muffin rather contradicted the assertion. When breakfast was over, the young ladies went to their apartment, and Lady Honiton, with her confidante, to her boudoir.

'"I wish you joy, Lady Honiton, of the success of your water party; nothing could be more perfect, excepting my *malheur*, and no one cared for *me*,—are you not quite in spirits?"

'"I wish I was," replied Lady Honiton, "but I see nothing to build my decided hopes on."

'"Oh, was not Lord St. Leonard all attention to Lady Adelaide?"

'"Only," said Lady Honiton, "when he was wedged in between us; he made his escape when he could, and never returned to us again."

'"But," said Miss O'Brian, "he was so attentive in sending after the white bait, and so delighted that Lady Adelaide liked it."

'"That is true; but did you not mark his decided declaration, that he did not intend to marry."

'"His declarations go for nothing with me," said Miss O'Brian; he *says* one thing, and always *does* the reverse; that is his character."

'"Rather an uncertain one, if it be so."

'"But you know," said Miss O'Brian, "he promised to come to Inglewood, for your archery meeting."

'"And, according to your position," said Lady Honiton, "that is no rule that he will come, rather to the contrary; but there is still his breakfast at Richmond, and he must be *there*, so I must hope on. Now do tell me, did you remark anything between Louisa and Colonel Neville, for the fear of that quite distracts me?"

'"Oh no, nothing in the world but their usual intimacy. You know they have been great friends ever since Lady Louisa was a baby."

'"That does not insure their not being lovers now she is older; but I cling to hope, though in a contrary direction from the other."

'"Now tell me," said Miss O'Brian, "why you fixed the eighth of August for your archery meeting? I thought you were to wait for Lord Ottery. Do you know when to expect him?"

'"I wish I did," replied Lady Honiton; "but there was no bearing the thing indefinite; and if no day was fixed every one would be engaged, so I risked it as the most likely time to catch the grouse shooters, and I must reconcile my Lord as well as I can, if Frederick should not be returned, later in the year would not do at all."

'"One is certain of nothing in this world, more especially where a young man is concerned. As to Frederick, I own I am far from easy about him; his letters are so vague, he *is* coming, and he is *not* coming,—he *is* ill, and he is *not* ill; I much fear there is some abominable attachment in the case. There is nothing makes a young man so uncontrollable as an ill-placed attachment."

'"Have you any other reason for this surmise?" replied Miss O'Brian.

'"None, but what I have named," said Lady Honiton.

'"No person to fix on?" asked Miss O'Brian.

'"None in the world."

'"Why, my dear Lady Honiton, don't you remember a foreign girl, the year Lady Adelaide came out, that Lord Ottery was so attentive to at Almack's?"

'"No, indeed, I do not; but I cannot think," replied Lady Honiton, "that Frederick would fall sincerely in love with any trumpery foreign adventurer."

'"Oh, I assure you," said Miss O'Brian, "she was no adventurer; she was brought out by Lady Gertrude Mahon, who is propriety itself, and as a German countess, and a great heiress; but she disappeared, no one knew why or where."

'"I have no recollection of the circumstance; when was it?"

'"The first year Lady Adelaide came out, and I do not wonder, in her *eclât* and your anxiety, that you heeded no other person."

'"Her coming out was *eclât* indeed," said Lady Honiton; "how few make such a sensation! I own it did engross me to the exclusion of every other thought. And how extraordinary that she has not yet made a brilliant marriage!"

'"Oh," said Miss O'Brian, "that is often the case with girls that are so much admired. I know a hundred instances—Lady Catherine Gower, Miss Faulkland, and fifty more I could name. The fact is, they are so captivated with the admiration they get, that unless they are persuaded to take some *bon parte* before they have thoroughly felt their own powers, they cannot bear to relinquish the joys of flirting."

'"I do think the flirting system destroys more marriages than anything; and quadrilles don't help them. In our time the things were better managed, when country dances gave so much opportunity for conversation."

'"You ought to have said flirting, for it amounts to the same thing," replied Lady Honiton, "but you are quite an oracle this morning; however you may be right, some cause there is why young women, and young men too, are less controllable than they used to be, for I am sure I know this to my cost. But, upon recollection, I do now remember something about the girl you mention; her name was Rosen—something——."

'"Rosenburgh, and she was a countess," said Miss O'Brian.

'"But," said Lady Honiton, "I never saw anything like attention in Ottery to her; that must be a chimera of your's, Juliet. And if she did disappear, there is not much reason to fear they have met again. It all now comes quite before me. Good Lady Gertrude, as round as a pincushion, and quiet as one, taking up half a sofa; I think the girl was always walked about and partnered by Mrs. Douglas."

'"I have always wondered," said Miss O'Brian, "why Mrs. Douglas, with two daughters of her own, who, it must be confessed, are very handsome, should always so readily take other girls under her care."

'"There are generally good and substantial reasons for out of the way things. Mrs. Douglas thinks no girls can come near her own, they are more likely to be foils; and then you know that, though *her* high connection and *their* beauty get her asked every where, she has no establishment, not even a carriage, only a lodging; so the use of a carriage, &c., makes it answer to her; she always knows what she is about. I wish I was as well able to trail up and down the rooms as she does; and then I might learn of her which side has the best man, and how to manœuvre a partner when a girl looks a little glum for want of one."

'"That is not an evil likely to occur in your family, at least," said Miss O'Brian.

'"But," replied Lady Honiton, "we have only been talking of my affairs, and they are not happy just at this moment; now let us have *your's* on the tapis."

'"Mine!"

'"Yes, I have a most charming scheme in my head for you; but first let me say that I *had* cast my eye on Sir Henry Littledale for you, but I saw he was looking towards Emma Williams; but I have something capital in store for you. Don't look so dismal, my dear, it will do, I will *make* it do. I mean that you should marry General Clayton."

'"He! he! he! ha! ha! ha! excellent, indeed!"

'"You may laugh, but I have arranged it all in my own mind. You must contrive to get us for our archery meeting, or soon after it, the last will perhaps be the best, General always pays us a visit at Inglewood, and I mean he should have a fit of the gout then, and *you* shall nurse him."

'"Oh heavens, what can you mean?"

'"I don't mean that you should smooth his pillows, or give him his gruel, but when he is recovering you shall read the papers to him, play at chess or backgammon, and it must be your own fault if you do not touch his heart, it really is a very open, good one."

'"But how are you to get up this fit of gout?"

'"Nothing so easy. I will find out what particular dish, Mullagatawny soup, or what else gives him it, and I will take care he is often tempted: I am sure there is gout enough in all William's dishes, only the disease is almost worn out in these happy, temperate days."

'"Well, lady Honiton, but you have chosen an unlucky time for my powers of attraction, for the gout is said to put those who have it most dreadfully out of temper."

'"That, my dear," said Lady Honiton "is only when it is in its first violence, then you will have nothing to do with him. Believe me men are never so tender and tractable as when they have been reduced by a dangerous and painful disease. I can do any thing with my Lord when he has had an attack of lumbago, he thinks he never can be grateful enough for my attentions."

'"But your dear Lord is always excellence itself."

'"And," replied lady Honiton "his friend General Clayton is a very good man, or he would not be his friend."

'"Well but what will Colonel Neville and Mrs. Denison say to such a scheme? Of all things in the world they would least like the General's marrying."

'"That is very true; but when old men (I beg pardon, middle-aged men) have got marrying into their heads, nephews and neices go for nothing, and they would find you less objectionable than a mere girl, which they are generally the most ready to choose; but on this occasion *your* success would be most particularly desirable to *me*, after the advantage to yourself, which I assure you is my *first* inducement to forward the thing. I think the General's marriage would put Colonel Neville's expectations so far off, it would be impossible he could think of Louisa, and as to Mrs. Denison, we must manage her as well as we can; for decency's sake, I shall ask her to Inglewood whilst the General is there, but not till matters are too far gone for him to retract, and you know she has always a sick baby or a coming

baby to keep her at home. Do, my dear Juliet, go home and ponder over all this, and remember to have plenty of becoming caps and pretty gowns, and look your best."

'"Alas! Lady Honiton, my purse is too exhausted for me to add to my wardrobe."

'"Never mind, vamp up the old ones; men are no judges whether a thing is new or old, if it looks gay. You know, without flattery, that when you look your best you might pass for thirty."

'"But, dear Lady Honiton, there may be another, and as I have often experienced, a *fatal* bar. You know how my dear Church is reviled in the country."

'"Have no fears, the General has lived so much in pagan countries; he is very tolerant—and, pardon me, in your case, the stipulations need not extend beyond yourself; there is no doubt they will be allowed so far."—*Country Houses*, vol. ii. pp. 142—151.

This is all capital, and there are several other equally characteristic dialogues in the tale. The best of it is, that scarcely any thing happens which this managing woman had planned. Adelaide marries a rich baronet, the son of a manufacturer, who made his own fortune; Louisa gives her hand to a young officer, who had little more than his pay and the hopes of preferment; and Miss O'Brian altogether fails in giving the gout to the General, who takes the liberty to remain his own master. It is the episode about young Lord Ottery that gives rise to the unfortunate religious controversy, the introduction of which we have already reprobated. The young man dies prematurely of consumption, brought on by the violence of his affection for the fair Catholic, whose creed he wished to adopt, but which he knew his father would never allow him to think of for a moment. Passing over this, by no means the most interesting part of the story, we are bound to say that the manœuvres of the unmarried folk to get married, and the preparations made behind the scenes for the attainment of the objects which they proposed to themselves, are laid bare with a masterly hand. We have sometimes thought that we, that is the public, are admitted by such sketches of life to rather too intimate a knowledge of the motives and practices of persons engaged, either for themselves or others, in bringing about matrimonial connexions. We fear that such exposures lead many to suspect stratagems where they do not exist, and induce others to put in motion a variety of machinery, where it might really be altogether unnecessary.

The best written tale in the three volumes is that entitled 'Old Maids and Bas Blues,' and we like it the better as it has very little of the *sermon* about it. The object is, in addition to some very good sketches of *blue* society, in which the affectation and ignorance of its members are shown off in an amusing way, to paint the foolish attempts of a rich widow of a certain age, to get herself into what are called the higher circles of London fashionable life.

The author of "Granby" has, we apprehend, long since written his best novel, and surmounted the pinnacle of his fame. 'Arling-

ton' has very little of the raciness of remark, the glowing and picturesque style, the deep interest and probability of plot, by which his earliest and best work was characterized. It is a quiet, lounging, dull view of the heartlessness and insincerity by which the ranks of aristocratic life have been, in all ages and countries, especially in this age and this country of England, distinguished. Arlington is a young nobleman, who enters the world at the usual age, beguiled by the goodly prospects of happiness which his birth and fortune spread every where around him. He is of course, for a while, the prey of numerous young men, who cling to him while the sun of prosperity shines upon his fate. In one of them he finds a treacherous rival, whose intrigues, however, prevent him from forming a union with a woman who was undeserving of his heart: in another he lights upon a real friend, who stands by his side in evil as well as in prosperous fortune; but in the great majority of his gay acquaintances he encounters a set of designing knaves or fools, amongst whom Sir Gerald Denbigh and Henry Beauchamp stand out conspicuous. We shall give their characters, as being the most finished sketches with which the author has embellished his present work.

'Sir Gerald Denbigh and Henry Beauchamp (for such were the names of Lord Arlington's friends) were at that time two of the men most popular, most admired, and courted in the small circle of the best society, and most observed and noted by its inferior votaries. They were very different in every thing, save in worshipping "the world" and exacting worship from it in return; success in society was the object of each, but the modes by which they strove to gain it were as different as were the qualifications of the men. Sir Gerald Denbigh possessed no external advantages; he was low in stature and ordinary in feature, and was, moreover, always plainly dressed, and with an almost studied contempt of the existing fashion. There was nothing of dignity, nor much of suavity, in his manner, nor was there any thing in his general appearance and deportment which could render favourable a first impression. But the stranger who might have wondered why this ordinary-looking man should be so much admired, could not remain long in his company without discovering some portion of the true cause, for Sir Gerald Denbigh possessed, in a high degree, the merit of being an agreeable talker. A quick observation, a lively and humourous fancy, a retentive memory, imperturbable confidence, refinement of tact, good spirits, and an ever active desire to shine, combined with great conversational facility, were the qualifications which he brought into society.

'He had talents which might have enabled him to succeed in literature or in political life; but instead of striving for the bright, but slow coming and hard earned honours which might have awaited him in either of those courses, he preferred the more immediate gratification of his restless vanity, by establishing a reputation for conversational brilliancy, by inhaling the incense of admiring coteries, and rendering himself a table oracle, or (to adopt a phrase that has been used before) "a diner-out of the first magnitude;" for success in this line he was eminently qualified.

He was the most amusing *racouteur*, and the most formidable of colloquial satirists. Nobody had a more ready fund of agreeable anecdote, knew better every thing interesting among passing events, every thing that "the world" considered worth knowing, and could mix more pleasant information with the liveliest and most graceful trifling; he soon became famous. His *bons mots* were repeated, his epigrams were handed about, stories which had owed their piquancy to his mode of telling, were retailed because they were his, and people tried to laugh again, and wondered why they could not. In short, nobody in the whole circle of the most fastidious society was more caressed and sought than Denbigh.

'But though many admired Denbigh, few really liked him. Not only did he too freely scatter shafts of ridicule, which irritated and annoyed, but he wanted that warmth of feeling which is necessary to conciliate goodwill. He had no heart. He loved none, and he hated many—hated with a slow, petty, jealous, rankling spite, a smiling hatred, originating, perhaps, in no deeper cause than another being admired in the circles where he wished to reign supreme, or appearing indifferent to his own great claims; and this he would calmly nurse for years, till he found a fitting time to wreak it.

'It was his ambition not only to be the idol of society, but to exercise, in some degree, a dominion over it, and to this valueless end was the busy idleness of his life devoted. With this view he selected his associates and formed his intimacies; he knew that in only one way could a young unmarried man, of moderate rank and fortune, establish much influence over the fashionable world, namely, by influencing those who were its acknowledged leaders. This course he diligently pursued; he measured the desirableness of an acquaintance, not by the merits of the person, but by the importance which society accorded to them. If they were proudly placed, he sought their intimacy; he covertly laboured to become their bosom friend, their counsellor, their manager; and this he did to gain for himself no real advantage, but merely to gratify his pride, by enabling himself to feel that the golden idols of "the world's" homage were but puppets in *his* hands.

'While thus really a slave to fashion, there was nothing which he so indignantly disclaimed as being a fashion hunter. He affected independence and indifference to all the externals of fashion, the characteristics by which ordinary judges could estimate his position, and he avoided whatever, in the language of the *Morning Post*, could be called "places of fashionable resort." He was seldom seen at large assemblies, even if collected under the auspices of his more admired intimates. He professed to hate crowds, and preferred gliding about in the more select society of those, whose well thronged parties he had in vain been pressed to attend.

Sir Gerald Denbigh was not a vicious man; he was not a *roué*, nor a *bon vivant*, nor a gambler, nor a spendthrift; but he was a vain, cold-hearted, selfish man, who would not have been withheld by principle from being any of these if he had only been so inclined. He nevertheless, sometimes, made an advantageous use of his absence of inclination for vicious pleasures, and boasted of his morality and correctness before the most right-minded of his distinguished friends; while he was equally ready

to scoff at all virtue with others, who were glad for their own sakes to cry it down.

'Never was there a more complete contrast to Denbigh than Beauchamp, who was, perhaps, still more the idol of society, and stood higher than Denbigh in general estimation for fashionable distinction. Yet Denbigh, jealous as his disposition was, did not hate Beauchamp much, because, in fact, they seldom clashed, and the success of each in society was of a different kind, and gained by different means. What Denbigh owed to talent, agreeableness and finesse, Beauchamp owed chiefly to externals. In the first place, he was very handsome. To be as good looking as Beauchamp, was the highest praise which it was thought possible to accord to the exterior of any man. Then he excelled in all manly exercises, and in those accomplishments which are most easily appreciated by the greatest number; he was the best waltzer, the best rider, the best shot, the best skaiter, fencer, billiard-player, whist-player, cricketer, the best, in short, at every game and accomplishment in which success draws ready applause from the generality. This, together with his companionable qualities, made him as much an idol and model among men as his good looks ensured him the admiration of the women. He was the glass of fashion, in which all the young aspiring coxcombry of London dressed themselves, and wore the Beauchamp hat, or the Beauchamp collar, and tried to walk, ride, and drive, in humble imitation of the inimitable original.

'Beauchamp was especially qualified to be an ornamental member of society, but less to be an entertaining one. In fact, his agreeableness did not amount to more than that tact, and refinement, and grace of manner, and acquaintance with all topics of momentary interest, which long habits of society will give to persons of even very moderate ability; but in spite of the good-humoured, off-handed, cordiality which made him a favourite among men, and the fascination of look and manner which extended wide his conquests among women, Beauchamp could not be called an amusing companion, and in this respect appeared to great disadvantage in comparison with Denbigh. He had, however, with all his apparent openness of manner, almost as much artfulness as the latter, a quality supposed to have been not a little fostered by his turf pursuits and habits of play, and the underhand shifts to which a boundless extravagance had compelled him to resort. He was one of those ingenious persons who, without more than very trifling ostensible means, contrive to indulge in every imaginable luxury; who deny themselves no gratification, and habitually set expense at nought; who are always deep in debt, yet never seem to feel its consequences—stake more pounds on a race than they are known to have pence—play every night for double their yearly income, and see it lost with the coolest indifference.

'All this was thought extremely clever, and the mystery of Beauchamp's ways and means seemed to increase the general admiration. Many explanations were given, none of them honourable, and some of them true; but Beauchamp was not less admired. He was fully entitled to the character conveyed by that comprehensive half-Anglicized word, a *roué*. He played and betted much, and partook deeply, and too often with vicious excess, of every ingredient which fills the cup of youthful pleasure. He was held up without scruple as a notorious profligate; but then he was very pleasing,

and very good humoured, and he had a most engaging manner, and was very much the fashion; and the "world" was as lenient as it usually is, shook the head and frowned in his absence, and smiled on him most graciously whenever he approached.

'Both Denbigh and Beauchamp made more than usual efforts to improve their intimacy with Lord Arlington, and each for reasons of his own; Beauchamp because he found him a pleasant companion and knew that he had much to spend; Denbigh because others seemed to like him, and he was noticed and petted by those who administered the laws of fashion, and promised to become a creditable friend; each, too, wished to be intimate with him because the other did, for it was always a satisfaction to Denbigh to abstract a friend from Beauchamp, and Beauchamp, though in a less degree, had the same good feeling with regard to Denbigh.'—*Arlington*, vol. i. pp. 128—138.

Besides being baffled, through the knavery of Beauchamp, in his first love, Arlington is placed, by the author, in a situation which exposes the insincerity of the myriads of butterflies who attended him when the world smiled upon him, but deserted him as soon as they beheld the first cloud. By an evident afterthought of the author, devised for the purpose of enabling him to work out his third volume, a story is got up, somewhat upon the plan of Eugene Aram. A claim is brought by an American for the Arlington title and estates, under the pretence that he was the true heir; false testimony is got up for the purpose of supporting it, and upon the first trial it succeeds. But the principal witness turns out to be a person who had been formerly tried for the supposed murder of Arlington's father, and acquitted; and who, in revenge for the disgrace which the unjust accusation had brought upon him, trumped up the evidence by which the American claim was sustained. Now Holford, Arlington's agent and confidential man, very well knew that the father had been killed accidentally; he, Holford, holding a gun in his hand, while out shooting with him, which went off by chance. The author makes a mystery of this business; Holford is afraid to disclose the truth, lest it should be an imputation upon himself, until he finds out the real motives which gave rise to the American claim. He then promises the witness full restoration of character by presenting him with a written confession, which he accepts as well as a much higher price than he could get from the other side, and thus, upon a second trial, the title and estates are restored to Arlington. This part of the story, which occupies a great portion of the last volume, is altogether a bungling affair. In other respects the novel, though not calculated to improve the author's reputation, may be accepted as a just picture of aristocratic society.

But if the author of "Granby" has descended a little from his high estate in his new production, the noble author of "Matilda" has gone still lower in 'The Contrast.' It is in more points than one a complete contrast to the brilliancy and warmth of his former

writings. We can imagine the noble lord in a stiff silk morning gown and morocco slippers, with a gold pen in his hand, composing these three volumes, without giving a thought to much of what he put on paper, and caring least of all about the style of his production. Not that the style is absolutely incorrect, or unpolished; but it flows on with an air of indifference, and even on exciting occasions with a listlessness, which induces the reader to feel any sensation rather than that of mental delight, while he is engaged in turning over these pages.

The noble author has not been very fortunate, we think, in the selection of the theme which he has here worked into a novel. His design is to paint the unhappy consequences which sooner or later attend unequal matches. It is not, in the first place, a very pleasant thing to hear of what is called a *mesalliance*. It always presents to our contemplation a train of disagreeable ideas; for on whatever side the low birth and want of education may be, it is certain to be productive of misery to both parties, and very generally to terminate in a separation. The result is too inevitable to be made the subject of doubtful speculation, upon which a story can be constructed that shall keep up any thing like interest through three volumes.

The hero, Lord Castleton, is left upon his own hands at an early age, with a splendid fortune at his command. Having freely indulged in all the pleasures which a profligate state of society too abundantly afforded him, he went abroad, and met at Naples a young widow of title, in whom he thought he had found a mind that could converse with his own. He cultivated the sympathies which soon grew up between them; but some trifling circumstances gave rise to jealousy on his part, which circumstances still more trivial happened to confirm, and he withdrew from the society of Lady Gayland, disgusted with the insincerity and vice which he found among the refined classes of the community. In this state of feeling his memory reverted to a beautiful country girl, whom he chanced one day to see near her father's farm: his thoughts dwelt more and more fondly upon her image, and it occurred to him that in her at least he would find that truth and warmth of affection, for which he had looked to the higher circles in vain. We shall give the scene of their marriage.

'It was a gay looking morning in early spring, which shone auspiciously on the happy scene, when the select family circle, to whom alone the secret had been confided, sought the parish church of St. ———, in the city of ———, armed with the special license which, in due form, permitted the union of the Right Honourable Egbert Athelstan Somers, Lord Castleton, to Lucy Darnell.

'Though no high-born kindred crowded round the altar, or lightly tripped or swept in a state up the empty aisles, which struck chill and damp upon the little party as they first quitted the light and buoyant atmosphere without, yet in the whole line of Lord Castleton's ancestry, even including that progenitor who had a won a stately dame, through

whom, as his name denoted, was traced his descent to the heptarchy—never had any of his forefathers led to the altar a more lovely object, or one in outward appearance more distinguished and refined, than the lowly maid who now clung anxiously to him for support.

'The wedding-robe which she wore had been chosen by him, and though simple, was tasteful, and her aunt's care had prevented any glaring defects in the mode of wearing it, which her unpractised ignorance might otherwise have betrayed; though her toilet was a task which the perfect proportion of her slight and elegant form rendered easy. The delicate and finely-chiselled contour of her features, and the unstudied grace of her whole figure, even to the tapering fingers of the small hand, whose gentle pressure on Lord Castleton's arm seemed to claim protection,—all these marked her as fitted to adorn that exalted station to which she was then to be raised.

'The quiet dignity of Alice Darnell's whole deportment showed her a fitting chaperon, on such occasion, for the future peeress. To be sure, the honest farmer, though dressed in his very best, did not seem quite of a piece with the other performers in the ceremony; but nobody could feel this more thoroughly than he did himself; and so unaffectedly, as to be compatible with great pride in his daughter, and no shame for himself; and therefore he kept in the back ground, exulting, yet retiring.

'As Lucy knelt at the altar unconsciously, in an attitude which sculptors might have studied for the line of grace, Castleton fixed upon her an ardent gaze of unmeasured admiration, which, as the ceremony concluded, and they rose to depart, she repaid with the mild expression of intense devotion, rather than of passion.

'"God save your Ladyship," cried Farmer Darnell, coming up, and kissing her, trying to bury his feelings in a tone of banter, but in vain:—"God save you! Lady——. Good bye, my own darling Lucy!" and he retired to gulp down his emotion. Her aunt also took leave of her here, to avoid the parting in the streets.

'Castleton supported her trembling frame tenderly to the carriage; and as soon as they had entered, pressed her to his heart, saying, "My own, own Lucy, now!" And as the carriage rattled rapidly through the narrow streets of the city, they were soon out of sight of the farmer and his sister, who had followed to the door of the church, to watch the departure of what they both loved best in the world.'—*The Contrast*, vol. ii. pp. 223—227.

The author has some very good and very just reflections upon "honeymoons" in general, which Dr. Johnson, by the by, has defined to be a period of "tenderness and pleasure." Lovers should know betimes, that domestic happiness,

——— "the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall,"

is not the mere creation of the nuptial ceremony, not slipped on with the ring. 'Mutual good understanding,' he truly observes, 'must be established by slow degrees. In the vegetable world, a graft is an unsightly excrescence at first; and no more in temper and tastes, than in trees, is the fruit of such an experiment borne on the instant. How much tacit, perhaps unconscious, compromise must be gradually matured before, as Thomson says—

" Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence ;"

he pronounces—

" Happy they the happiest of their kind."

However, we are told that the honeymoon of Castleton and Lucy was perfect bliss. Their respective feelings under the new circumstances in which she was placed are thus pourtrayed.

' If there ever was a blissful honeymoon! If?—There have been myriads; those of a mixed character, for which I have been endeavouring to account, are but the exceptions. In the very first class of blissful honeymoons was that of Castleton and Lucy; most happy positively in its exemptions from any of the causes which I have mentioned, as occasionally chequering that happiness; and most happy comparatively with their mutual experience of the past: and I fear I must forestall so far as to add also, comparatively with their future wedded life. Here there was no unsettled compromise of tastes, no gradual adaptation of former habits; for the companion was no more new to Lucy than was the existence to which she had been transferred. The very atmosphere she breathed was strange to her; and in entering upon that new existence, she had but one all-engrossing object—to study in her own manner the happiness of him to whose destiny she was united.

' Castleton was by nature affectionate; but he must have been insensible indeed, if he had not shared with more fervour, and almost equal freshness, every feeling of one so beautiful and so gracious, so tender and so devoted as his gentle bride. Besides, he had another security against her fondness palling upon possession, if such a thing could otherwise have been possible. It was an original experiment he had attempted, so far successful, whose future progress he had to watch; and this blended occupation with his enjoyment. And there was certainly occupation enough in explaining many rudiments of conduct in her present sphere, of which Lucy was completely ignorant. Anxious as she was to learn, and eager as she was to adopt any suggestion of his, in spite of her natural quickness, he sometimes found it difficult to make her comprehend his meaning, from some ideas being perfectly new to her which were so interwoven with his early nature, that he could not recollect and identify their first impression. Castleton being himself a person of very cultivated mind, and having been much in a society famed for ready memory and apt illustration, had adopted, perhaps more than any one else, a sort of short-hand turn of conversation, a comprehensive cypher, known only to the initiated; in which a half-hinted allusion, or trite quotation, was often meant to awaken a whole train of ideas; such an inclination he was of course obliged to check in all his communications with Lucy. This made his instructions often much more circumlocutory, and consequently protracted, than they would otherwise have been; and though it was impossible to imagine a more gentle tutor, or a more docile pupil, yet, ever blended as it was with the soft dalliance of those first days of exclusive devotion, there was something irksome to both parties in the perpetual recurrence of such topics.

' Instruction however mildly conveyed, infallibly destroys that feeling of equality, in exact proportion to which confidence is generally found to

exist. Every day Castleton felt more and more how impossible it would be to ask Lucy's opinion in any of those subjects on which she was profoundly ignorant; and every day Lucy became more aware of her deficiencies, and more anxious, therefore, to conceal them from him; and that she could only do by acquiescing in her ignorance, for there was no one else from whom she could seek information. There were some points on which she would even have endeavoured to extract knowledge from the servants; but dreading, from her former habits, nothing so much as too great a familiarity in this respect, Castleton had made it one of his first desires to her, that she would confine her communication with them to asking for what she wanted. To this, as to every other desire of his, she yielded, as far as she could, with implicit obedience, but it was often a great exertion on her part to do so. Of her own maid she felt from the first a considerable awe; and to such a degree did this continue, that she could not conceive any fatigue from labour equal to the burden of her assistance. Being naturally of a disposition both active and obliging, it was quite new to her to have any thing done for her which she could do for herself. For some time she had as great a horror of touching a bell-rope, as others have in touching the string of a shower bath; and when services were obtruded on her by the domestics, as a matter of course, she had much difficulty in checking the exuberance of her gratitude.' — *The Contrast*, vol. ii. pp. 234—239.

Castleton's trials very soon begin. To her very first visitors Lucy betrayed such a degree of ignorance in the most common matters, that it cost him a struggle to prevent himself from feeling already ashamed of her. The progress of the uncultured bride in the graces of life during the first months of their marriage, afforded him little satisfaction. Nevertheless, when the season came, he determined on taking her to London, under the impression that she might be more easily and more perfectly schooled, there in those qualfiications which she so much wanted, than she ever could be in the country. Lady Gayland, a highly accomplished, yet sensible woman, who had really loved Castleton, and would have married him, but for the ridiculous circumstances that excited his jealousy and drove him away from Naples, takes Lucy under her guardianship in the most affectionate manner. This was no doubt exceedingly well meant on her Ladyship's part; but before we point to its unfortunate results, let us behold the rustic beauty at the opera.

'There is perhaps nothing yet produced by the progress of civilization so thoroughly artificial as an Italian opera; and to a child of nature, like Lucy, it may be imagined that much that night was perfectly incomprehensible. As long as deadly defiance is hurled in the most perfect concord—voices ringing in harmony whilst swords are brandishing in enmity—the crisis of fate consumed in repeating some hundred times some Italian paraphrase of "I cannot stay, I must away," which practical performance of an alleged impossibility is probably encored—the most confidential communication of the most disordered despair given over the lamps in the most elaborate *roulades*, whilst four rusty old maids all in a row, repeat together, at stated intervals, "Poor thing—poor thing!—how very much we all pity

you!"—whilst thus, upon every occasion, sense is sacrificed to sound, it would appear that that assumption of character must be a mere mockery. Yet this is far from being the case. In losing the verisimility of nature, the unity of effect, as a whole, is of course destroyed. Yet so powerful is the additional impulse given to the excited senses, by the aid of appropriate music adapted to the action pourtrayed, that perhaps much the most brilliant movements of the mimic art have been of late years on the Italian boards. And the night in question was rich in examples of that description, for the opera was Semiramide, and the finest living actress of the world, the splendid Pasta, was the heroine.

'Lady Gayland's box was upon the pit tier, more upon the stage than over the orchestra. Lady Gayland, passionately fond of music as she was, had already arrived, when Castleton and his wife entered. Lady Castleton sat in front next the stage; Lady Gayland on the opposite side, with her back to the audience, and Castleton beside her. Partly from the earliness of the hour, and partly from the interest of the performance of that opera, then new to this country, they remained long without any additional visitors. Every thing was a matter of bewilderment to Lucy from the very first crash of the overture, which, except the war of the winter waves, was the loudest sound she had ever heard.

'As subjects of astonishment and admiration accumulated in the opera, she became confused with their multitude, and ashamed to show the extent to which she was puzzled by asking any questions. Lady Gayland's good-natured attempt to explain the story as it proceeded was not very successful, as Lucy could not retain either the real or assumed names of the persons described so as to be able to identify them again; and the nature of the (to her) strange costumes, puzzled her even as to which were meant for men, and which for women. The chorusses she could not at all understand. She longed to ask why so many people could think of singing exactly the same words all together, unless it had been a psalm. The finely executed elongation of a high note, to her ignorant simplicity seemed only an unmeaning squall.

'In the mean time Castleton and Lady Gayland were in a state of exstacy only known to the true "Fanatici," an enjoyment certainly much enhanced to both of them, by their being able mutually to communicate their sensations. It has been remarked that the peculiar character of Castleton was the refinement of his taste, which was, on some occasions, much too fastidious for his happiness; but in nothing was his taste more perfect than in music, though he was often too much of an enthusiast to be a very captious critic.

'Castleton and Lady Gayland had often together heard and admired Pasta in the same opera in Italy; and whilst they therefore anticipated the brilliancy of each well-known passage, or subsequently discussed its comparative merit, now, and the last time, they had heard it, Lucy could not conceive how it was possible for any one to remember sounds so long.

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'At the conclusion of the opera, Lucy was presented to an undistinguishable succession of young gentlemen with black heads and neckcloths, who had each hardly time to mutter "how divine Pasta had been!" when another and another still succeeded.

'Through all this Castleton had kept his station by the side of Lady

Gayland by a sort of brevet rank, which the presence of his bride gave him. Latterly the society had again become more stationary. Next to Castleton was his friend St. Clair, with whom he was soon engaged in an interesting conversation. Opposite to them was Lord Stayinmore, who had never more than a certain set of phrases to address to a lady. Having exhausted these to Lucy, he suffered himself to be engrossed by Sir North, on his other side, in a political discussion.

'Lady Gayland took the opportunity of inquiring of Lucy "how the opera had amused her?" There was that unmistakeable air of real interest in Lady Gayland's manner, whenever she addressed Lucy, which made her always reply in a tone of confidence, different from that which she felt towards any other member of the society in which she moved.

'"Why, to tell you the honest truth," said she, leaning forward towards her questioner, "I can't say that I could the least understand what it all meant. It's not likely that people should sing when they're in such sorrow; and then I can't guess why that young man should kill the queen, th was so kind to him all along."

'"I don't wonder that that should surprise you, my dear; but he was not aware of what he was doing. It was in the dark."

'"In the dark! But I could see very well who it was, though I did not know her so well as he did, and was so much farther off."

'"I am afraid you are in the dark too, a little, as yet," said Lady Gayland, (tapping her gently with her fan.) "But, tell me, did you not admire the singing, though you could not understand the story?"

'"Why, I should perhaps if I had known the language; but even then this seemed to be more like birds than men and women singing words. I like a song that I can make out every word that's said, just as cousin George used to sing."

'She rather dropped her voice at the last half sentence, but not so much as for it to escape the quick ear of Castleton, who turned sharply round, even before Lady Gayland asked, "and who pray is cousin George, my dear?"

'"A relative of Lady Castleton's, who is in the navy," answered Castleton for her; and then turned round to St. Clair again, as if, though having heard it he had answered it, it was nevertheless a question of no moment.

'The overture to the ballet just then commencing with a crash, Lady Gayland took advantage of that moment to beckon Lucy towards her, and whisper, "at Mornscliff that day, was he not?" and on her assenting, Lady Gayland raised her finger to her lips in token of silence on the subject.

'The curtain then rose for the ballet; at first, Lucy was delighted with the scenery and pageantry, for the spectacle was grand and imposing. But at length the resounding plaudits announced the *entrée* of the perfect Taglioni. Lucy was a little astonished at her costume upon her first appearance. She was attired as a goddess, and goddesses' gowns are somewhat of the shortest, and their legs *au naturel*; but when she came to elicit universal admiration by pointing her toe, and revolving in the slow *pirouette*, Lucy, from the situation in which she sat, was overpowered with shame at the effect; and whilst Lady Gayland with her *lorgnette* fixed on the stage, ejaculated, "beautiful! inimitable!" the unpractised Lucy could not help exclaiming, "O! that is too bad! I cannot stay to see that!" and she turned her head away blushing deeply.

'"Is your ladyship ill?" exclaimed Lord Stayinmore. "Castleton, I am afraid Lady Castleton feels herself indisposed."

'"Would you like to go?" kindly enquired Castleton.

'"O, so much!" she answered.

'"Are you ill, my dear?" asked Lady Gayland.

'"O, no!" she said.

'"Then you had better stay, it is so beautiful."

'"Thank you, Lord Castleton is kind enough to let me go."

'Which he did, still imagining that she had been suddenly taken ill. Therefore St. Clair volunteered to call her carriage—Lord Stayinmore bowed his lowest as she passed—Sir North reached his highest to help her on with her cloak—Lady Gayland took leave of her most kindly—and Castleton attending her with the greatest care, she was safely conveyed to the carriage; and it was not till then that he entreated an explanation of what had really been the cause of her sudden departure.'—*The Contrast*, vol. iii. pp. 49—66.

Several other unfortunate circumstances of this description followed so thickly upon the heels of each other, that Castleton was too glad to escape with his wife once more to the seclusion of his country seat. Thither, by Lucy's express desire, Lady Gayland, to whom she naturally became much attached, was invited for a part of the autumn. Lucy would not ride, or, if she could, was then in a situation in which such exercise would have been improper for her. Lady Gayland was passionately fond of it, and rode much with Castleton. Thrown thus together, feelings that neither should have entertained returned with overwhelming power: the circumstances that at Naples had estranged Castleton from her received a satisfactory explanation, and matters are tending on all sides to a dangerous crisis, when Lady Gayland was removed from the scene by a fall from her horse, the effects of which confined her for some time to her bed. Lucy witnessed the perilous accident, and gave birth prematurely to a dead child. She was scarcely recovered when the death of her mother induced her to pay a visit of condolence to her father. Returning home by sea, the yacht in which she sailed was cast away, and the ill-starred Lucy was brought to land a corpse! The story ends wretchedly. How far it may be useful, in a moral point of view, to paint such scenes, we must leave others to determine. We fear that, like the tales of ill-requited love, which have been told ever since society began, without having the slightest tendency to prevent young men and women from yielding to the master-passion, this example of the misery arising out of an unequal match, will obtain little attention from those who have already determined, or may hereafter determine, on that least excusable of all human follies.

ART. VIII.—*The Maid of Elvar, a Poem, in twelve parts.* By Allan Cunningham, 12mo. pp. 214. London: Moxon. 1832.

THIS is an attempt at what may be called a rustic epic poem, if such epithets may be deemed compatible with each other. On the one hand, the author seeks to elevate to a certain degree of dignity, topics that, naturally, are much more interesting on account of their simplicity; while, on the other hand, he desires to veil in a pastoral character heroes and heroines, who boast of a lofty origin. In other words, he endeavours occasionally to pass off the shrill notes of the oaten reed for the majestic sounds of the organ, and to conceal the courtly brocade beneath a rustic gown. The attempt has not, in our opinion, been a very successful one: indeed, we might confidently pronounce it altogether a failure, conceived in false taste, executed, for the most part, in a heavy, creeping, and elaborate style, sometimes vulgar, sometimes silly, generally mawkish, and, only now and then, at long intervals, in some measure redeemed by a stanza or two bearing a resemblance to poetry.

The argument is thus stated. A battle is fought and won on the Nith, by Sir Ralph Latoun, to whom Henry the Eighth granted as much land as he could conquer in Scotland; but before he takes possession of his new spoils, he is surprised and routed by Eustace Græme, who adds, to the gallantry of the young warrior, the gifts of the minstrel. No one rejoices more in Latoun's defeat than the beautiful Maid of Elvar, who, in order to commemorate the event, offers a garland of gold for the best song in honour of the victory. The garland and the heart of the maid are at once won by her Græme. Latoun, failing to win the maid by other means, makes war upon her, burns her castle, and compels her to fly disguised as a peasant; she takes refuge in Græme's family, and profits by her situation to discover whether he is worthy of her affection. In her disguise she establishes an interest in his heart, which is divided between herself and the Maid of Elvar, but before matters are brought to a conclusion, she is surprised by Latoun, who carries her off to his castle on the Solway, where, at the moment he was about to wed her by force, he is slain by her lover. Landing at Elvar Castle, the fugitive pair are invited into it as strangers, but they are not long there before the maid appears before Eustace in her real character. Another obstacle offers just at the moment they are about to be united; a pilgrim makes his appearance at the castle, who turns out to be the long lost Lord of Elvar, and he forbids the marriage under the idea that Græme was a man of low degree: the contrary, however, is made out to his satisfaction, and the nuptials are solemnized to the joy of all parties.

The few specimens which we shall give of the composition, shall be confined to those passages which have some redeeming traits of genius about them—for it would be unjust to deny that Mr. Cunningham is a man of genius, though he, and some of his inju-

dicious friends, rate it much more highly than it deserves. The Castle of Elvar and its fair lady are thus described.

'He came unto a small and pleasant bay—
A crescent-bay half-garlanded with trees,
Which scented all the air; whose blossoms gay
Were rife with birds, and musical with bees;
And danced in beauty in the seaward breeze;
While o'er the grove ascended Elvar Tower,
A mark by land, a beacon on the seas—
With fruit trees crowned, and gardens hung in flower,
Dropt round with fairy knolls, and many an elfin bower.

Even as he stood, there came from Elvar Hall
A peerless one, with handmaids hemmed about—
Fair Sybil Lesley, lovesome, straight and tall,
Sweet as a lily ere the bloom bursts out:
A seaman looked and scarce suppressed a shout—
A shepherd saw her and looked down with awe;
Even Ralph Latoun, a warrior tried and stout,
Seemed moved somewhat when he this vision saw,
Which with the rising sun came down the greenwood shaw.

Fair Sybil comes: the flowers which scent her feet
Bloom for her sake alone: the polished shells
Raise as she touches them a sound as sweet
And musical as the breeze breath'd on bells;
Her hand waves love, and her dark eyes rain spells,
Her mouth, men might mistake it for the rose
Whose opening lips afar the wild bee smells:
Her hair down gushing in an armful flows,
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.'—pp. 9, 10.

Her future lover, Eustace Græme, is pourtrayed in two very happy stanzas:—

'So by the river Eustace sat, and took
Drink from the stream, and from the wild tree fruit;
Nor e'er before was shadowed in the brook
A fairer figure or a fleeter foot;
His bright looks spoke e'en though his lips were mute,
And when he talked, his voice was sweeter far
Than song of lark, or sound of harp or lute.
Straight as a rush, and pure as morning star
He shone; sweet song he loved far more than strife and war.

He bathed his temples white, and lightly placed
His plumed bonnet on his shining brow;
And on his limbs his buskins tighter laced.
Forth from his pouch an ivory pipe he drew,
And on the breeze some charmed notes he threw;
Then down the glen he bounded like a roe;
He leapt one brook, another waded through,
And like a sunbeam o'er the mountain, lo!
As swift, and scarce less bright, see the enthusiast go.'—p. 22.

Upon Eustace's song, which won for him the heart of Elvar's Maid, we shall make no other remark than this,—that if it were, indeed, the best of all that were sung on the occasion, the bards of Scotland must be set down as the least among the minstrels of their day. The pastoral scene, however, which presents itself at the close of his exertions, is one of Mr. Cunningham's best sketches, though, perhaps, too apparently studied and elaborated.

'So Eustace sung, and as he ceased, the sun
Behind the mountain's summit slowly sank:
Crows came in clouds down from the moorlands dun,
And darkened all the pine-trees, rank on rank:
The homeward milch-cows at the fountains drank;
Swains dropt the sickle, hinds unloosed the car—
The twin hares sported on the clover-bank,
And with the shepherd o'er the upland far,
Came out the round pale moon, and star succeeding star.

'Star followed star, though yet day's golden light
Upon the hills and headlands faintly stream'd;
To their own pine the twin-doves took their flight;
From craig and cliff the clamorous sea-mews screamed;
In glade and glen the cottage windows gleam'd;
Larks left the cloud, for flight the grey owl sat;
The founts and lakes up silver radiance steamed;
Winging his twilight journey, hummed the gnat—
The drowsy beetle droned, and skimmed the wavering bat.'—p. 43.

Though exceedingly beautiful in itself, yet the reader will perceive how unfitly such a burst of true poetry as the following, escapes from the lips of an elderly Scotch housewife, whose chief business we may suppose to have consisted in making butter and carrying it to market.

'"Ah! Sybil's sweet: can sweetness e'er dissemble—
The unsunned lily on its slender stalk,
When breezes rise and silver dews assemble,
Shakes, as thy song shook her, and put her in a tremble.

'"Then rushed back to her cheek the blood, as wine
Sets all the crystal goblet in a glow,—
How her two eyes seemed drinking out of thine
Love's luscious venom, while her bosom's snow
Swelled till it snapt the silken lace in two.
Ah! love's mute symptoms, I can read them weel,
The bright eyes which say aye when lips say no,
The low delicious tremor which maids feel
When arms of those they love around them softly steal."'—p. 47.

We should have stated that Latoun, after his defeat by Eustace, wandered for some time in various disguises through the country, and, among other adventures, encountered the fallen angel Lucifer. It is difficult to guess the train of ideas which could have led the author into such an extravagant and ridiculous fancy as this.

Lucifer, warring still with heaven, and gnashing his *iron* teeth with incessant rage, tells Latoun a portion of his history, since the day of the great battle which hurled him from heaven, and prophecies great fortune for the knight, adding, however, a mysterious insinuation that the end of his days would not be very brilliant. The age of witches and goblins we thought had long since passed away. Lucifer, at all events, has been spared for many a long year. We had imagined, vainly also as it seems, that the horrors of the spectre-ship had been pretty well exhausted. Mr. Cunningham, who is not very nice in standing out for claims to originality, introduces the spectre-ship, with the hope of shewing that it was a Scottish production. This, we suppose, is what is meant by the following barbarous lines, which he puts into the mouth of one of a numerous tribe of old dames, whom he seems always to have at command.

'A matron with a visage like a scythe,
Cried, "Sirs! I mind him weel, his name was Hugh Forsythe.

'"His mother's name was Girzie Kingan, kin
To umwhile Kingan's of the Kittle-naket;
And his wife also was a bairn of sin,
A giggling hempie glib of tongue and glaiket;
Before she was a wedded dame she traiket
With young Barcloye.—See! darker far than pitch,
Yon black cloud pours, like pouring from a bucket—
Her grandame too—ye mind her weel—a witch,
As sure as ever rode through Sanquhar on a switch." '—p. 58.

After all, the ship, though itself a spectre, is burthened with real mailed warriors, who proceed to attack Elvar Castle under Latoun's command. The fair Sybil, who little expected such guests, was busy at the time celebrating her birth-day, but on the sudden appearance of the knight, who

——'On the threshold stood and gave a stamp,—
Then took one step into that gay saloon—
Three damsels shrieked, *three* wept, and *three* fell into a swoon.'

Who does not admire the accuracy with which the poet distinguishes the number of the damsels, who severally shrieked, wept, and fainted, on this trying occasion? He could not hardly have been more particular, had he been giving evidence on a coroner's inquest. The anger of the Scots is also eloquently expressed.

"For Southron lips, Scotch drink is brewed right salt,
Home to your *pudding-pan* and *pickling-tub*—
And *pipe and pot*. Come ye to reave us and to *rob?*"

The castle is burnt, as we have already intimated; the scene of the conflagration offers a theme which Mr. Cunningham works up in his usual industrious manner. How differently, how divinely, might we say, does he write, when he has to describe a glorious landscape!

'The reaver-ship sailed from their sight, but still
They stood till darkness grew to silver gray,

And the glad sun came dancing up the hill,
In brightness clad, and like a bridegroom gay,
Thick showering gems, and gold on bank and brae;
Dew on his wings, and incense on his feet:
The mottled lark toward the milky way
Turned his grey bosom, and his proud wings beat,
And hymned and perfumed heaven with songs and earthly sweet.'—p. 65.

The Maid of Elvar's appearance in disguise, after her escape from the hands of Latoun, is also a perfect picture.

'That sun sunk on Dalgonar, glen and hill;
Tower, tree, and fountain wore a golden stain;
In busy hands the sickle glittered still,
And as it moved fast sank the bearded grain:
Each maid looked up, so did each hoary swain,
For o'er the new-shorn field a Maiden came;
Her feet the short sharp stubble filled with pain;
Weary she seemed, like one strayed far frae hame,
And no one knew her face, and no one knew her name.

'Fair in her form as in her dress sedate,
She seemed the daughter of some rustic cot;
Downcast of eye, of meek and modest gait;
Her glossy ringlets were wound neat about
Her brow, and bound with virgin snood devout;
Her long manteel was white as Cheviot flocks,
Beneath it whiter moved her snowy foot:
Slow as she came among the yellow shocks,
Her twentieth autumn's sun was shining on her locks.

'"O reverend Sir!"—thus said the stranger maid—
No reap-hook rustled while she meekly spoke—
"Far from my home in sore distress I've strayed;
To pastures green, say, can I lead thy flock,
Or dress ripe corn, or twine the white hause-lock?
The church-yard turf on my dear mother lies;
My father sailed and perish'd." 'Gainst a shock
She leaned, and few and bitter were her sighs,
And half she turned her round to hide her glistening eyes.

'Her by the hand Miles Græme affectionate took—
Said, "Weep not, maiden, thou shalt with me go,
And like a daughter grace my cottage nook;
Eupheme loves eyes which are acquaint with woe.
In twining flax or fleeces white as snow,
Or pressing fragrant curd, come, show thy skill;
Or add that sweet voice, musical and low,
To tender songs which make the heart-strings thrill;
Or to the glad pipe dance, when snowy winds are shrill."

'She looked up ruddy as the rose of June,
And thanked him with her eyes. Horns told aloud
That day was done; stars glimmered; shearers soon
Dropt their reap-hooks, and in the crystal flood
Cooled their hot hands and brows, all toil bedewed:

Homeward they went, and as they went they sung
Of holy love, or some unholy feud;
Or told sad tales which live but on the tongue
Of hinds, and made us weep we were soft and young.

'Even while he spoke, he at his open door
Arrived, and o'er the threshold led the maid;
A peat fire sparkled on the smooth stone floor,
And round the house a twinkling twilight made;
Which first the form and then the thrift display'd
Of his Eupheme, who toiled that she might tell
How with her wheels her husband she arrayed
For kirk or fair: she looked up—she knew well
It was a stranger's foot that on the threshold fell.

'She smiled a welcome as she looked, and met
A look all loveliness. "Eupheme, I say,
Haste thee, and sweetest of all sweet things get,
For this young thing hath walked a weary way;
God's hand hath taen her kindred all away—
She goes unfriended through this world alone."
"O welcome to me as the light of day,"
The matron said; "Cheer thee, thou beauteous one,
Old eyes like mine should weep"—nor made she farther moan.

'The stranger maid her mantle clasp unloosed,
Shed back her flowing locks of darkest stain,
Bared her round fingers long and white, composed
Her swelling bosom, where a pleasant pain
Fled and returned with double throb again;
With neat and ready hand Eupheme her cheer
Placed on the board: cakes of the sifted grain,
Curds quenched in fragrant cream, and pure and clear
The honey from the comb, and breg-wort, sweetest beer.

'Eupheme now bade the stranger one draw near;
Miles bared his brow and the small banquet blest—
A sound unwonted to that maiden's ear,
But yet most welcome; she could scarcely taste
The cream and curd; the breg-wort cup she kiss'd,
And passed it meekly to the cottage dame,
While the frank farmer drank her health and prest—
"Come cheer thy heart, and think thyself at hame—
The friendless foot is dear to all who bear my name."'—pp. 66—68.

In this retirement Sybil continues through a whole year, a circumstance of which the author avails him, in order to pour out his thoughts upon the various seasons, their amusements, their occupations, and the domestic customs of the Scottish peasantry. We must give one of the harvest evenings.

'Sweet sang young Sybil, and sweet smiled Eupheme,
And every song there were kind words between;
Till nigh the hill the sun's bright border came,
And poured its fire slaunt on the summit green:

On every field were busy labourers seen,—
On every road there rolled the tumbler-car;
Whips smacked, steeds snorted, fast the pitchforks sheen
Moved, and the corn-ricks, 'neath the twilight star,
Rose fast, and harvest-horns rung o'er the hills afar.

'Sweet was such sound to those who toiled since morn,
Maids hung their sickles in the standing stook,
And from their ringlets plucked the bearded corn;
Or from their hands the stinging nettles took,
And laved their foreheads in the running book,
And gave their hot necks to the dewy air;—
The dewy air its glittering diamonds shook,
Bright and profuse amid their snooded hair,
And cooled the grass, and gemmed white feet and ancles bare.

'The horses loosed from labour gambol round,
Drink in the streams or browse the tender grass:
Cows leave their pastures, o'er the moistened ground
Their udders drop white fragrance as they pass;
To where with milk-pail stands the bare-armed lass,
And every vale and hill and haugh pours home
Its people; nigh each farmer's door a mass
Of rustics stand; slow moving others come,
Enjoying eve's sweet air on rivulet bank, and holm.

'This was the last night of the week, and joy
Was in the land, both man and beast were glad;
The air was balmy, from the heavens high
The clear moon chased off every vapour sad;
The groves with rooks as thick as leaves were clad,
The honey dew the hare licked from her feet;
The shepherd freed his right arm from his maud,
His plum-tree whistle dipt in odorous weet,
And from the green-hill side sent down his ditty sweet.'—pp. 92—93.

The best of the extracts which we have copied may be compared to so many wild roses—and not the less sweet or welcome because they are so wild—plucked from a mountain side filled with heath and thistles. It is possible that the whole of the twelve cantos, or parts, into which the poem is divided, may be relished on the other side of the Tweed, and gain for the author at home that fame which, we are afraid, will be denied him elsewhere.

Art. IX.—*Contarini Fleming, a physcological Auto-biography. In four volumes.* 8vo. London: Murray. 1832.

Had Mr. D'Israeli, junior, to whom we believe these volumes have been with truth ascribed, omitted the epithet 'physcological' from his title page, and pared down the exaggerations in which he has so frequently indulged in the work, he might have rendered it infinitely more acceptable to the public. As it now stands, it is some-

thing between fact and fiction, in which we cannot always ascertain the boundaries where the one ceases, and the other begins. It is an ambiguity, leaving behind it that shadowy vague impression, which, perhaps, of all others, is the most fatal to the fame of an author. With the materials which lay within his reach, he might have produced an auto-biographical sketch, which, if limited within the compass of his actual experience, would have been considered as a valuable accession to the better classes of our literature. But he preferred turning the memoranda of his life into a kind of novel, and has thus, in our humble judgment, stripped them of many of the charms which they might otherwise have possessed. He has chosen to picture out what he might have been under a variety of circumstances real or supposed, rather than what he has been in the state of life which it has been his portion hitherto to maintain. Assuming that the education which he received was founded upon an irrational system, incapable of eliciting his faculties to the extent which they were competent to attain, he has endeavoured to lift his mind above it, and to lay before us those aspirations of his soul, which the established usages of society have the effect of placing under what he deems an improper and injurious restraint.

The author asks with Pilate, "what is truth?" and, like the governor of Judæa, without expecting an answer. But the question is put with a view to let it be understood that he is free from prejudices of every description, and only anxious to proceed in his inquiries, without being fettered by principles. 'We are the slaves,' he says, 'of false knowledge,' 'we believe what our fathers credited, because they were convinced without a cause. The faculty of thought has been destroyed. Yet our emasculated minds, without the power of fruition, still pant for the charms of wisdom. It is this that makes us fly with rapture to false knowledge—to tradition, to prejudice, to custom. Delusive tradition, destructive prejudice, degenerating custom!' We have selected these propositions, for the purpose of presenting the author in the character which he affects to aim at through the sketch which he has here given of his phsycological career. If we were inclined to dispute them, we might easily shew that they are raised upon a very sandy foundation: that the faculty of thought, for instance, far from being destroyed, was never more vigorously or more practically exercised than it is at the present day; and that the human mind, instead of being emasculated, has in fact put on new strength, and taken a bolder flight into the regions of natural and moral philosophy. But this is not a fitting opportunity for such discussions. The author himself must have been fully aware that he was dealing in paradoxes, and it is indeed manifest that he has thrown them out by way of forming a suitable introduction to the narrative which follows.

It is for the same reason that we pass over, without deeming it

necessary to expose, though we must, under all circumstances, censure, the dangerous doctrine, that 'thought is the consequence of organization; action the result of a necessity not less imperious.' Here we find, in one short sentence, the exploded systems of materialism and fatalism propounded without the slightest qualification. 'My fortune and intelligence,' he adds, 'have blended together, and formed my character.' Thus religion is altogether excluded from his code—at least, it is denied the influence which it must always exercise over well-regulated minds. But lest we should have any doubt as to his opinion on this subject, he further on observes,—'Some exemption from the *sectarian* prejudices, that embitter life, may surely be expected from one, who, by a curious combination of circumstances, finds himself without country, without kindred, and without friends; nor will he be suspected of indulging in the delusions of worldly vanity, who, having acted in the world, has retired to meditate in an inviolate solitude, and seeks relief from an overwhelming vitality of thought in the flowing spirit of creation.' What are we to understand by exemption from 'sectarian prejudices?' The absence of all religion. What is meant by the 'flowing spirit of creation?' Simply that there is no God.

But if these be really the opinions which Mr. D'Israeli entertains, it is but justice to him to acknowledge that he nowhere puts them forward in an offensive manner. It is very possible, that an imperfect education may have given him erroneous principles, or left his mind at sea on many points which most well-informed men consider as settled. This is his misfortune. But it will be also his fault, if, having access, as he must have, to the best authorities, he disdain, from mere pride of intellect, to listen to their advice, and to rectify the errors which seem at present to depress, rather than to elevate, the powers of his manly understanding.

After giving us a history of his family, in which the outline is not much altered from the truth, he places the scene of his early youth under the Austrian *regime*. His father married a second time, and although his step-mother was kindness itself, he felt unhappy and alone. He loved his father tenderly, but seldom had an opportunity of seeing one who was employed in public affairs, as one of the emperor's ministers. As a boy, Contarini was so sedentary and silent, that he obtained the unhappy reputation of being stupid, although he was in truth absorbed in the airy creations of a fertile imagination. As he grew up, the idea of not being loved, and of having nobody to love, made him wretched and disconsolate. Books, as he became more and more acquainted with them, opened new and real worlds which charmed his fancy. Reading of the grotto of Egeria, it occurred to him that he might, in such a recess, find out a nymph, with whom he too might hold mysterious converse.

'We were discoursing of Pompilius, when the thought flashed across

me. I no longer listened to his remarks, and I ceased also to answer. My eyes were indeed fixed upon the page, but I perceived nothing, and as it was not yet my hour of liberty, I remained in a soft state of dreary abstraction.

'When I was again free, I wandered forth into the park, and I hastened with a rushing agitated step to the spot on which I had fixed.

'It was a small dell, and round it grew tall trees with thin light coloured leaves, and the earth was everywhere covered with thick fern, and many wild flowers. And the dell was surrounded at a very slight distance by a deep wood, out of which white glancing hares each instant darted to play upon the green sunny turf. It was not indeed a sparry grot, cool in the sparkling splendour of a southern scene, it was not indeed a spot formed in the indefinite but lovely mould of the regions of my dreams, but it was green, and sweet, and wondrous still.

'And I threw myself upon the soft yielding fern, and covered my eyes. And a shadowy purple tint was all that I perceived, and as my abstraction grew more intense, the purple lightened into a dusky white, and this new curtain again into a glittering veil, and the veil mystically disappeared, and I beheld a beautiful and female face.

'It was not unlike Christiana, but more dazzling and very pensive. And the eyes met mine, and they were full of serious lustre, and my heart beat, and I seemed to whisper with a very low but almost extatic voice, "Egeria!" Yet indeed my lips did not move. And the vision beamed with a melancholy smile. And suddenly I found myself in a spacious cave, and I looked up into the face of a beautiful woman, and her countenance was the countenance of the vision. And we were in deep shade, but far out I could perceive a shining and azure land. And the sky was of a radiant purple, and the earth was streaming with a golden light, and there were blue mountains, and bright fields, and glittering vineyards.

'And I said nothing, but I looked upon her face and dwelt upon her beauty. And hours flew, and the sun set, and the dew descended. And as the sky became less warm, the vision gradually died away, and I arose in the long twilight, and I returned home, pensive and grave, but full of a soft and palpitating joy.'—vol. i. pp. 47—50.

As long as he remained under tutelage at home, this place of retirement was his delight. From home he passed to a college, to prepare for the university. Here his life is characteristically traced through a number of trifling incidents, in which, however, the reader will find some interest. After some time spent at school, he began to feel the desire of composition. His first was a theme of heroic life, which he wished to clothe in the splendour of remote antiquity. He began with a magnificent description, but when he had completed his scene, he could not get the actors to come on. His next attempt was a story in the German fashion, for which his fancy was prepared by the tale of the "Hunter of Rodenstein." But in this he was equally unsuccessful. He began with a very elaborate description of the dress of his hero, a young traveller whom he introduced as arriving at night on the borders of a Bohemian forest. But having conducted him to his bed-room, he thought it not sufficiently epic to put him to bed, so he employed

him for a while looking out at the moon. There he remained immoveable. Do what he would, with all the aid of fine gilt paper and or-molu inkstands, he could not get his man to move from the window. Upon his return home, he found his life so dull that he ran away, and for awhile became a wanderer. He had an unconquerable longing to see Venice, and he visited with rapture the city of dreams. He of course found it necessary to apologize for this vagabond excursion to his father, whom he thus presents to us.

'Imagine then a man of about four and twenty years of age, tall and thin, slightly bald, handsome and elegant, pensive and pale. His clear broad brow, his aquiline but delicately chiselled nose, his grey, deep set, and penetrating eye, and his compressed lips, altogether formed a countenance which enchanted women and awed men.

'His character is more difficult to delineate. It was perhaps inscrutable. I will attempt to sketch it, as it might then have appeared to those who considered themselves qualified to speculate upon human nature.

'His talents were of a high order, and their exercise alone had occasioned his rise in a country in which he had no interest and no connexions. He had succeeded in everything he had undertaken; as an orator, as a negotiator, and in all the details of domestic administration he was alike eminent, and his luminous interpretation of national law had elevated the character of his monarch in the opinion of Europe, and had converted a second rate power into the mediator between the highest.

'The minister of a free people, he was the personal as well as the political pupil of Metternich. Yet he respected the institutions of his country because they existed, and because experience proved, that under their influence the natives had become more powerful machines.

'His practice of politics was compressed in two words—subtilty and force. The minister of an Emperor, he would have maintained his system by armies; in the cabinet of a small kingdom he compensated for his deficiency by intrigue.

'His perfection of human nature was a practical man. He looked upon a theorist either with alarm or with contempt. Proud in his own energies, and conscious that he owed everything to his own dexterity, he believed all to depend upon the influence of individual character. He required men not to think but to act, not to examine but to obey; and animating their brute force with his own intelligence, he found the success which he believed could never be achieved by the rational conduct of an enlightened people.

'Out of the cabinet, the change of his manner might perplex the superficial. The moment that he entered society, his thoughtful face would break into a fascinating smile, and he listened with interest to the tales of levity, and joined with readiness in each frivolous pursuit. He was sumptuous in his habits, and was said to be even voluptuous. Perhaps he affected gallantry because he was deeply impressed with the influence of women both upon public and upon private opinion. With them he was an universal favourite; and as you beheld him assenting with conviction to their gay or serious nonsense, and waving with studied grace his perfumed handkerchief in his delicately white and jewelled hand, you might have supposed him for a moment a consummate Lord Chamberlain—but only for

a moment,—for had you caught his eye, you would have withdrawn your gaze with precipitation, and perhaps with awe. For the rest, he spoke all languages, never lost his self-possession, and never in my recollection had displayed a spark of strong feeling.

'I loved my father deeply, but my love was mixed with more than reverence; it was blended with fear. He was the only person before whom I ever quailed. To me he had been universally kind. I could not recall in the whole period of my existence, a single harsh word directed to myself that had ever escaped him. Whenever he saw me he smiled and nodded; and sometimes in early days when I requested an embrace, he had pressed my lips. As I grew in years everything was arranged that could conduce to my happiness. Whatever I desired was granted, whatever wish I expressed was gratified. Yet with all this, by some means or other which I could not comprehend, the intercourse between my father and myself seemed never to advance. I was still to him as much an infant as if I were yet a subject of the nursery, and the impending and important interview might be considered the first time that it was ever my fortune to engage with him in serious converse.'—vol. i. pp. 238—244.

The result of his interview with his father was his removal to the university, where, after going through the usual rounds of dissipation, he at length fairly settled to his books. The lecture of a German professor made him enamoured of the Greek language, poetry, and history. He gave himself up to study, and insensibly became an author. Gigantic schemes crowded upon his mind. He 'mused over an original style which was to blend profound philosophy, and deep learning, and brilliant eloquence.' The university announced a medal for the writer of the best treatise on the Dorian people. He tried his "'prentice hand," and won the prize. He returned to his father, he says, 'in a blaze of glory.' Full of his triumph, he could for a long time think of nothing but the Dorians and the Pelasgi, until, by his father's advice he dipped into the works of Voltaire, commencing with Zadig. He was at once spell-bound, and by the time he had finished the hundred tomes, his mind, he says, was completely disembarrassed of all prejudice. He thenceforth tested every thing by first principles, and, by the aid of his university friends, formed a 'secret union for the amelioration of society,' of which he had the honour to be elected president. The narrative may be true or fictitious: either way it shews the natural progress of a mind placed under such circumstances.

The new society, having drawn the attention of the heads of the university, was prohibited, but the members resolved to rebel against all authority, and agreed to go out and live together in a forest reputed to be haunted. They took possession of an old castle, in which there was a large hall, covered with tapestry and tattered banners. This they made their principal apartment, and here they held their sittings. But from philosophers they soon found it necessary to become practical men, and so turned themselves into a corps of banditti. After a few deeds of real plunder, they

were informed that the police, well armed and assisted by troops, were in pursuit of them. It was the signal for their disbanding, and each went his own way. The result of this affair was to turn our hero's mind into a mood for composition, and straight he commenced planning a tragedy, which he as speedily finished, upon the German-horror-plan. But nobody would publish it. In this state of mind he returned once more to his father, who received him in the kindest manner, and persuaded him to become his private secretary.

'I devoted myself to my new pursuits with as much fervour as I had done to the study of Greek. The former secretary initiated me in the mysteries of routine business. My father, although he made no remark, was evidently pleased at the facility and quickness with which I attained this formal but necessary information. Vattel and Martens were my private studies. I was greatly interested with my novel labours. Foreign policy opened a dazzling vista of splendid incident. It was enchanting to be acquainted with the secrets of European cabinets, and to control or influence their fortunes. A year passed with more satisfaction than any period of my former life. I had become of essential service to my father. My talent for composition found full exercise, and afforded him great aid in drawing up state papers and manifestoes, despatches, and decrees. We were always together. I shared his entire confidence. He instructed me in the characters of the public men who surrounded us, and of those who were more distant. I was astonished at the scene of intrigue that opened upon me. I found that in some, even of his colleagues, I was only to perceive secret enemies, and in others but necessary tools and tolerated incumbrances. I delighted in the danger, the management, the negotiation, the suspense, the difficult gratification of his high ambition.

'Intent as he was to make me a great statesman, he was scarcely less anxious that I should become a finished man of the world. He constantly impressed upon me that society was a politician's great tool, and the paramount necessity of cultivating its good graces. He afforded me an ample allowance. He encouraged me in a lavish expenditure. Above all he was ever ready to dilate upon the character of women, and while he astonished me by the tone of depreciation in which he habitually spoke of them, he would even magnify their influence and the necessity of securing it.

'I modelled my character upon that of my father. I imbibed his deep worldliness. With my usual impetuosity I even exaggerated it. I recognised self-interest as the spring of all action. I received it as a truth that no man was to be trusted, and no woman to be loved. I gloried in secretly believing myself the most callous of men, and that nothing could tempt me to compromise my absorbing self-ism. I laid it down as a principle, that all considerations must yield to the gratification of my ambition. The ardour and assiduity with which I fulfilled my duties and prosecuted my studies, had rendered me at the end of two years a very skilful politician. My great fault as a man of affairs was, that I was too fond of patronising charlatans, and too ready to give every adventurer credit for great talent. The moment a man started a new idea, my active fancy conjured up all the great results, and conceived that his was equally prophetic. But here my father's severe judgment and sharp experience always interfered for my

benefit, and my cure was assisted by hearing a few of my black swans cackle instead of chant. As a member of society, I was entirely exempt from the unskilful affectation of my boyhood. I was assured, arrogant, and bitter, but easy and not ungraceful. The men trembled at my sarcasms, and the women repeated with wonderment my fantastic raillery. My position in life, and the exaggerated halo with which in my case, as in all others, the talents of eminent youth were injudiciously invested, made me courted by all, especially by the daughters of Eve. I was sometimes nearly the victim of hackneyed experience—sometimes I trifled with affections which my parental instructions taught me never to respect. On the whole I considered myself as one of the most important personages in the country, possessing the greatest talents, the profoundest knowledge of men and affairs, and the most perfect acquaintance with society. When I look back upon myself at this period, I have difficulty in conceiving a more unamiable character.'—vol. ii. pp. 107--112.

Public life, although he shone in it, soon ceased to have any charm for such a mind as Contarini's. Upon a change of administration, which threatened to exclude his father from power, and to transfer it to his rival, the Count de Moltke, the young secretary amused himself with writing political squibs, and turned the laugh against the count, by describing him as a manufacturer of cream cheeses. But upon the settling of the cabinet again, he spurned the dull routine of office, and his old aspirations after literary distinction returned.

'I took up a pen. I held it in the light. I thought to myself what will be its doom, but I said nothing. I began writing some hours before noon, nor did I ever cease. My thoughts, my passion, the rush of my invention, were too quick for my pen. Page followed page; as a sheet was finished I threw it on the floor; I was amazed at the rapid and prolific production, yet I could not stop to wonder. In half a dozen hours I sank back utterly exhaused with an aching frame. I rang the bell, ordered some refreshment, and walked about the room. The wine invigorated me and warmed up my sinking fancy, which, however, required little fuel. I set to again, and it was midnight before I retired to my bed.

'The next day I again rose early, and with a bottle of wine at my side, for I was determined not to be disturbed, I dashed at it again. I was not less successful. This day I finished my first volume.

'The third morning I had less inclination to write. I read over and corrected what I had composed. This warmed up my fancy, and in the afternoon I executed several chapters of my second volume.

'Each day, although I had not in the least lost my desire of writing, I wrote slower. It was necessary for me each day to read my work from the beginning, before I felt the existence of the characters sufficiently real to invent their actions. Nevertheless, on the morning of the seventh day, the second and last volume was finished.

'My book was a rapid sketch of the development of the poetic character. My hero was a youth whose mind was ever combating with his situation. Gifted with a highly poetic temperament, it was the office of his education to counteract all its ennobling tendencies. I traced the first indication of his predisposition, the growing consciousness of his powers,

his reveries, his loneliness, his doubts, his moody misery, his ignorance of his art, his failures, his despair. I painted his agonising and ineffectual efforts to exist like those around him. I poured forth my own passion when I described the fervour of his love.

'All this was serious enough; and the most singular thing is, that all this time it never struck me that I was delineating my own character. But now comes the curious part. In depicting the scenes of society in which my hero was forced to move, I suddenly dashed not only into the most slashing satire, but even into malignant personality, all the bitterness of my heart, occasioned by a wretched existence among their false circles, found its full vent. Never was any thing so imprudent. Every body figured, and all parties and opinions alike suffered. The same hand that immortalised the cream cheeses of poor Count de Moltke now avenged his wrongs.

'For the work itself it was altogether a most rude performance, teeming with innumerable faults. It was entirely deficient in art. The principal character, although forcibly conceived, for it was founded on truth, was not sufficiently developed. Of course the others were much less so. The incidents were unnatural, the serious characters exaggerations, the comic ones caricature; the wit was too often flippant, the philosophy too often forced; yet the vigour was remarkable, the license of an uncurbed imagination not without charms, and, on the whole, there breathed a freshness which is rarely found, and, which perhaps, with all my art and knowledge, I may never again afford: and, indeed, when I recall the magnificent enthusiasm, the glorious heat with which this little work was written, I am convinced that, with all its errors, the spark of true creation animated its fiery page.

'Such is the history of "Manstein," a work which exercised a strange influence on my destiny.'—vol. ii. pp. 135—140.

This is intended to be a phsycological history of the origin of "Vivian Grey," a very bad satirical novel, which, perhaps, some of our readers may remember. The failure of the high hopes which he founded upon this publication, the severity of the criticisms which were pronounced upon it on all sides, rendered a foreign appointment particularly acceptable to him. He went to Venice, where a new world of passion came upon his soul, called into existence by the beauty of Alceste Contarini, a cousin of his own, with whom he became acquainted. But she was already betrothed! What was to be done? He induced her to marry him privately, and then to elope with him to Candia, where he informs us he led a life of happiness, such as he had never expected to find in the possession of man. He thus describes his situation at this period.

'I know not the palling of passion of which some write. I have loved only once, and the recollection of the being to whom I was devoted fills me at this moment with as much rapture, as when her virgin charms were first yielded to my embrace. I cannot comprehend the sneers of witty rakes, at what they call constancy. If beings are united by any other consideration but love, constancy is of course impossible, and I think unnecessary. To a man who is in love the thought of another woman is uninteresting, if not repulsive. Constancy is human nature. Instead of

love being the occasion of all the misery of this world, as is sung by fantastic bards, I believe that the misery of this world is occasioned by there not being love enough. This opinion, at any rate, appears more logical. Happiness is only to be found in a recurrence to the principles of human nature, and these will prompt very simple manners. For myself, I believe that permanent unions of the sexes should be early encouraged; nor do I conceive that general happiness can ever flourish but in societies where it is the custom for all males to marry at eighteen. This custom I am informed is not unusual in the United States of America, and its consequence is a simplicity of manners, and a purity of conduct, which Europeans cannot comprehend, but to which they must ultimately have recourse. Primeval barbarism, and extreme civilization must arrive at the same results. Men under these circumstances are actuated by their organization; in the first instance instinctively, in the second philosophically. At present we are all in the various gradations of the intermediate state of corruption.

'I could have lived with Alceste Contarini in a solitude for ever. I desired nothing more than to enjoy existence with such a companion. I would have communicated to her all my thoughts and feelings. I would have devoted to her solitary ear the poetry of my being. Such a life might not suit others. Others influenced by a passion not less ardent, may find its flame fed by the cares of life, cherished by its duties and its pleasures, and flourishing amid the travails of society. All is an affair of organization. Ours would differ. Among all men there are some points of similiarity and sympathy. There are few alike. There are some perfectly unlike the mass. The various tribes that people this globe in all probability spring from different animals. Until we know more of ourselves of what use are our systems? For myself, I can conceive nothing more idle or more useless than what is styled Moral Philosophy. We speculate upon the character of man, we divide and we subdivide; we have our generals, and our sages, and our statesmen. There is not a modification of mind that is not mapped in our great atlas of intelligence. We cannot be wrong because we have studied the past, and we are famous for discovering the future when it has taken place. Napoleon is first consul and would found a dynasty. There is no doubt of it. Read my character of Cromwell. But what use is the discovery, when the consul is already tearing off his republican robe, and snatching the imperial diadem? And suppose—which has happened, and may and will happen again—suppose a being of a different organization to Napoleon or Cromwell placed in the same situation, or a being gifted with a combination of intelligence, hitherto unknown, where then is our moral philosophy, our nice study of human nature. How are we to speculate upon results which are to be produced by unknown causes? What we want is to discover the character of a man at his birth, and found his education upon his nature. The whole system of moral philosophy is a delusion fit only for the play of sophists in an age of physiological ignorance.

'I leave these great speculations for the dreariness of future hours. Alceste calls me to the golden sands, whither we are wont to take our sunset walk.

'A Grecian sunset! The sky is like the neck of a dove, the rocks and waters are bathed with a violet light. Each moment it changes, each moment it shifts into more graceful and more gleaming shadows. And the

thin white moon is above all, the thin white moon followed by a single star —like a lady by a page.'—vol. iii. pp. 99—104.

Matter like this is so attractive that we must go on with it.

'We had no books, no single source of amusement, but our own society, and yet the day always appeared a moment. I did indeed contrive to obtain for Alceste what was called a Mandalin, and which from its appearance might have been an ancient lyre. But it was quite unnecessary, my tongue never stopped the whole day. I told Alceste everything. All about my youthful scrapes and fancies, and Musœus and my battle, and Winter and Christiana, and the confounded the tragedy, and of course Manstein. If I for a moment ceased, she always said "go on." On I went, and told the same stories over again, which she reheard with the same interest. The present was so delightful to me that I cared little to talk about the past, and always avoided the future. But Alceste would sometimes turn the conversation to what might happen, and as she now promised to heighten our happiness by bringing us a beautiful stranger to share our delightful existence, the future began to interest even me.

'I had never written to my father since I arrived at Paris. Every time I drew a bill I expected to find my credit revoked, but it was not so. And I therefore willingly concluded that Lausanne apprised him of everything, and that he thought fit not to interfere. I had never written to my father, because I cannot dissemble; and as my conduct ever since I quitted France had been one continued violation of his commands and wishes, why, correspondence was difficult, and could not prove pleasing. But Alceste would talk about my father, and it was therefore necessary to think of him. She shuddered at the very name of Italy, and willingly looked forward to a settlement in the north. For myself I was exceedingly happy, and my reminiscences of my father-land were so far from agreeable, that I was careless as to the future; and although I already began to entertain the possibility of a return, I still wished to pass some considerable time of our youth inviolate by the vulgar cares of life, and under the influence of a glowing sky.

'In the mean time we rambled about the mountains, on our little stout Candiote horses, or amused ourselves in adorning our residence. We made a new garden. We collected every choice flower, and rare bird, and beautiful animal that we could assemble together. Alceste was wild for a white gazelle, ever since we had seen one in the Consul's court. They came from a particular part of Arabia, and are rare. Yet one was obtained, and two of its fawn-coloured brethren. I must confess that we found these elegant and poetical companions extremely troublesome and stupid. They are the least sentimental and domestic of all creatures. The most sedulous attention will not attach them to you, and I do not believe that they are ever fairly tame. I dislike them in spite of their liquid eyes and romantic reputation, and infinitely prefer what are now my constant and even delightful company, some fine, faithful, honest, intelligent, thorough-bred English dogs.

'We had now passed nearly eight months in this island, The end of the year was again advancing. Oh! the happy charming evenings when, fearing for my Alceste that it grew too cool to walk, we sat within the house; and the large lamp was lit, and the faithful Lausanne brought me my pipe, and the confounded gazelle kicked it over, and the grinning Tita handed us our coffee, and my dear, dear Alceste sung me some delicious Venetian

melody, and then I left off smoking, and she left off singing, and we were happier and happier every day.

'Talk of fame and romance—all the glory and adventure in the world are not worth one single hour of domestic bliss! It sounds like a clap-trap, but the solitary splendour with which I am now surrounded, tells me too earnestly it is truth.'—vol. iii. pp. 104—109.

This fascinating picture of domestic bliss was destined soon to be changed into mourning. Alceste died in child-bed—Contarini, distracted, flies to the mountains, where he is found after an absence of three days by his faithful servant. By degrees his mind becomes calmed, and he returns to Italy, and takes up his abode among the Apennines, where he again applies his mind to literary composition. The result was the sequel of 'Manstein,' or of "Vivian Grey," as we believe we may call it. Feeling the defects of his former work, he was resolved to execute his new labour in a very different style. Disgusted with the wild crudities of his first performance, he constructed his characters upon what he supposed to be philosophical principles. He says that in the formation of his style he had been much indebted to music and painting, and that the Venetian school had developed in him a latent love of the gorgeous in incident and expression, which, however, brought with it its attendant imperfections,—exaggeration, effeminacy, the obtrusion of art, the painful want of nature. In his second novel all was art. His contrasts and grouping were studied, and his characters were not taken from any models which he had seen or read of, but impersonations of the moods and passions of the mind. Nature, however, would not be suppressed: it now and then defied all his careful calculations.

'I began to write; my fancy fired, my brain inflamed; breathing forms rose up under my pen, and jostled aside the cold abstraction, whose creation had cost such long musing. In vain I struggled to compose without enthusiasm, in vain I endeavoured to delineate only what I had preconceived. In vain I endeavoured to restrain the flow of unbidden invention, all that I had seen and pondered passed before me from the proud moment that I stood upon Mount Jura to the present ravishing hour that I returned to my long estranged art. Every tree, every cloud, every star and mountain, every fair lake and flowing river that had fed my fancy with their sweet suggestions in my rambling hours, now returned and illumined my pages with their brightness and their beauty. My mind teemed with similes. Thought and passion came veiled in metaphoric garb. I was delighted, I was bewildered. The clustering of their beauty seemed an evidence of poetic power; the management of these bright guests was an art of which I was ignorant. I received them all. I found myself often writing only that they might be accommodated.

'I gave up to this work many long and unbroken hours. I was determined that it should not suffer from a hurried pen. I often stopped to meditate. It was in writing this book that I first learnt my art. It was a series of experiments. They were at length finished, and my volumes consigned to their fate and northern publisher.

'The critics treated me with more courtesy. What seemed to me odd amongst them, although no puzzle now, was, that they admired what had been written in haste, and without premeditation, and generally disapproved of what had cost me much forethought, and been executed with great care. It was universally declared a most unequal work, and they were right, although they could not detect the causes of the inequality. My perpetual efforts at being imaginative were highly reprobated. Now my efforts had been entirely the other way. In short I puzzled them, and no one offered a prediction as to my future career. My book as a whole was rather unintelligible, but parts were favourites. It was pronounced a remarkable compound of originality and dulness. These critiques, whatever might be their tenor, mattered little to me. A long interval elapsed before they reached Florence, and during that period I had effectually emancipated myself from the thraldom of criticism.

'I have observed, that after writing a book my mind always makes a great spring. I believe that the act of composition produces the same invigorating effect on the mind which some exertion does upon the body. Even the writing of Manstein produced a revolution in my nature, which cannot be traced by any metaphysical analysis. In the course of a few days, I was converted from a hollow-hearted worldling into a noble philosopher. I was, indeed, ignorant, but I had lost the double ignorance of the Platonists, I was no longer ignorant that I was ignorant. No one could be influenced by a greater desire of knowledge, a greater passion for the beautiful, or a deeper regard for his fellow creatures. And I well remember when on the evening that I wrote the last sentence of this more intellectual effort, I walked out upon the terrace with that feeling of satisfaction which accompanies the idea of a task completed; so far was I from being excited by the hope of having written a great work, that I even meditated its destruction, for the moment it was terminated, it seemed to me that I had become suddenly acquainted with the long-concealed principles of my art, which, without doubt, had been slenderly practised in this production. My taste, as it were, in an instant became formed, and I felt the conviction that I could now produce some lasting creation.

'I thought no more of criticism. The breath of man has never influenced me much, for I depend more upon myself than upon others. I want no false fame. It would be no delight to be considered a prophet, were I conscious of being an impostor. I ever wish to be undeceived; but if I possess the organization of a poet, no one can prevent me from exercising my faculty any more than he can rob the courser of his fleetness, or the nightingale of her song.'—vol. iii. pp. 148—153.

A poet, however, he never was intended to be, otherwise he could not have set down the divine dialects in which Homer and Virgil and their distinguished successors clothed their inspirations, as 'unnatural language.' The art of poetry, he asserts, is to express natural feelings in unnatural language: now we should have thought that its province was exactly the reverse. It may be said that in truth there is no such thing as natural or unnatural language, since it is the creature of an arbitrary convention. This must be admitted to be the case, and all that can be meant by natural language is a body of expression best adapted for the conveyance to others of our

thoughts, in as clear and strong a light as we ourselves conceive them. Who doubts, except Mr. D'Israeli, that the ancient poets accomplished this object in a pre-eminent degree? But we ought to remember that he delights in paradoxes, and even in contradictions, and that it is doubtful very frequently whether he really means half the assertions which he advances with such consummate boldness.

A short period of application to composition made him almost a hypocondriac, and he found it necessary again to travel. The reader shall see with what little effect.

'All the Italian cities are delightful; but an elegant melancholy pervades Pisa that is enchanting. What a marble group is formed by the Cathedral, the wonderful Babtistero, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo; and what an indication of the ancient splendour of the Republic! I wish that the world consisted of a cluster of small states. There would be much more genius, and, what is of more importance, much more felicity. Federal unions would preserve us from the evil consequences of local jealousy, and might combine in some general legislation of universal benefit. Italy might then revive, and even England may regret that she has lost her Heptarchy.

'In the Campo Santo you trace the history of art. There, too, which has not been observed, you may discover the origin of the Arabesques of Raffaelle. The Leaning Tower is a stumbling-block to architectural antiquarians. An ancient fresco in the Campo proves the intention of the artist. All are acquainted with the towers of Bologna; few are aware that in Saragossa, the Spaniards possess a rival of the architectural caprice of the Pisans.

'To this agreeable and silent city I again returned, and wandered in meditation amid the stillness of its palaces. I consider this the period of my life, in which whatever intellectual power I possess became fully developed. All that I can execute hereafter is but the performance of what I then planned, nor would a patriarchal term of life permit me to achieve all that I then meditated. I looked forward to the immediate fulfilment of my long hopes, to the achievement of a work which might last with its language, and the attainment of a great and permanent fame.

'I was now meditating over this performance. It is my habit to contrive in my head the complete work, before I have recourse to the pen which is to execute it. I do not think that meditation can be too long or execution too rapid. It is not merely characters and the general conduct of the story that I thus prepare, but the connexion of every incident, often whole conversations, sometimes even slight phrases. A very tenacious memory, which I have never weakened by having recourse to other modes of reminiscence, supports me in this process, which, however, I should confess, is a very painful and exhausting effort.

'I revolved this work in my mind for several months without ever having recourse to paper. It was never out of my consciousness. I fell asleep musing over it: in the morning my thoughts clustered immediately upon it, like bees on a bed of unexhausted flowers. In my rides, during my meals, in my conversations on common topics, I was indeed, the whole time, musing over this creation.

'The profound thinker always suspects that he is superficial. Patience

is a necessary ingredient of genius. Nothing is more fatal than to be reduced by the first flutter of the imagination into composition. This is the cause of so many weak and unequal works, of so many worthy ideas thrown away, and so many good purposes marred. Yet there is a bound to meditation; there is a moment when further judgment is useless. There is a moment when a heavenly light rises over the dim world you have been so long creating, and bathes it with life and beauty. Accept this omen that your work is good, and revel in the sunshine of composition.

'I have sometimes half believed, although the suspicion is mortifying, that there is only a step between his state who deeply indulges in imaginative meditation and insanity, for I well remember, that at this period of my life, when I indulged in meditation to a degree which would now be impossible, and I hope unnecessary, that my senses sometimes appeared to be wandering. I cannot describe the peculiar feeling I then experienced, for I have failed in so doing to several eminent surgeons and men of science with whom I have conversed respecting it, and who were curious to become acquainted with its nature. But I think it was, that I was not always assured of my identity or even existence, for I sometimes found it necessary to shout aloud to be sure that I lived; and I was in the habit very often at night of taking down a volume and looking into it for my name, to be convinced I had not been dreaming of myself. At these times there was an incredible acuteness in my sensations, every object seemed animated, and as it were acting upon me. The only way that I can devise to express my general feeling is, that I seemed to be sensible of the rapid whirl of the globe.

'At this time my health was again giving way, and all my old symptoms gradually returning. I set them at defiance. The nocturnal demon having now come back in all its fulness, I was forced to confine my meditations to the morning, and in the evening I fled for refuge and forgetfulness to the bottle. This gave me temporary relief, but entirely destroyed my remaining power of digestion. In the morning, I regularly fainted as I dressed. Still I would not give in, and only postponed the commencement of my work until my return to Florence, which was to occur in a few days.'—vol. iii. pp. 168—175.

We suspect that the author has here drawn rather from his recollections of Lord Byron's mode of life than of his own. But whether this be so or not, or whether he has affected to place himself in circumstances resembling those in which the self-exiled poet was wont to delight, he may be satisfied that some of the sensations which he describes are by no means so uncommon as he supposes. There are very few men much addicted to literary or scientific pursuits, who have not often experienced similar feelings either after, or during, a period of intense thought. The soul then rules supreme, and identifies itself so completely with the speculations in which it is engaged, that we lose for a moment all consciousness of existence, and it sometimes becomes a matter of difficulty, and even of pain, to recall that healthy spring of action. As to the motion of the globe on which we are seated, we have imagined a thousand times that we were sensible of it—but it could only have been a fancy, for the motion is too rapid to affect our senses. Any person may prove this who has ever travelled on the Manchester

rail-road. When the vehicle is at its greatest speed, we are not at all sensible that we are moving, but we think that the country on either side of us has all at once become instinct with life, and that trees, banks, and streams, are running with all their might in an opposite direction. Could we pierce beyond the clouds, and behold objects at either side of the globe with a distinct vision, we should doubtless witness, in imagination, a similar spectacle.

The enchanting clime of Andalusia next receives our enthusiast. Arrived at Seville, he discovers a Figaro in every street, a Rosina in every balcony. He wanders through the halls and courts of the Alhambra, and pays what we know to be a just tribute of praise to the cleanliness of the Andalusian Spaniards. We are afraid that as much cannot be said for the inhabitants of the northern provinces; at the same time, all who know the country will agree with this writer in saying, that the Spaniards are a noble race of men, kind, faithful, courageous, honest, highly intelligent, patient in adversity, and under all circumstances remarkably amiable. Here, overcome by the poetic elevation of mind to which the golden skies of the south gave birth, our traveller resolves to turn monk, and spend the remainder of his days in a cloister—provided that his mind underwent no change within the ensuing year. Meantime he enjoyed himself as much as possible—went to the Tertulias—sported his figure on the Alameda, and coquetted with the dangerous eyes of Seville ladies.

The author is peculiarly happy in his descriptions of Andalusian scenery and customs—descriptions we should hardly have called them—they are but touches—bold traits, which convey as much in a short sentence, as would suffice Mr. Washington Irving for a long chapter. From Spain, soon forgetting his monastic resolutions, he proceeds to Greece, where, seated among the ruins of Athens, he thus soliloquises upon modern education.

'Even as a child I was struck by the absurdity of modern education. The duty of education is to give ideas. When our limited intelligence was confined to the literature of two dead languages, it was necessary to acquire those languages in order to obtain the knowledge which they embalmed. But now each nation has its literature, each nation possesses, written in its own tongue, a record of all knowledge, and specimens of every modification of invention. Let education then be confined to that national literature, and we should soon perceive the beneficial effects of this revolution upon the mind of the student. Study would then be a profitable delight. I pity the poor Gothic victim of the Grammar and the Lexicon. The Greeks, who were masters of composition, were ignorant of all languages but their own. They concentrated their study of the genius of expression upon one tongue. To this they owe that splendid simplicity and strength of style, which the imitative Romans with all their splendour never obtained.

'To the few however who have leisure or inclination to study foreign literatures, I will not recommend them the English, the Italian, the German, since they may rightly answer, that all these have been in great part founded upon the classic tongues, and therefore it is wise to ascend to the fountain-

head; but I will ask them for what reason they would limit their experience to the immortal languages of Greece and Rome? Why not study the Oriental? Surely in the pages of the Persians and the Arabs, we might discover new sources of emotion, new modes of expression, new trains of ideas, new principles of invention, and new bursts of fancy.

'These are a few of my meditations amid the ruins of Athens. They will disappoint those who might justly expect an ebullition of classic rapture, from one, who has gazed upon Marathon by moonlight, and sailed upon the free waters of Salamis. I regret their disappointment, but I have arrived at an age when I can think only of the future. A mighty era is at hand, prepared by the blunders of long centuries. Ardently I hope that the necessary change in human existence may be effected by the voice of philosophy alone: but I tremble, and I am silent. There is no bigotry so terrible as the bigotry of a country that flatters itself that it is philosophical.' vol. iv. pp. 114—117.

Constantinople, Jerusalem, the desert, the Nile, the Nubian mountains, Cairo, and Rosetta, are successively visited by 'the restless enthusiast.' Returning home, he finds his father dead, and learns the dreadful secret that Alceste was his own sister! He succeeds, however, to a splendid inheritance, which enables him to realise some of the dreams of his towering imagination.

'My father bequeathed me his entire property, which was more considerable than I had imagined, the countess and her children being amply provided for by her own estate. In addition to this, I found that he had claimed in my favour the Contarini estate, to which, independent of the validity of my marriage, I was entitled through my mother. After much litigation, the question had been decided in my behalf a few months before my return to Italy. I found myself, therefore, unexpectedly a very rich man. I wrote to the countess, and received from her a very affectionate reply; nor should I omit that I was honoured by an autograph letter of condolence from the king, and an invitation to re-enter his service.

'As I was now wearied with wandering, and desirous of settling down in life, and as I had been deprived of those affections which render home delightful, I determined to find in the creations of art some consolation, and some substitute for that domestic bliss, which I value above all other blessings. I resolved to create a Paradise.

'I purchased a large estate in the vicinity of Naples, with a palace, and beautiful gardens; I called in the assistance of the first artists in the country, and I availed myself, above all, of the fine taste of my friend, Winter. The palace was a Palladian pile, built upon a stately terrace, covered with orange and citron trees, and to which you ascended by broad flights of marble steps. The formation of the surrounding country was highly picturesque; hills beautifully peaked or undulating, and richly wooded, covered with the cypress and the ilex, and crowned with the stone pine. Occasionally you caught a glimpse of the blue sea, and the brilliant coast.

'Upon the terrace, on each side of the portal, I have placed a colossal sphinx, which were excavated when I was at Thebes, and which I was fortunate enough to purchase. They are of cream-coloured granite, and as fresh and sharp as if they were finished yesterday. There is a soft

majesty, and a serene beauty, in the countenances, which are very remarkable.

'It is my intention to build, in these beautiful domains, a Saracenic palace, which my oriental collections will befit, but which I hope also to fill with the masterpieces of Christian art. At present, in a gallery, I have placed some fine specimens of the Venetian, Roman, and Eclectic schools, and have ranged between them copies in marble, by Bertolini, of the most celebrated ancient statues. In one cabinet, by itself, is the gem of my collection, a Magdalen, by Murillo; and in another, a Sleeping Cupid, by Canova, over which I have contrived, by a secret light, to throw a rosy flush, that invests the ideal beauty of the sculptor with still more ideal life. At the end of the gallery I have placed the portraits of my father and of my mother, the latter copied by an excellent artist from the miniature. Between them is a frame of richly carved ivory, enclosing a black velvet veil, studded with white roses, worked in pearl.

'Around me I hope in time to create a scene, which may rival in beauty and variety, although not in extent, the villa of Hadrian, whom I have always considered the most sumptuous and accomplished character of antiquity. I have already commenced the foundation of a tower, which shall rise at least one hundred and fifty feet, and which I trust will equal in the beauty of the design, and the solidity of the masonry, the most celebrated works of antiquity. This tower I shall dedicate to the future, and I intend that it shall be my tomb.

'Lausanne has married, and will never quit me. He has promised also to form a band of wind instruments, a solace necessary to solitude. Winter is my only friend, and my only visitor. He is a great deal with me, and has a studio in the palace. He is so independent, that he often arrives and quits it without my knowledge; yet I never converse with him without pleasure.

'Here let me pass my life in the study and the creation of the beautiful. Such is my desire; but whether it will be my career I feel doubtful. My interest in the happiness of my race is too keen to permit me for a moment to be blind to the storms that lour on the horizon of society. Perchance, also, the political regeneration of the country, to which I am devoted, may not be distant, and in that great work I am resolved to participate. Bitter jest, that the most civilized portion of the globe should be considered incapable of self government!

'When I examine the state of European society with the unimpassioned spirit which the philosopher can alone command, I perceive that it is in a state of transition—a state of transition from feudal to federal principles. This I conceive to be the sole and secret cause of all the convulsions that have occurred, and are to occur.

'Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power. The great event is as sure, as that I am now penning this prophecy of its occurrence. With us it rests, whether it shall be welcomed by wisdom or by ignorance—whether its beneficial results shall be accelerated by enlightened mind, or retarded by our dark passions.

'What is the arch of the conqueror, what the laurel of the poet! I think of the infinity of space; I feel my nothingness. Yet if I am to be remembered, let it be as one who, in a sad night of gloomy ignorance and savage bigotry, was prescient of the flaming morning break of bright philosophy

—as one who deeply sympathised with his fellow men, and felt a proud and profound conviction of their perfectability,—as one who devoted himself to the amelioration of his kind, by the destruction of error, and the propagation of truth.'—vol. iv. pp. 223—230.

This is a work not to be judged of hastily. We confess that in perusing it our opinions of its merits have frequently varied. "How beautiful!" we have sometimes exclaimed, "What fine thoughts, and how expressive; how eloquent the language in which they are conveyed"! But proceeding onward, we have again found reason to qualify our praise, when we became involved in some ridiculous paradox, or piece of silly affectation. It is not a work fitted for every order of society. Popular it never can be. But travelled men, men of mind, who love to hold converse with the ideal world, will make a treasure of 'Contarini Fleming.'

NOTICES.

ART. X.—*On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside, with some account of his Friends.* By Charles Bucke, author of the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature." 8vo. pp. 312. London: Cochrane and Co. 1832.

As an author we have always thought that Mr. Bucke has been less popular than he deserved to be. We fear that few of our readers have ever chanced to see his "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature." We should recommend them to get that work, and place it in their libraries. They will find in it a great fund of innocent amusement and of solid instruction, collected with a just and delicate taste, and time, in simple, and at the same clothed in picturesque language. It is the same taste that has actuated Mr. Bucke, in the admiration which he feels for the genius and writings of Akenside,—a poet who has not been so much read as some of his contemporaries, but who is generally a favourite with men of quiet habits and cultivated intellect. To such persons the present work will be particularly acceptable. Mr. Bucke has not intended it for the multitude. Indeed the name of Akenside is not, and probably never will be, sufficiently known to the world, to carry with it any thing like popular applause. The more praise is therefore due to one of his admirers, who has thus come forward to vindicate his memory. The additions he has made to the biography of Akenside which we had already possessed, are neither very numerous nor important. But such as they are, they serve to make us better acquainted with the man, and consequently cannot but be considered as interesting.

ART. XI.—*Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, from the most remote Period to the present Time.* Vol. 1. By Hugh Murray, Esq., &c. &c. 12mo, pp. 416. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1832.

VALUABLE as are the numbers of this work, which have already been submitted to the public, there is a principle introduced into the composition of the volume now before us, which gives it peculiar impor-

tance in our estimation. In the process that has been made use of for the compilation of those publications, which have been lately issued from the press under various titles, and at stated intervals, we have seen more than one work requiring, from its very nature, the experience of various departments of knowledge, proceed from the pen of a single individual. A man of merely literary habits, who has never devoted his attention to commerce or the sciences, has yet not hesitated to treat of the productions and mercantile dealings of different countries, and has either attempted to describe their geological appearance, or omitted it altogether. In either case his work must have been in some esssential points imperfect. Now the conductors of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" have adopted in the present instance the system that has been pursued with so much success in the Encyclopædias; they have given to each contributor that department which, from previous acquirements, he was most competent to treat, and they have thus been able to present the public with a History of India, which, if we may judge from the first volume, is likely to be hereafter referred to as the most accurate description of that vast empire which we have yet received from any quarter. One gentleman has undertaken the historical and descriptive department, another the zoology of India, a third the botany, a fourth the climate, geology, and mineralogy, and a fifth the navigation and commerce. The various knowledge thus collected is condensed as much as possible, and laid before the public in an interesting and popular shape. If such a work as this do not obtain the most decided approbation of the country, all we can say is that it deserves it at all events, and that for our parts we very sincerely yield it the tribute of our praise.

ART. XII.—*Scenes from the Belgian Revolution.* By C. F. Henningsen. 8vo, pp. 84. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

MR. HENNINGSEN is rather unfortunate as a poet in his political predilections. The object of his present effusion is to hold up the Belgians to ridicule and contempt, and to eulogise the conduct of the Dutch. The author, who is, we believe, a very young gentleman, cannot be blamed for the expression of his opinions, whatever they may be; but he will find that to oppose the march of liberty, and to support the cause of tyranny, will never do for poetry. Poetry has been in all ages the handmaid of freedom, and he who would use her as the instrument of a tyrannical government, converts her into a prostitute. For the rest we must say that, owing, we suppose, to the imbecility of the cause, rather than to the incompetency of the advocate, we have seldom read a weaker production than these 'Scenes in Belgium.' Some of the notes are smart, and indicate talents which we much regret to see perverted to so bad a purpose. Mr. Henningsen ought to know, that the Belgians revolted, because the Dutch king attempted to meddle with their religious as well as their political rights. They have won their independence by their arms, and now that it has been recognised by the great powers of Europe, it is rather too late to write puny verses against it.

ART. XIII.—*A Geological Manual.* By Henry De la Beche. *Second Edition.* 8vo. pp. 564. London: Treuttell & Co. 1832.

WE are glad to find that this work has already reached a second edition.

It is well calculated to popularise a science which has lately, and only lately, in consequence of such publications as this of Mr. Beche's, and the Conversations by Mr. Rennie, attracted very general attention. The merit of Mr. Beche's Manual is, that it deals as little as possible in conjecture, and gives only those conclusions which can be safely drawn from ascertained facts. It is illustrated by diagrams and wood-cuts, and got up altogether in a very neat style.

ART. XIV.—*Waterloo, a Poem.* By Thomas Jackson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 84. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

As a matter of curiosity, we should like to know the number of publications of every description, to which the battle of Waterloo has given rise. We should not be surprised to find that the work now before us, called by courtesy a Poem, was about the fiftieth of the third thousand. What could have induced the author to send such a composition into the world, at this hour of the day, he himself can best tell. It has not a tittle of merit to recommend it. It is a mere dry versified enumeration of the incidents of the great battles, which terminated at Waterloo, and of the names of the officers who were distinguished on that field of undying glory. They will derive no additional fame from Mr. Jackson's tribute to their memory.

ART. XV.—*Poland, Homer, and other Poems.* 12mo. pp. 117. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

RATHER an odd association—Poland! Homer!—and the poems on these great themes are followed by a tribute to the genius of Shelley! A strange medley, certainly, but one which, of course, the author had a right to put together, as such was his fancy. The lines on Poland possess considerable vigour, and that, too, of an elevated poetical kind. We give, as an example, the following description of a soldier dying in the cause of liberty.

'Seest thou that dying soldier on the ground,
Whose life is ebbing from a ghastly wound?
He hath no bed except the frozen snow,
No friend to wipe the death-damp from his brow;
His eye is struggling through the mist afar
To catch the glimmer of that feeble star;
Why doth he seek its light so faint and dim?
It is no star of hope, alas, to him!
Ay—but it shineth on his quiet home,
That nest of peace, where war hath never come;
Within his fancy, even now he sees
The old thatch'd roof beneath the linden trees,
The cradle, where his youngest infant sleeps,
Rock'd by his widow'd wife, who bends and weeps;
He sees his children that around her kneel,
And try to calm the grief they cannot feel.
Say, doth *he* weep? No tear is in his eye:
Tyrant! It is no ghastly thing to die!
He fears it not, he hath no damning sin
To lime the soul, or cage it fluttering in.
His part is done—it was a glorious part!
He shielded freedom even with his heart,

Till it was pierced, and now into the air
He breathes for her a blessing and a prayer,
Shuts with a holy smile his heavy eyes,
Commends his country to his God, and dies!

The stanzas on Homer are also respectable, but with respect to those on poor Shelley, we fear that, like his own productions, they are too mystic, too etherialized, for the most part, to be generally understood.

ART. XVI.—*An Account of the Province of New Brunswick, &c.* By Thomas Baillie, Esq. 12mo. pp. 134. London: Rivington. 1832.

IT has been the fashion with authors treating of Canada, to speak rather slightingly of the province of New Brunswick. Undoubtedly emigrants will find perhaps the most eligible places of settlement in Lower Canada: but if we are to credit Mr. Baillie, and there is no reason why we should not, they will also find in New Brunswick many tracts of territory capable of being cultivated to advantage. His little work is well-timed, and deserves consideration from those who are about to leave their native land for the British colonies in America. Besides describing New Brunswick, he has given some instructions to persons emigrating to that quarter, which they will find of great practical utility.

ART. XVII.—*The Diamond Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland.* Glasgow: Blackie and Son. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1832.

THIS is quite a curiosity in its way—a Gazetteer in which we have a compendious account of the counties, cities, boroughs, towns, capes, ports, rivers, lakes, harbours, canals, rail-roads, and of many of the public institutions of Great Britain and Ireland. This is not all: we have besides, tables of the principal cities, towns, and villages, with their market days, the times of the arrival and departure of the mails, the distances from London, and, what is of great importance, the population of 1831, abstracted from the Parliamentary documents, together with the principal travelling routes throughout the empire. The information thus comprised in the volume is moreover illustrated by three miniature maps of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and withal the volume itself is not larger than a silver snuff-box. The type is undoubtedly very small, and will not do for aged persons: but though of the diamond size it is admirably clear. It is certainly a very convenient *vade mecum* for the traveller, and a pretty book of reference for the drawing-room.

ART. XVIII.—*An Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and Derivatives; with Proofs of the Celtic dialects being of Eastern origin; and an Analysis of the Style of Chaucer, Douglas, and Spenser.* By William Hunter, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Logic, and Rhetoric, Anderson's University. 8vo. pp. 90. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

THIS Grammar may be considered as an abridgment and, at the same time, an improvement of Horne Tooke's celebrated work. It is also meant to be a practical guide in the formation of a pure English style, for which it lays the foundation. The author justly thinks, however, that the study of our language cannot be conducted with advantage, apart from that of our literature, and

hence if his present publication succeeds, he intends to exemplify his rules in a series of tracts in which he will point out violations of purity and perspicuity, and trace the employment of the various styles that have been in use since the time of Spenser. We hope that the professor will be enabled to carry this project into effect, as we are of opinion that, if well executed, his tracts would be of very great utility in checking the corrupt styles which are no where more prevalent than in his own country—Scotland.

In the present work, the author has arranged his matter much after the ordinary fashion; under the different heads of the articles, nouns, verbs, &c. he has given the Saxon terms from which ours are derived, and, so far as we can judge, generally with accuracy. But we are afraid that his grammar, though to be admired for the learning which it displays, will not be read by the many. The subject is one that has little interest for the present day; but its want of success, if success it should not obtain, ought not to deter the professor from sending forth the tracts which he speaks of, as we have little doubt that being of plainly practical tendency, they would be generally patronized, provided they be cheap.

ART. XIX.—*The Population Returns of* 1831, *&c.* 8vo. pp. 100. London: Moxon. 1832.

THE Gazetteer above noticed has reminded us of Mr. Rickman's abstract of the Population Returns made during the last year—a very valuable compilation, which we ought to have introduced to our readers two or three months ago. Besides the returns for that year, the author has given a summary of the population for 1801, 1811, 1821, and 1831, and a variety of other matter, which men of information, whether in public or private life, are glad to have before them in a compendious and authentic form.

ART. XX.—*Maternal Sketches, with other Poems.* By Eliza Rutherford, 8vo. pp. 176, London: Holdsworth and Ball, 1832.

WE have here another of that numerous tribe of writers of minor poetry, whom neither gods nor men can prevent, it seems, from pouring their verses into the public ear. The 'Sketches' are divided into several cantos, the object of which is to paint the power and beauty of the maternal feeling under different circumstances. The sentiments which the author expresses, are very amiable and becoming, but, we regret to say, that she has not succeeded in giving them a very attractive form. The reader will best understand the extent of her genius, as well as the kindliness of her heart, by reading the following production, entitled 'Home,' which we select from the shorter compositions.

'Are there, who, ever fond of ranging,
Still in quest of pleasure roam,
From scene to scene for ever changing,
Unmindful of the charms of Home?

'O! what a thousand tender pleasures,
To the wanderer quite unknown,
Lurk in the winning sphere she measures,
And grace the spot we call our own.

'There the heart congenial meets you;
There Affection's sunbeams play:
Dear domestic duties greet you
In this scene where'er you stray.

'Tuned to Love's delightful measure,
There you hear the cheerful tone;
And the rosy smile of Pleasure
Makes the heart-felt welcome known.

'Droops the head with pain or sorrow,
Sinks the heart with transient ill?
Where's the balm like that we borrow
From Affection's tender skill?

'Magic circle of attraction,
Haunt of innocent delights!
Friendship's gentlest sphere of action,
Where every soothing charm invites.

'How I love to trace the beauties
That rise within thy hallowed dome;
How I joy to meet the duties,
The pleasurable cares of Home'!

ART. XXI.—*The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A., before the London Presbytery; containing the whole Evidence; exact copies of the Documents; verbatim Reports of the Speeches, and Opinions of the Presbyters, &c.; being the only authentic Record of the Proceedings: taken in short hand*, by W. Harding. 8vo. pp. 92. London: Harding. 1832.

THIS, we were about to say, is an account of the last act in the farcical drama which Mr. Irving had been so long suffered to carry on with impunity, to the disgrace of Christianity and of common sense. But alas! the last act has not yet arrived. A new series of these wretched exhibitions have been commenced elsewhere, in private houses, in obscure chapels, and occasionally in the open fields near the metropolis, and still the leader of all this game of folly is not without followers, some of whom, we are ashamed to say, move in respectable circles of life. The report before us, is a valuable record for future times, forming, as it does, one of the most curious chapters in the history of the religious sects which deluge this country.

ART. XXII.—*Family Classical Library.* Nos. xxiii. to xxix. London: Valpy. 1832.

ONE of the most admirable works which antiquity has bequeathed to us, we have here in the accurate and graceful translation of the Langhornes, embellished by heads of the various eminent men whom Plutarch has contributed to immortalize. We perceive with pleasure that versions of the minor Greek poets are to follow; the collection will then, we believe, be complete, and it assuredly will be one of which every scholar ought to be possessed.

ART. XXIII.—*The Druid, a Tragedy in five Acts, with Notes on the Antiquities and early History of Ireland.* By Thomas Cromwell. 8vo. pp. 142. London: Sherwood and Co. 1831.

MR. CROMWELL does not seem to have had an eye to the stage when he wrote this tragedy, otherwise he could never have been betrayed into the adoption of a plot which, on every possible account, is destitute of the slightest interest for an English audience. The public then, we suspect, are justified in considering this performance as a mere dramatic poem, the principal aim of which is to illustrate, in a popular and attractive way, an event in the ancient history of Ireland, namely, the final fall of Druidism in that country.

The first notice of this production was suggested to the author by the perusal of a novel called St. Patrick, which, strange to say, instead of being published in Dublin, was brought out in Edinburgh. He made notes of the principal characters and incidents of the work, with the view of turning them into a tragic piece, and was ultimately impelled to the construction of the present tragedy, by reading a passage in a romantic legend, to be found in Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish bards. As the author has borrowed some of the incidents of this tale, and as it is itself rather an interesting narrative, we shall give a short outline of its plot. In the year, not of the Lord, but of the world, Cobthaigh waded his way through a sea composed of the blood of his near relations, to the throne of Erin—Maon, his grand-nephew, alone was spared, and this indemnity arose from the impression on the part of the murderer, that nature would soon accomplish that termination which the knife had produced in the remainder of the family. Maon was conveyed to the Court of the King of South Munster. Here he continued secreted for some time, to the great advantage of his corporal and mental condition; and so successful was his proficiency in each department, that he contrived to rob the daughter of his royal host completely of her heart. The vigilance of Cobthaigh roused the apprehensions of Maon's friends; they sent him for safety to France, where, in process of time, he distinguished himself by his military ardour and bravery, the fame of which soon reached the Irish Courts. Moriat, the king's daughter, to whom he had vowed attachment, was not the person least delighted at the intelligence, and she forthwith set her woman's wits to work. She despatched a minstrel to the Court of France, who was to inveigle himself into the presence of Maon, there to sing his praises, and to urge him to regain his lost rights at home. The project succeeded. Maon returned, wrested the sceptre from the infamous Cobthaigh, ascended the throne, and placed Moriat as his consort by his side.

Mr. Cromwell has by no means confined his muse to the materials which are found in the above story. He has made a very ingenious selection of the choicest facts which he could find, in a variety of contemporary legends, and these he has dexterously blended together, so as to produce one consistent and consecutive plot, and altogether a very interesting dramatic piece.

ART. XXIV.—*The Classical Scholar's Guide; an Original Treatise on Classical Pronunciation, &c.: principally intended for the use of Schools.* By Richard Carr. Small 8vo. pp. 292. London: John Richardson. 1832.

THIS book is altogether a very original performance. We are not in the least disposed to quarrel with the author on account of the hasty conclusions, and the very irascible spirit, which appear in his preface. We lose all sight of such errors when we come to examine the merits of his able, practical, and most useful book.

The work is intended as a guide or help to students engaged in perusing the Greek and Latin classics, but more particularly the latter. It contains a great variety of information, in a novel and perfectly original shape, that may be turned to very useful account by those who desire, or are required to compose

Latin verses. The manner in which Mr. Carr has digested the catalogue of verbs, so as to furnish brief and easily remembered rules for determining the quantities of verbs in their various modifications, is exceedingly ingenious, and could only be struck upon by an original and active mind. As we are certain that we have said nearly enough to excite that portion of the public which is disposed to encourage classical education, to turn its attention to this brief but important work, we shall refrain from entering into any detailed account of the general plan which Mr. Carr has laid down, and has finally completed. One of the most valuable portions of the book is, to our apprehension, that section which treats of the pronunciation of the Greek and Latin proper names. This part of the work must have been the source of excessive labour to the author, who had no footsteps to follow; but was under the necessity of inventing a plan, and finding all his materials himself. We wish him success in his very laudable undertaking; and if he does not obtain it, we shall have the consolation of feeling, that it is not through our fault at least.

ART. XXV. — *Exposition of the Practical Operation of the Judicial and Revenue systems of India, &c.* By Rajah Rammohun Roy. 8vo. pp. 130. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1832.

WE have looked through this volume with great interest, finding that it is the genuine production of a native Indian, well educated, and whose talents and intelligence would render him an eminent man in any country. 'From occasionally directing my studies,' he says, 'to the subjects and events peculiarly connected with Europe, and from an attentive though partial, practical observation in regard to some of them, I felt impressed with the idea, that in Europe, literature was zealously encouraged, and knowledge widely diffused; that mechanics were almost in a state of perfection, and politics in daily progress; that moral duties were, on the whole, observed with exemplary propriety, notwithstanding temptations incident to a state of high and luxurious refinement; and that religion was spreading, even amid sceptism and false philosophy.' The author means, in a future work, to which we look forward with curiosity, to state the extent to which these his anticipations have been realized: we have mentioned them as among the causes which led him to take a voyage to England, where he was examined by the committee appointed to collect evidence with reference to the question of the renewal of the East India Company's charter. This evidence he has published in the work now before us, with notes and comments, which, as well as the evidence itself, are full of information upon the nature of our judicial and revenue systems in India. It appears, from a table which he has appended to his work, that the number of officers in the civil service of the three Presidencies, in 1827, was one thousand three hundred and thirty-six, and that they shared among them, in salaries, no less a sum than two millions sterling! When to this fact it added, that the proportion of the Indian revenues expended in England, on the territorial account, amounts to three millions sterling annually, including the expenses at the Board of Control and India House, &c., and that the annual remittances to London, on account of individuals, have been at the rate of two millions more for years past, we are not surprized if the author de-

nounces a system of government, which is manifestly so prejudicial to his native land.

ART. XXVI.—*The New Bath Guide; or, Memoirs of the B—N—R—D Family. In a Series of Epistles.* By Christopher Anstey, Esq. A new Edition, with Engravings. London: Washbourne, 1832.

THIS is a new edition of Mr. Britton's Anstey, to which we have already paid our respects. It comes before us, however, now with additional attractions, which are derived from the inimitable pencil of Cruikshank. When we have said that these embellishments reflect no discredit on the reputation of the artist, we think we have said quite enough to excite the rational curiosity of every intelligent man to induce him to adopt that method of gratifying himself with this volume, for which no second-hand description can possibly be any thing like a good substitute.

ART. XXVII.—*The Mind, and other Poems.* By Charles Swain, *second edition*, 12mo. pp. 264. London: Simpkin, and Co. 1832.

WE are glad to see a second edition of these poems; it speaks well for the public taste, and it is but a just tribute to the modest and very promising talents which these compositions display. The principal piece entitled "The Mind," is of the class of "The Pleasures of Hope," as to the mode in which the subject is treated, and not much inferior to that celebrated production in the qualities of imagery and diction which are essential to true poetry. It is perhaps occasionally somewhat too didactic; but even then the melody of the verse, and the justness of the thought are calculated to beguile us onward. The subject is an inexhaustible one, and we hope that Mr. Swain may be induced to add one or two more parts to those which he has already given. The three concluding stanzas may be cited as almost approaching the sublime.

" Exquisite spirit!—if thine aspect *here*
Is so magnificent;—If on earth thou art
Thus admirable: in thy sainted sphere
What *newer* glories wilt thou not impart?
What powers—what unknown faculties may dart
Like sunlight through the heaven of thy mould!—
What rich endowments into life may start
What hidden splendours may'st thou not unfold,
Which earthly eyes ne'er viewed—which human tongue ne'er told.

" When time stands mute before eternity,
And the God-gifted mind new filled with light
From living fountains, glorious and free
Soars in transcendant majesty and might,
An angel in its first immortal flight!—
Gazing upon the heaven of heavens to find
The bliss of wings!—the ecstacy of sight!—
A glory amidst glories of its kind!—
A disembodied soul!—a recreated Mind!—

" Then—and then only—may the clouds that hide
The stars of inspiration, burst away;
Then may the gates of knowledge open wide,

And genius find its own eternal ray:—
Oh! for the coming of that future day!—
The spirit-light—the intellectual dower—
The melody of that undying lay—
The bliss—the bloom of that Elysian bower
When time shall breathe no more! when tombs have lost their pow'r.

ART. XXVIII.—*Bibliophobia. Remarks on the present languid and depressed State of Literature.* By Mercurius Rusticus. 8vo. pp. 102. London: Bohn. 1832.

THIS is a humourous lament on a sad subject, from the pen, we believe, of Dr. Dibdin. He feigns a pedestrian tour through the principal booksellers' shops from Cornhill to Albemarle-street; he finds every body in the trade, or connected with it, gloomy, with the exception of the publishers of engravings, who are every where making a fortune, and the publishers of the Liliputian libraries, whose enterprizes are also prosperous. This, we believe, is pretty much about the truth. But what the author most bewails is the decline that has taken place in the public taste for rare works, the large paper Alduses, the vellum Plantins, the crackling Elzevirs, which used formerly to be hunted out and purchased with so much eagerness. The general falling off in the book trade he accounts for on the supposition, that those who would buy them are at present too much occupied about reform to think of anything else: he bids the trade, therefore, to be cheerful, to hope for the best, and to depend upon it that there must be a *re-action*. We hope it may be so. At all events we think that this little book will be bought. It is an exceedingly pleasant Bibliomaniac *piece de circonstance*.

ART. XXIX.—*The Frugal Housewife. Dedicated to those who are not ashamed of economy.* By Mrs. Child. 12mo. pp. 176. *Eighth edition.* London: Tegg, 1832.

WE cordially recommend this work to the attention of those who have, as well as to those who have not, moderate fortunes. As to those persons who roll in affluence, the more they spend the better. But by families who have to live upon a limited income, the advice which Mrs. Child has here given will be considered as exceedingly valuable. That lady is already well known as the author of that excellent little book—"The Mother's Book," in which good sense, tenderness, and sound experience, are so happily mingled together. We should not be saying too much of the utility of the advice contained in her 'Frugal Housewife,' if we were to assert that those who attend to it rigidly, might live better on one hundred pounds a year, than many families do on three hundred, who have not the art of practising economy upon system. The number of editions, which this work has already gone through, sufficiently attest its popularity. We need not add the expression of our opinion, that it fully deserves all the favour it has received.

ART. XXX.—*Mélange in English and French, prose and verse.* In two parts. By Marin de la Voye. 12mo, pp. 183. London: Parbury & Allen. 1832.

MONSIEUR Marin de la Voye is a pleasant fellow, and a gallant man. He has given us a mélange in French and English, flattering himself, or rather the people of this country, that the one language is now nearly as generally understood by them as

the other. Again, the smooth-tongued Frenchman has selected the form of verse for the expression of his thoughts, as he means them to be read chiefly by the ladies, and 'Il n'a pu résister à la tentation de choisir une si jolie langue pour adresser à de si belles femmes':—he could not resist the temptation of selecting a language so pretty when addressing women so beautiful! We must do him the justice to say that whether he writes in French or English, he evinces a genius for poetry that is not often to be met with amongst his countrymen. The following is a translation made by him of a beautiful song of Béranger's.

'In spite of rules that Wisdom lays,
I sadly long for heaps of gold;
My wealth, in gifts a thousand ways,
At Julia's feet should soon be told!
O! never then, my Life, 'twere vain,
To breathe thy gentle wish to me!
No, no! I'm not so fond of gain;
I'm very, very fond of Thee!

'With poets' dreams that I were wrought!
Thou shouldst, my Julia, fill the lay;
By thy dear lips and beauties taught,
All former songs I'd sing away.
I thus should wear the laurel crown
Immortalized thy name should be!
'Tis not I'm fond of high renown:
I'm very, very fond of Thee!

'Let Providence some day decree
That nations shall my laws obey!
I'll make my darling reign with me,
And more than I shall Julia sway!
One, sure, must long to be a king,
So sweet a queen at court to see;
Yet not to pomp and pow'r I cling,
I'm very, very fond of Thee!

'But why give way to wishing so?
Kind Julia's there to glad my days!
Let fortune's gifts for others flow;
All rank I spurn and empty praise.
My proudest hour, my wealthiest state?
'Tis when my Julia smiles on me,
No, no! I'm fond of nothing great,
I'm fond, I'm only fond of THEE!'

The author has mixed French verse, and sometimes prose, with his English stanzas, somewhat in the way of conversation interlarded with foreign sentences. But the very genius of medleyism, if we may coin a phrase, has been embodied by him in the following ludicrous verses.

'BEWARE, *ami*, for *dans* most *livres*
De little *coins* contain
Some *petits* bits *souvent* too *libres*,
That *rendent* truths *trop* plain!

'Farther *que* this *vous* need *pas* go,
Vous, Moralist, *et* You,
So *poudre* like *qu'un* merest *mot*
Pourrait set *feu* to *vous*.

'Some *gens* love *ceci*, some *cela*;
Pour those *qui* like *le* sav'ry,
Du riche *ici* one *trouvera*
With *menus* scraps *de* knav'ry.

'Now, *si*, spite *mon* advice, *ma* Dear,
Vous read *mes* naughty *vers*;
You *serez* grown *plus* wise, *c'est* clear,
Mais not *moins* sweet *ou* fair.

On the score of morality we must say, that our French friend sometimes goes a little too near the barrier, that separates licentiousness from sentiment.

ART. XXXI.—*The Rights of Morality: an Essay on the present State of Society, Moral, Political, and Physical, in England.* By Junius Redivivus. 12mo. pp. 153. London: Wilson. 1832.

IT has been charged frequently against the promoters of the Reform Bill, that they wished to bring about a revolution. The charge has been as frequently refuted on

the other side, while in truth the bill, when passed into a law, as it now probably very soon will be, ought to be considered not as a revolution itself, but as the indication of one that had already taken place in the community of this country. Whether or not the great and fundamental changes to which we allude, are to be carried on to their termination by peaceable means, we cannot pretend to anticipate. This we may say with confidence, that the reform measure has very much tended to paralyse the efforts of those, if any there were, who were desirous of adopting means for that purpose which were not peaceable. The author of the little work before us is manifestly well acquainted with the ideas, the wants, and wishes of the mechanical classes, and he has shaped them out into substance with considerable talent and energy. In accomplishing this object, he has also shown us the precipice over which we were standing, at the time of the Duke of Wellington's celebrated declaration against all reform. We shall give a few extracts, in order to show the kind of matter which this volume contains.

'There is a principle existing in nature, "*that the whole raw material of the whole globe is the property of the whole human race as tenants in common, and of this* RIGHT *no individual can be divested, notwithstanding the actual possession may be taken from him or her either by force or chicanery.*" This principle was acknowledged by the Jews, by whose laws an equal division of the natal soil took place every fifty years: but if the Jews had not acknowledged it the principle would have existed just the same, because it is self-evident that a human being born into the world, has a right to live in the world, and consequently has a right to his share of those things or raw materials without which he cannot live, whatever Mr. Malthus may say to the contrary; and moreover, each individual has a right to beget as many children as he chooses, though, of course, it is a matter of prudence to consider the evil he may produce to himself or his fellow creatures by the injudicious exercise of this right. But each child thus begotten becomes, at the moment of birth, a co-proprietor of the raw material of the earth, in common with the rest of the human race, and this *right* nothing can defeat.'—pp. 9, 10.

Here a principle is advocated, upon which an equal division of property may be very conveniently supported. Accordingly we find the consequence unequivocally stated a little farther on.

'The various families of aristocratic landholders of England possess entailed estates. They are in the habit of intermarrying, and thereby perpetuating and strengthening peculiar diseases, especially madness; and, with some few exceptions, they are remarkable for a paucity of intellect. Were they not renewed from time to time by fresh creations, and the race crossed occasionally by wealthy plebeians of both sexes (who are admitted into the high caste for the sake of the riches which they have accumulated in their capacity of sponges, and one other cause), they would, in process of time, be reduced to a very small number. The general feeling of the aristocracy as a body, is against the admission of new members; because their motto is, "the more select, the more important." Were this feeling acted on, the whole of the land might merge into the possession of one individual. There would be no

particular objection to this, so long as he did not tyranically interfere with the minor arrangements, by which the land is rendered available for the production of food and necessaries. But the principle has been laid down that "a man has a right to do as he wills with his own;" and if all the land should chance to centre in one individual as his own, he might take a freak, on some sudden cause of offence, that he would no longer suffer his land to be rented out to farmers, but turn it into one large chase for his own peculiar hunting. He would thereupon give the whole population notice to quit, and ship themselves off to foreign countries, or walk into the sea. But would they mind his notice? Not a whit; though he posted attested copies of his parchments in every market-place, and talked himself hoarse with the assertion of his vested rights. The natural right, and only right—power, would come into action, and the people would either end his claim by throwing him into the sea, and dividing the land amongst themselves, or they would laugh at him at him as a lunatic, and shut him up in Bedlam. The simple fact is, that landholders are merely stewards over property for the joint benefit of the whole community; and whenever they commit any very glaring injustice or inequality in the distribution, the community will dispossess the stewards, and take the matter into their own guidance. Whether the number of the stewards be one or one thousand, is of little import to the matter, except that, the larger the number, the less likelihood there will be of their ignorantly working their own certain downfall, by besotted rashness and selfish stupidity."—pp. 19, 20.

These, it cannot be doubted, are very dangerous principles, but we have no fears that the people will be led by the publication of such doctrines into any violent measures for the purpose of reducing them to practice. They are every day becoming more enlightened, and we hope that steps will be very speedily taken for diffusing amongst them, still more and more widely, the blessings of a sound education and of really useful knowledge. The author of this work expresses a similar hope, and we agree with him in thinking that universal education and a facility of acquiring new information, are the best guarantees for the peace and prosperity of the country which can be devised. His ideas upon this part of the subject are open to no reproach; and it were well if many of his suggestions were attended to in those quarters where they could best receive effect.

But we cannot conceal from ourselves that with many excellent suggestions, principles are mingled which cannot be sustained in theory, much less in practice, without unsettling altogether the very foundations of society. In the following passage, for instance, the author evidently inculcates the doctrine, that physical force is the only power by which property has been acquired, and is now maintained.

'The parson, the stockholder, the merchant, the manufacturer, the aristocrat, the placeman, the pensioner, the soldier, the judge, all, up to the king, are in the same precise condition—they are only distributors. Whatever may be the amount of their income, be it hundreds or millions, still they can only individually consume their maintenance, which differs little in quantity, whether for king or peasant. The surplus must be distributed, and the reason is plain. There

is a certain amount of food and necessaries annually produced, and a certain quantity imported. They are jointly rather under them over the demand, and therefore they are sure not to be wasted. By the process called trade, the whole of the provisions are divided amongst the whole of the population. The most energetic amongst the people are sure to be the distributors, just as the foreman of a manufactory is usually the cleverest man in it. It is true that the custom of hereditary succession has placed many dolts in the office of distributors, but they are only apparently so—they are mere tools in the hands of ministers, stewards, &c. who hold the real power. The first class of distributors, of course, help themselves first, and plentifully, to the choicest of the food, just as the foreman gets the largest wages. Thus game and rich wines, &c. being comparatively scarce articles, fall to their share. Coarser meats fall to the share of the next class of distributors, and so on downwards, till the poor operatives have nothing left but salt provisions and vegetables, as is the case with weavers. Below them again, there are a portion of people dwelling, as it were, on the outskirts of society, who do not get, upon an average, more than two-thirds of the food necessary to keep them in health, and a part of these die off from time to time, when a temporary scarcity occurs. These are principally composed of persons who are, from want of skill, unfit to work, but are too proud, or possess too little energy, to scramble for their share of parochial assistance. They are like the little boys at school, who are pushed away from the fire by the great ones, because it is not sufficiently warm to heat all round. In the parish workhouses, and receiving weekly assistance from the parishes, are comprised a large number of operatives, of robust habits, many willing to work, and many lazy, but none of whom would suffer the distributors to go on quietly, if their wants were not tolerably well attended to. From this feeling of self-preservation, the distributors have established poor-laws, *i. e.* the wealthier distributors; for it must be borne in mind, that the poor weaver, who receives his weekly stipend, is a distributor, when he feeds his wife and children with the provisions his earnings have purchased.'—pp. 22—24.

We agree in the truth of many of the following observations; but we fear that they have been made under the influence of disappointment, and that they are not very well intended.

'It is agreed to by all really disinterested persons, that the government of England—not any individual government, but the general system—is one mass of immorality in practice, whatever it may be in theory. The whole working is founded on a system of conventional hypocrisy from first to last. The general modes of doing business are such as in private life would be called swindling, and there is nothing of honest simplicity in any one of the details. The Speech from the Throne, as it is called, is not the speech of the king, but a speech formed by his ministers, generally replete with falsehoods, and which he repeats like a parrot. Thus there is a commencement of untruth. In the Parliament, a member accuses another of political swindling, and with the same breath calls him the "honourable member." A general is, perhaps, accused of cowardice under the name of the "gallant member." In law every indictment com-

mences with a lie, pleasantly denominated a fiction, necessary for framing the legal instrument. A barrister calls his opposing counsel his "learned brother," and forthwith sets about proving him a fool. And this lying spirit pervades the whole nation. A man writes, "your obedient servant" to another whose brains he is about to blow out in a duel. Two persons engaged in bargain and sale, mutually assert the grossest falsehoods, which neither expects the other to believe, and all with unblushing countenance. So far from it, it is called praiseworthy, by those who hear of it, and such people are denominated "skilful traders." The large monopolisers of provisions live by cheating; the small provision dealers do the same. The very fact of living by dealing, seems to beget a laxity of moral feeling, a habit of paltry trickery, a practice of overreaching in petty matters, which extends to all the concerns of life. The mechanic, though generally esteemed by the artificial rules of life to be of an inferior grade, will be found to possess in general far more noble sentiments; as much more so, as he is in reality a more valuable member of the community. The living he obtains does not depend upon lies, and therefore he is not habituated to the practice of deceit. Consequently, he is far better adapted to discharge honestly all his public duties. He may, it is true, be crushed by the arm of power, i. e. his employer may by threat force him to do that which his judgment condemns, though this is rare, and then only serves to fix more distinctly his perceptions of right.'—pp. 72, 73.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Sister of Charity.—It is not generally known that a *Sœur de Charité* has been settled in this country ever since 1793. She is a woman of high rank and consideration; and has devoted her time and fortune, for the last forty years, to the task of visiting the sick and assisting the unfortunate. The French emigrants and refugees have great reason to be grateful to her bounty.

Baron Cuvier.—The death of this eminent man leaves a blank among the scientific names of France which will not be soon filled up. As a naturalist he had been without a rival. His researches exhibited a most comprehensive scope of thought, which however he kept under with such strict discipline, that it never led him to hypothesis: his observations are all remarkable for the accuracy with which they are limited to facts—the true and only foundation of natural history. He had been for some time in declining health, said to have been brought on by the shock which he experienced a few years ago in the death of his daughter, a most accomplished and fascinating young woman, his then only child.

Canning's Statue.—When we talk of the progress of the fine arts in this country, we must generally make an exception whenever anything like public objects are concerned. Look at the new statue of Canning—in a dress half modern, half Roman; tight pantaloons, but no coat, and for a toga, an immense blanket. He who was once the pride and glory of St Stephen's, is so placed that he looks quite in a different direction, as if he were ashamed of that brilliant theatre of his fame. And then, the colour of the bronze! No wonder that the thing has been

dubbed " The Green Man and Still !"

New Expedition to Africa.—The preparations for this interesting expedition are proceeding with activity; and it will probably very soon leave the shores of England. The immediate objects contemplated are, to ascend the Niger, to establish a trade with the natives, and to enlarge our geographical knowledge of the country. Richard Lander sets out, accompanied by his younger brother. The steam-vessel in which the travellers embark, will be attended by a sailing craft, with fuel, stores, and supplies, so as not to exhaust the former on her progress to her destination. She will ascend the river as high as is expedient, and become a depôt, while a smaller steam-boat, of shallow draught, will adventure farther up the stream. This is of cast-iron, and is capable of going where there is four feet of water; and as Mr. Lander's experience will carry him forward at the time when the Niger is swollen by the rains, there is great reason to hope that he will surmount every difficulty of falls, and currents, and flats, and reach the famous Timbuctoo in his iron shallop !

Cheap Publications.—The anticipations in which we indulged in our last number have been already fully realized. We have now before us the *Halfpenny Magazine*, the *True Halfpenny Magazine*, the *Halfpenny Library*, the *Penny Journal*, the *Thief*, as large as the Times for two pence, and we have heard somebody say that a *Farthing Magazine* has just come out in the Borough! We think it right to observe, that in none of these publications have we seen anything that ought to preclude them from the patronage of the country.

The mania for cheap periodicals has not been confined, as many suppose, to the year 1832. The following is a list of *some few* (by no means ALL) that sprung up in 1822-3.

1. Hive.
2. Mirror.
3. Nic-Nac.
4. Portfolio.
5. Adventurer.
6. Gleaner.
7. Literary Magazine.
8. Gallant.
9. Salmagundi.
10. Dry Toast.
11. Pulpit.
12. Family Magazine.
13. Christian Selector.
14. Sabbath.
15. Cabinet of Curiosities.
16. Squib.
17. Album of the Muses.
18. Christian Gleaner.
19. Literary Expose.
20. Anti-Infidel.
21. Vehicle of Genius.
22. Daily Magazine.
23. Weekly Magazine.
24. Universal Magazine.
25. Bonne Bouche.
26. Antidote.
27. Medical Review.
28. Mechanics' Magazine.
29. Sabbath (another.)
30. Literary Sketch Book.
31. Saturday Night.
32. Sunday Morning.
33. Babbler & Entertainer.
34. Freebooter.
35. Register of Arts.
36. Mechanics' Journal, &c.

Of these publications, some never saw a second number, and few lived to complete a volume. At present there exist but THREE, or at most FOUR, out of the whole lot.

St. Alban's Abbey.—We rejoice to see, that at a public meeting at St. Alban's, the Earl of Verulam in the chair, steps were taken towards preserving the venerable abbey of that place, which has lately become

so greatly dilapidated as almost to totter to its fall.

Female Population.—An idea seems to be generally entertained that the number of females in the world greatly exceeds that of the stronger sex. The reverse however is the fact, if we may depend upon the calculations of a German periodical, in which it is stated that in Russia, the increase of males over females, in 15 years, was 804,453; in France, 347,254; in Prussia, 69,764; in Naples, 25,796; in Bavaria, 8,398; in Bohemia, 69,172; in Sweden, 15,195; in Wirtemberg, 6,877; in Hesse, 3,361; in Nassau, 6,484;—briefly, in a total population of 101,707,212, an excess of 1,356,754 males. If this proportion be applied to all Europe, with a population of 215 millions, the excess of males would amount, in the same period of peace, to 2,700,000, In the southern provinces of Russia, near the Caucasus, in the two Americas, and at the Cape of Good Hope, the disproportion is still greater.

The Oblique Pen.—Seduced by the flattering reports which we had seen in various journals of this newly invented pen, we paid our eighteen pence for half a dozen. Alas, our eighteen pence is gone for ever! Never was such a humbug attempted to be practised on the public. One may indeed write with the oblique pen—but very obliquely indeed, and most indistinctly. What is worse, the obliquity of the instrument imparts itself to the ideas, and actually deranges them, The pen cannot become popular: it is impossible that even after much practice any one can use it with satisfaction.

The Rev. Mr. Colton.—Letters from Paris announce the death of the Rev. Mr. Colton, the author of 'Lacon.' It will be remembered that this gentleman disappeared suddenly from England about the period of the Thurtell murder, and it was generally supposed that he had fallen a victim to that notorious criminal. It was soon ascertained, however, that Mr. Colton's disappearance was caused by pecuniary embarrassments, but for a long time, the place of his retreat was a mystery. He was at length seen in Paris, where, for a time, he mixed in good society, but soon afterwards became a confirmed gambler, and fell into all sorts of dissipation. During the last few months his excesses had reduced him to great poverty, and brought on a disease, to remove which a surgical operation became indispensable. The dread of this operation produced such an effect upon Mr. Colton's mind, that he became almost insane, and a few days ago blew out his brains in order to avoid the pain of the operation.

National Gallery.—The Committee of Taste have at length resolved to build a National Gallery at the east end of Carlton terrace, nearly on the site of the King's stables, which are to come down.—It is said a New Royal Academy will likewise be appended to the National Gallery.

Turkish Shops.—A novelty has been recently introduced within the walls of Constantinople, in the shape of three splendid shops after our own model: they are decorated with great taste. One is appropriated to articles of British, and another to articles of French manufacture; but the third, for the sale of tobacco, cigars, &c. is said, for elegance, cleanliness, and magnificence, to excel any rival of the kind in London or Paris. They were opened in the beginning of last March, and honoured with a visit from the Grand Signior during the days of

the Bairam; at the close of which he one evening took his station in the Tobacco Divan, and exhibited himself there to the gaze and no little delight of his subjects, whom he had directed the band of his guards to divert with the performance of military airs. The part of the town adjoining the shop was brilliantly illuminated with the myriads of torches borne by the surrounding multitude.

Crime in Ireland.—During the past year the highest rate of crime in Ireland was in Dublin, where the proportion was 1 commitment to every 90 inhabitants. In the city of Waterford, the proportion was 1 to 111; in Kilkenny, 1 to 150; in Limerick, 1 to 180; in Cork, 1 to 200; and in Galway, 1 to 220. Of the counties, Sligo had the highest proportion of criminals, there being but 1 to every 240 inhabitants. In the other counties the proportions are as follow:—In Longford, 1 to 250 inhabitants; in Queen's County, 1 to 310; in Dublin County, 1 to 356; in Downshire, only 1 to 920; and in Cork, which is the most populous county, 1 to 700. The total number of persons convicted of criminal offences was 9,902—about five-eighths of the number of commitments. Of these only 262 were sentenced to death, and of that number 32 only were executed.

Earthquakes in Italy.—During the severe earthquakes which have recently agitated central Italy, the motion was partly in a direction upwards, proved by large balls of marble, hurled from the summit of the façades of several churches, where they had been placed as ornaments; but an undulatory motion was most frequent, and principally between west and east, although sometimes between south and north, —whence, correctly speaking, the shocks were in a direction compounded of three forces, producing a sort of whirling motion. The bells of the public clocks ran mournfully, and the small tremulous bells of private houses. When the shock was most violent, it seemed as if one heard the cracking and rending asunder of the roof and walls, which created the greatest alarm. At Modena many houses have been violently shaken, but the mischief done there is not so great as at Reggio, where many inhabitants have spent several nights in the open air. Small volcanic cones have appeared on several parts of the plain, where also some springs of hot water have suddenly risen to the surface of the earth.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1832.

ART. I.—*The Animal Kingdom described and arranged, in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier. Translated with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named; of many not before noticed; and other Original Matter.* By Edward Griffith, F. L. S., and others. Parts XXVIII. to XXXII. London: Whittaker & Co. 1832.

IN noticing the numbers of this valuable work which comprised the class of "Reptiles," we paid what we conceived to be a just tribute, not only to Mr. Griffith's admirable accuracy in translating, but also to the additional importance and utility which he has conferred upon Cuvier's labours by his own original observations, and by his felicitous tact in abridging the mere technical details with which the French volumes are overloaded. He has thus rendered the matter of the publication as popular as it was possible to make it; combining, at the same time, with the severe correctness of science, the attractions of entertainment.

The number now before us treats of insects; a class of the creation that more, perhaps, than any other is calculated to excite our attention, from the wonderful varieties which it comprehends, and the astonishing minuteness of anatomical mechanism which it discloses. In both these points it surpasses every other. The number of species which have been already observed, exceeds twenty thousand, and it is not too much to say that, taking the species indigenous to Asia, Africa, and America into consideration, there are at least as many more, of which we have, as yet, no adequate descriptions. Travellers, in those quarters of the globe, have too often contented themselves with collecting only those insects which appeared to them most remarkable for the singularity of their forms, or the beauty of their colours. Hence it happens, that their catalogues are very scanty, and their specimens still more

limited; partly for the reason we have mentioned, but partly also, it must be admitted, on account of the great difficulty which attends the preservation and conveyance home of such fragile materials.

To the multitude, insects are uninteresting, because they are generally so small. But to all persons who have a moment for reflection, this very minuteness of conformation is the very feature of all others that renders them so attractive. 'Infinity,' observes Mr. Griffith, 'exists in small as well as in great things, and the insignificance of an atom, the imparting to it, under such minute dimensions, so many organs, capable of a variety of sensations, is a greater marvel than the production of those colossal animals on which we look with terror and astonishment.' "Wherefore," asks another writer—one of the most philosophical observers of nature —"should we fear to bestow too much praise on the works of the Supreme Being? A machine is the more admirable, and does the greater honour to its inventor, in proportion as it is simple in relation to its destined object, though complex as to the number and variety of its parts. The union and concurrence of so many different and necessary pieces to the production of one given end, impress us with a high idea of the genius of the mechanist. He who has formed those animated machines which we term *insects*, has assuredly admitted no unnecessary parts into their composition. Notwithstanding their minuteness, they cannot fail to excite our admiration in a much greater degree than larger animals, when we consider that there are many more component parts in their body, than in the enormous living masses of the elephant or the whale. In the production of the butterfly, and of every insect which undergoes a true metamorphosis, *the equivalent at least of two animals is produced.*"

What a theme for meditation is suggested by these few remarks! In every insect that undergoes a complete transformation, there must be, in fact, the germ of one animal contained in the perfect body of another. Thus in the lion-ant we have the four-winged fly, and the beautiful butterfly in the mean-looking, crawling caterpillar. What is the use of all these insects and transformations? we have heard a thousand times asked. What good do they produce? Is it not, we ask in return, a sufficient good if they remind us even for a moment of the power and ever active presence of the Omnipotent? Supposing we were told that this object alone was the only one which the Creator had in view, when He peopled the air, the water, and the earth with insects, would it not be an adequate object for the display of such varied and miraculous power? He has intended us for Himself: but He knew that, placed in a world in which the multitude would have to labour for their maintenance, we might too often give up all our thoughts to the occupations which existence renders necessary, and He has in consequence strown our path every where with objects—like

so many fire-flies—which may at every moment of the brilliant day or the winter night, speak to us of HIM! No person has ever yet asked the *use* of an insect, who has paid the slightest attention to its wonderful structure; for besides the unknown, or rather unnoticed part which may be assigned to it in carrying on the necessary operations of nature, it is in itself one of the letters in that divine alphabet which the Deity has framed for his favourite creature man, to enable him to read, if he have but the will to read, the precious volume which is here unfolded for his perusal.

Although it is the opinion of the best natural philosophers, that insects are uniformly governed by instinct, yet it is certain, that their instinct operates occasionally in a manner so like reason, that we find a difficulty in ascertaining to which faculty we are to attribute some of the facts which fall within our observation. Instinct is their natural guide, and it must be admitted that they could have no better, since their existence is so transitory that they could have but little time to deliberate, or to gather lessons from experience. The bee is born an accomplished geometrician, and if it had not been so, it would soon perish for the want of subsistence. Something of this precious benevolence of nature is occasionally seen also in men, to whom happy dispositions for particular pursuits are given, which enable them, often without being taught, to excel in the mechanical, and even in the elegant arts. The most wonderful character in the instinct of insects is, that they have often displayed a power of accommodating themselves to circumstances, which is seldom to be observed in the conduct of birds, or even in other classes of the higher animals. Honey-combs, for instance, may occasionally be found altogether peculiar, with cells differently shaped, and even differently arranged, in order to meet the difficulties of the situation in which they happen to be placed. But inasmuch as it is known that this power of accommodation to particular circumstances has been displayed by the bees in all ages, and that even in these deviations from the usual routine, there is nothing that can be imputed to the new individuals of the species, it is looked upon, and justly, rather as a variation of instinct, than as the proof of a reasoning faculty.

It is very curious to observe the *number* of instincts with which insects are endowed, as compared with the higher animals. In the nurses, for instance, among the working bees, thirty different instincts are enumerated. We must confess, that it would appear to us more reasonable to refer these varieties of action to one general instinct, than to say, that each particular duty which they perform is the result of a particular instinct directing it. But the high authority of Spence is quoted for the former doctrine, and, at all events, whether it be well founded or not, it places the insect in an equally wonderful point of view. Thus it matters little, whether we refer to one instinct or to many, the habit which bees have of sending out scouts before they swarm, in search of a proper

place of settlement; of following the queen wherever she goes; of cleansing their new abode from dirt; of propping up their combs when too heavy; of embalming in wax any offensive object which they are not able to remove. These and many other operations which the bees go through, are equally worthy of our admiration, whether we ascribe each of them to a separate instinct, or the whole to one presiding impulse.

But is not that impulse something higher than mere instinct? This is a question upon which there will always be two opinions. In fact, we men cannot understand by what kind of faculty, short of reason, it happens, that, although the working bees are sure to destroy the drones every autumn, they abstain from injuring any one of them if the hive has lost its queen. In this case the drones are suffered to live unmolested throughout the winter. Here is an alteration of conduct, an abstinence from that which seems to be a natural and habitual course of periodical hostility, caused by the loss of the queen, an event that does not often happen. Dr. Darwin's story of the wasp which sawed the body of a large fly in two, and then cut off its wings, for the greater convenience of carriage, is well known. Dr. Franklin relates also a singular anecdote, shewing that ants not only exercise a degree of sagacity, but also that they have the power of communicating information to each other. "Having placed a pot containing treacle in a closet infested with ants, these insects found their way into it, and were feasting very heartily when he discovered them. He then shook them out, and suspended the pot by a string from the ceiling. By chance one ant remained, which, after eating its fill, with some difficulty found its way up the string, and thence reaching the ceiling, escaped by the wall to its nest. In less than half an hour, a great company of ants sallied out of their hole, climbed the ceiling, crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued, until the treacle was all consumed, one swarm running up the string, while another passed down. It seems indisputable that one ant had, in this instance, conveyed news of the booty to his comrades, who would not otherwise have at once directed their steps in a body to the only accessible route." Messrs. Kirby and Spence relate another anecdote, from which we must conclude that insects are in possession of an instinct capable of assisting them in many difficulties.

'"A German artist, a man of strict veracity, states, that in his journey through Italy, he was an eye-witness to the following occurrence. He observed a species of scarabæus, *(Ateuchus pilularius ?)* busily employed in making for the reception of its egg, a pellet of dung, which, when finished, it rolled to the summit of a small hillock, and repeatedly suffered to tumble down its side, apparently for the sake of consolidating it by the earth, which each time adhered to it. During this process, the pellet unluckily fell into an adjoining hole, out of which all the efforts of the beetle to extricate it were in vain. After several ineffectual trials, the insect repaired

to an adjoining heap of dung, and soon returned with three of his companions. All four now applied their united strength to the pellet, and at length succeeded in pushing it out; which being done, the three assistant beetles left the spot, and returned to their own quarters."'—part xxviii. pp. 111, 112.

The summary of the doctrine upon this subject seems to be reducible to this, that the great majority of the actions of insects are directed by a principle of instinct, totally distinct from reason; but that nevertheless they have the faculty, though supposed to be a limited one, of forming judgments from their immediate perceptions, and of acting thereupon. It seems undeniable also, that they have some mode of communicating with each other, and that in addition to this faculty, they are endowed with memory.

We may perceive, in the warm latitudes particularly, the active share which insects take in fulfilling the economical scheme of nature. The ants, for instance, of which there are in those climates innumerable legions, although they sometimes commit depredations upon the works of man, devouring his books and furniture without any distinction, and thus warning him to apply his ingenuity and industry in taking precautions against their inroads, are of the greatest use in destroying dead organized matter, such as carrion, which might otherwise putrify and fill the atmosphere with pestilence. They are constantly occupied in purging the surface of the soil from matter of this description, and so voracious are these insect vultures, that they have been known to consume the flesh of a colossal quadruped in one day. They in their turn become the food of birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, and thus the equilibrium of animated life is kept up by means of a system, of which at best we see but a part, and even that darkly.

The fecundity of the females among the social insects, and the care which nature has taken in providing the young with nurses, is another wonderful portion of their history.

'Reaumer estimates at twelve millions, the number of eggs laid by the domestic bee in spring, within the space of twenty days. But this fecundity is much inferior to that of the termites of the same sex. At the time of laying, their belly is so distended by the number of eggs with which it is filled, that this part is then, according to Smeathman, five hundred or two thousand times more bulky than the rest of the body. Its volume is twenty or thirty thousand times larger than that of the belly of the neuter. In fine, the number of eggs which the female can lay in the space of one day, amounts to eighty thousand. Now, this exceeding fecundity of insects which live in society, seems to establish the necessity of a third division of individuals, such as the neuters, which shall possess the affections of maternity, without the reproductive faculty.

'All these insects, with the exception of the termites, are of the number of those which undergo complete metamorphoses, and their larvæ, unlike the caterpillars, are quite unable, from feebleness, absence of feet, and the extreme smallness of the mouth to provide for themselves. Besides, they would seek in vain to procure their food, which consists in vegetable or

animal matter, which has undergone preparatively a digestive process. In this state of things almost daily assistance is necessary for them. This the mothers, had they been alone, could by no possibility have afforded. They never could have found strength or time to collect magazines of provisions for so numerous a family, nor could the provisions have been preserved in a proper state, up to the time that they were wanted. If the existence of the mothers were prolonged beyond the time of the disclosing of the young, and the bringing up and the education of the latter were entrusted to them, their difficulties would still increase. They could not find every day the quantity of aliments required, especially in rainy weather, and even supposing that they could procure them, how could they distribute them to each individual larva? How could they watch over, and preserve them from the infinite number of perils by which they are menaced? It is very different with solitary insects. Their family, few in number, isolated, concealed, and occupying but a small space, can easily be withdrawn from the investigations of its enemies. But insects, united in great numbers in the same nest, have more unfavourable risks to run. The careful attention of the ants to their progeny affords an apt illustration of this point.'—part xxviii. pp. 115, 116.

These provisions of nature, and others which might be mentioned, afford indisputable proof of a system established from the creation, and ought constantly to lead our thoughts to that Eternal Intelligence by which it was ordained. How justly may we not exclaim with Cowper,

> "These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
> How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
> Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
> This universal frame, thus wondrous fair."

The parasite order of insects, though highly interesting in a scientific point of view, do not furnish us with many ideas of an agreeable nature. We shall therefore pass them by altogether, suggesting only to the attention of the reader the exhibition of the "wonderful fleas" now open in Regent Street. One of these well disciplined tiny animals draws up a bucket from a well; another is harnessed to the model of a man of war of 120 guns, with sails, &c., four hundred times its own weight, which it draws after it without any difficulty; while others are engaged in carrying upon their backs effigies of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and in combating with swords in regular warfare. Mr. Griffith mentions a flea of middling size that has been seen to draw a silver cannon supported on two little wheels, which was charged with powder and let off, apparently without giving the insect the slightest alarm. Hook has recorded the labours of an English artist, who constructed an ivory coach for six horses, holding four persons, having two lackeys behind, and a coachman on the box, with a dog between his legs, which was drawn by a single flea! M. Latreille, remarking on such works of art, asks why such delicacy and fineness of labour should not be devoted to objects of greater utility? We quite coincide in the answer which Mr. Griffith has given to this

question. We shall add to it his very sensible observations upon the insects in question.

'If every work of man was to be measured by its *direct* utility, some of the noblest productions of art and genius might be undervalued and despised. The exercise of human ingenuity is in itself laudable, and though it be employed on an object of no direct utility, it may, and not unfrequently does, lead to the most useful discoveries and inventions. The man employed on such a task as we have described, was at all events improving himself in his art, and increasing the delicacy of his tact, and the accuracy of his vision. Better to be so employed than in fabricating engines of destruction, or mingling in scenes of dissipation, vice and folly.

'In studying so small an animal as the flea, many subjects of admiration present themselves to our mind. What prodigious force of muscle must not that be which enables this insect to raise itself thirty times its height! How singular the structure of that tube with which it sucks our blood! Nature, with her usual wisdom and foresight, has given this animal a compressed form, which enables it to insinuate itself with more facility between the hairs of animals, and conceal itself there. She has encased its body in a sort of armour, by enveloping it in a firm and elastic skin, capable of resisting the pressure of our fingers.

'It is not necessary to enter into any detail here, of all the means which have been prescribed for the destruction of these troublesome insects. Some recommend the placing in apartments plants of a powerful and penetrating odour, such as savoury, wormwood, &c., or acrid plants, such as *persicaria*, or vegitables with glutinous leaves, and branches of the alder. Others have recourse to a mercurial unguent, to boiling water, into which simple mercury has been put, and which is scattered throughout the chamber. Some prescribe the vapour of sulphur. The inhabitants of Dalecarlia, place in their habitations a hare's skin. These insects take refuge there, and are then easily destroyed by fire or water.

We often murmur against Nature, and consider fleas and other vermin as a spot which soils the beautiful picture which she presents to our eyes. But let us be reasonable, and admire the wisdom of her designs, in having chosen the sensation of pain as a sentinel to give us warning of the consequences of our vices, or the irregularity of our habits. We should conform ourselves to her views. Cleanliness without fastidiousness should be observed in our dwellings. If, towards the end of autumn, and the commencement of spring, the different articles of furniture that we use, were exposed to a heat of sufficient strength, the sources of our inconveniences would be speedily destroyed, at at all events we should cease to calumniate Nature, even if we had not sufficient gratitude to study and admire her. But a small number of the species of the flea is as yet known; but it is probable that if the fleas of different animals were examined with a little more attention, that several others might be discovered.'– part xxviii. pp. 167—169.

It is not difficult, by attending to these directions, to extirpate, or at least to diminish very much, the race of which the author speaks. We say the author, Mr. Griffith, from whose excellent supplementary remarks we have extracted them. His translation of Cuvier's text will be read with great interest by persons who have made the science of natural history an object of their attention.

His supplementary observations are of a more popular character, as they contain the results not only of his own labours, but of those of several other philosophers besides the Baron, drawn up in a style as free from technicality as possible.

Of all the insects of which man is apt to complain, there are none perhaps that give him greater annoyance than those which infest plants and trees of every description. Among these are found a species of flea, which jump by means of their hind legs with considerable elasticity. They feed upon the juice of leaves, which they suck up with their proboscis. The females are furnished with a kind of auger; by this instrument they are enabled to prick the leaves, in which they deposit their eggs, and the incisions thus made often cause the destruction of the leaves, by turning the juice out of its natural channel. Sometimes these incisions cause the leaves to turn up like a hood, and many of them unite together to form a ball, in which the larvæ are found enclosed. These larvæ void a white saccharine matter, soft to the touch, which, according to Geoffroy, strongly resembles manna. They leave often long threads of it behind, and little grains of it are sometimes to be met with in the balls which they have inhabited. The fleas which are attached to the alder tree, live together in little societies composed of about a dozen individuals each. They are covered by a cottony down, which renders them hideous. But in point of destructiveness, these insects bear no comparison to the aphides, which are found assembled in immense quantities, or rather masses, upon almost every species of plant. In noticing Mr. Rennie's work on insects, we went pretty much at large into the very curious natural history of these prolific creatures. They are dull, and in appearance motionless; but at the very moment that they seem least active, they are busily engaged in extricating the juice from the leaves with their proboscis. Wherever they come, they are always sure to be speedily followed by whole armies of ants. They exude constantly a delicate saccharine fluid, which may be sometimes found upon the leaves of gooseberry or currant trees, of which the ants are excessively fond. They have their natural enemies, which devour them in great numbers, otherwise they are so fruitful they would put an end to agriculture altogether. The best way to destroy them is to burn some sulphur or tobacco under the trees, and conduct the smoke to the part affected by means of a tube. The following remarks on the larger aphides, from the pen of Mr. Curtis, fully explain the phenomenon usually called "Honey-dew," and are full of curious matter.

"In the quality of the excrements," says Mr. Curtis, in the sixth vol. of the Lin. Trans. "voided by these insects, there is something very extraordinary. Were a person accidentally to take up a book in which it was gravely asserted that in some countries there were animals who voided liquid sugar, he would soon lay it down, regarding it as a fabulous tale, calculated to impose on the credulity of the ignorant; and yet such is

literally the truth. The superior size of the *Aphis salicis* will enable the most common observer to satisfy himself on this head. On looking steadfastly for a few minutes on a group of these insects, while feeding on the bark of the willow, one perceives a few of them elevate their bodies, and a transparent substance evidently drop from them, which is immediately followed by a similar motion and discharge, like a small shower, from a great number of others. At first, I was not aware that the substance thus dropping from these animals, at such stated intervals, was their excrement, but was convinced of its being so afterwards; for on a more accurate examination, I found it proceed from the extremity of the abdomen, as is usual in other insects. On placing a piece of writing-paper under a mass of these insects, it soon became thickly spotted; holding it a longer time, the spots united from the addition of others, and the whole surface assumed a glossy appearance. I tasted this substance and found it as sweet as sugar. I had the less hesitation in doing this, as I had observed that wasps, flies, ants, and insects without number, devoured it as quickly as it was produced; but were it not for these, it might no doubt be collected in considerable quantities, and if subjected to the processes used with other saccharine juices, might be converted into the choicest sugar, or sugar-candy. It is a fact also, which appears worthy of noticing here, that though wasps are so partial to this food, yet the bees appear totally to disregard it.*

'"In the height of summer, when the weather is hot and dry, and aphides are most abundant, the foliage of trees and plants (more especially in some years than others) is found covered with, and rendered glossy by, a sweet clammy substance, known to persons resident in the country by the name of *honey-dew:* they regard it as a sweet substance falling from the atmosphere, as its name implies. The sweetness of this excrementitious substance, the glossy appearance it gave to the leaves which it fell upon, and the swarms of insects which this matter attracted, first led me to imagine that the honey-dew of plants was no other than this secretion, which further observation has since fully confirmed. Others have considered it as an exudation from the plant itself. Of the former opinion we find the Rev. Mr. White, one of the latest writers on natural history that has noticed this subject. But that it neither falls from the atmosphere, nor issues from the plant itself, is easily demonstrated. If it fell from the atmosphere it would cover every thing indiscriminately; whereas we never find it but on certain living plants and trees. We also find it on plants in stoves, and green-houses covered with glass. If it exuded from the plant, it would appear on all the leaves generally and uniformly; whereas its appearance is extremely irregular, not alike on any two leaves of the same tree and plant, some having none of it, and others being covered with it but partially. But the phenomena of the honey-dew, with all their variations, are easily accounted for, by considering the aphides as the authors of it. That they are capable of producing an appearance exactly similar to that of the honey-dew, has already been shewn. As far as my observation has extended, there never exists any honey-dew but where there are aphides; such, however, often pass unnoticed, being hid on the under side of the leaf. Wherever honey-dew is observable about a leaf, aphides will be found on the under side of the leaf or leaves immediately above it, and

* This, however, is contradicted by Mr. White, in his History of Selborne.

under no other circumstances whatever. 'If by accident any leaf should intervene between the aphides and the leaf next between them, there will be no honey-dew on that leaf. Thus then we flatter ourselves to have incontrovertibly proved that the aphides are the true and only source of the honey-dew.'"—part xxxii. pp. 270—273.

Of the same order is the cochineal insect, a very small and delicate creature, of whose labours we have contrived to make an important use, while we have altogether neglected to turn the honey-dew of the aphides to advantage. They also are extremely injurious to vegetables. They pass a great portion of their lives attached to the bark of trees, from which, in the course of time, they extract all the sap. The female undergoes a singular change when her young are brought forth; the body then swells prodigiously, assumes the form of a gall, which covers the new progeny, and ceases to be animated. Some species of the cochineal assume a form different from that of the gall. They are covered with a cottony down, which serves as a kind of nest for a lodgment of part of the body. It serves also to receive the young brood. The eggs proceed from the body of the mother through an aperture placed at the extremity of the abdomen, and they pass under her belly to be hatched there. When this process is over, the body of the mother dries up, and becomes a sort of shell or cocoon, in which the eggs are enclosed. These eggs, if bruised on white paper, will leave a red stain upon it. There are but two species of the cocci which are employed in the arts. From their appearance they were at first supposed to be a fruit. Those by which the finest colouring is produced, consisting of all the shades of scarlet and purple, are imported from South America, in the form of small grains, of an irregular figure, generally convex on the one side, and concave on the other. The most valuable are of a slate-grey mingled with reddish, and covered with a white dust. The colour of the cochineal is attributed to the plant upon which it is principally reared, the flower of which is small, and of a blood-red. In Mexico, the cultivation of the plant and of the cochineal, affords an important branch of occupation to the Indians. They plant the shrub called nopalli, the natural food of the insect, near their habitations; the largest of these plantations do not contain more than an acre and a half, or two acres, and a single man is sufficient to keep one in a proper state. About the middle of the month of October, the epoch of the return of the fine season in that climate, the cochineal is sown, if such an unphilosophical expression may be allowed, on the nopals. The operation of sowing consists in placing on the plants the females which already have some young ones, and which the Indians had preserved on branches of the cactus in their houses during the rainy months. Eight or ten females are put into a little nest, made with a sort of flax, which is generally taken from the petals of the leaves of the palm tree. The leaves of the cactus are armed with thorns, upon which the nests are placed, and the bottom of the nest is turned towards the rising sun, for the purpose of accelerating the maturity of the little brood.

At the proper time, the young cochineals proceed in thousands from the nest, none of them larger then a pin's point; they are all of a red colour, and covered with a white dust. Spreading themselves rapidly over the leaves of the plant, they soon attach themselves there altogether, and remain fixed. There are three crops every year. They are gathered in this way. The Indians use a knife, the edge and point of which are blunted: in order that the plant may not be injured, the blade of the knife is passed between the bark of the nopal and the cochineals, which are thus gathered into a vessel: they are then dried either in the sun, or in a hot oven, or on chafing dishes. When dried, they may be kept shut up in boxes for ages without losing a particle of their tinctorial property. The history of the Kermes, which some naturalists have confounded with the cochineal, forms one of the most remarkable narratives in this branch of human knowledge.

'The Kermes more resembles a gall, than any of the cochineals, having the body so much distended, that it presents no vestige whatever of an incision. This point excepted, the characters of the two are identified, and we must confess that we see but little reason for the generic separation made between them by Geoffroy and Reaumur.

'In their youth, the females resemble little white *wood-lice*, which would have but six feet. They run upon the leaves, and afterwards fix upon the stems and branches of trees and shrubs, where they pass many months in succession. It is then that they assume the figure of a gall, or excrescence.

'It is upon such shrubs and plants as survive the winter, that these insects grow. They need a plant which shall nourish them for nearly a year, that being the time fixed for the duration of their existence. Having acquired their growth, some of them resemble little balls attached against a branch, the size of which varies from that of a pepper-corn, to a pea. Others have a spherical form, but truncated or elongated. Some are oblong, and others, by far the greater number, resemble an inverted boat. The colours are diversified.

'Fruit-trees, and peaches more especially, are sometimes so much covered with Kermes, whether of that species like the inverted boat, or, the other, like small grains, that their branches appear altogether scabby. These insects do not arrive at the term of their growth until the middle, or, at latest, towards the end of spring, If the peach-trees be observed at this period, we may remark tuberosities on their branches, which are Kermes, some of which are living and immoveable, and others dead from the preceding year. These may be distinguished from each other, in that the first are extremely adherent to the plant, and that the place where their body is attached, is covered with a cottony matter, on which their belly, which is as much inflated as possible, is applied. If these insects are observed a little later, their skin appears nothing but a simple dried shell, containing or covering an infinity of little, reddish, oblong grains, which are eggs. The little ones which come from them, still remain for a few days under the skin of the mother.

'It is impossible to observe without admiration, the manner in which the females cover the eggs and the little ones. A great number of insects

know how to weave cocoons, in which they enclose their brood, with considerable art. It is with her own body that the female of the Kermes covers her offspring. It answers all the purposes of a very close shell, or cocoon. She does not leave them for a moment exposed to the impressions of the air, places them in perfect shelter, and covers the eggs from the very instant in which they are laid. She is also useful to her young, even after her death, since they remain for many days under her dried-up body.

'The females die very shortly after having laid their eggs. Those of some species, according to many authors, lay but two thousand eggs, while those of others produce above four thousand. The little ones proceed from under this skin, through an aperture which exists at the lower part of their body. Scarcely have the young Kermes quitted their cradle, than they begin to run upon the leaves. Their growth is very slow, continuing from the end of spring, or the commencement of summer, the time of their birth, until the spring of the following year, but then they begin to acquire bulk rapidly. If those of the peach-tree are observed at the renewal of the fine season, there will be seen upon their back a number of little tubercles and some hairs or threads, tolerably long, which proceed from different parts of their bodies. These hairs, which are placed in different directions, proceed to attach themselves on the wood, tolerably distant from the insect.

'For a long time naturalists were ignorant how these females were fecundated. Some authors believed that they were of both sexes, and could lay eggs without any intercourse with the male. But the observations of Reaumur, who has witnessed the union of the sexes, in the species of the peach-tree, prove that the Kermes, in this respect, do not differ from other animals of the same class.

'All the young Kermes resemble one another, and do not assume the form which is peculiar to them, untill they have grown. The most celebrated species is that whose figure approaches that of a ball, from which a small segment had been excided. This Kermes lives upon a species of small green oak, which is a mere shrub, that rises to the height of two or three feet, and is the *quercus coccifera* of Linnæus. This oak grows in great quantities, in the uncultivated lands of the southern parts of France, in Spain, and the islands of the Archipelago. It is from these shrubs that the peasants proceed to gather the harvest of the Kermes, in the proper season.

'The Kermes for a very long time had excited the curiosity of naturalists, before its true nature was discovered. It gave rise to an experiment, which succeeded, and led Marcilly into an error on this subject. Every one is acquainted with the composition of ink; we know that it is by the mixture of nut-galls that the solution of vitriol assumes a black colour. Marcilly tried if he could make ink with the Kermes and vitriol, and succeeded in so doing. From this he concluded that the Kermes, producing an effect similar to that of the galls found upon the large oaks, was a gall of the little oak; but he was deceived respecting the nature of these insects. This experiment discovers to us a curious fact; namely, that vegetable substances proper for the making of ink, preserve this property after having passed into the body of an animal.

'The Kermes which has come to its full growth, appears like a little spherical shell, fixed against the shrub. Its colour is a brown-red. It is

lightly crowned with an ashen crest. That which is obtained through the medium of commerce, is of a very deep red, and only owes its colour to the vinegar with which it has been treated.

'The inhabitants of the countries where the Kermes is gathered, considered this insect under three different states. The first takes place in the commencement of spring. At this period it is of a very fine red, almost entirely enveloped with a sort of cotton, which serves it as a nest. It has then the form of an inverted boat. The second state occurs from the moment in which the insect arrives at its full growth, and that the cotton with which it was covered is spread over its body in the form of a greyish dust. It then appears to be a simple cocoon, filled with a reddish liquor. Finally the Kermes arrives at its third state towards the middle or end of the spring of the following year. It is at this period that there are found under its belly eighteen hundred or two thousand little round grains, which are the eggs. They are as small again as a poppy-seed, and filled with a reddish liquor. In the microscope they appear set with brilliant points, of the colour of gold. Among these eggs, some are whitish, and some red. The first produce little ones of a dirtier white, more flatted than the others, and whose brilliant points have an argentine colour. These individuals, according to Reaumur, are less common than the red. They are erroneously considered, in the countries where they are found, as the mothers of the Kermes.

'Towards her second state, the female Kermes prepares herself for her laying, by approximating the lower part of her belly to the back. She then resembles a wood-louse half rolled up. The vacancy formed by this contraction is filled by the eggs. The mother having acquitted herself of the duties imposed upon her by nature, very speedily perishes. Her carcase dries up. The traits which characterized it as an insect are obliterated, and totally disappear; nothing more is perceptible, than a sort of gall.

'The eggs exclude the young; the latter abandon the cradle of their birth, spread themselves over the leaves of the shrub on which they have just been born; and feed upon their juice, which they extract with their proboscis.

'The male at first exhibits the greatest possible conformity with the female. He fixes himself in the same manner that she does, becomes metamorphosed into a nymph in his cocoon, becomes then a perfect insect, raises the cocoon, and issues forth from it, the hinder part of his body being foremost.

'Scarcely does he see the light, when excited by the desire of love, he hastens to fulfil the grand, and indeed the only end of his existence. As soon as this is accomplished, he ceases to exist.

'The harvest of Kermes is more or less abundant, according as the winter has been more or less mild. There is every expectation of its being good, when the winter passes without fogs or frosts. It has been remarked, that the oldest trees, and those which appear the least vigorous, and are the least elevated, are the most loaded with Kermes. The soil also contributes to their bulk, and to the vivacity of their colour. The insect, which comes from shrubs neighbouring to the sea, is larger, and of a more brilliant colour, than that which comes from shrubs more remote from it.'
—part xxxii. pp. 286—291.

The Kermes serves very well to dye silk or wool of a fine crimson, but it has not been deemed of much importance since the discovery of cochineal. It is produced in considerable quantities in certain districts of the south of France, where it is gathered by the women. When gathered from the shrubs, the Kermes destined for the purposes of dyeing, is wetted with vinegar; the pulp enclosed in the grain is then removed, the grains are washed in wine, and after being dried in the sun are polished by rubbing them in a sack, and then mixed up with a quantity of their own powder. Their value depends on the quantity of powder which they yield.

Nothing can be more complete than the method with which Mr. Griffith treats every subject which he touches. He follows his illustrious guide with the feelings of an enthusiast, and yet with the patience of a philosopher, through the various orders of insects which form the subject of his elaborate and masterly treatise on the animal world. We have only glanced at those topics which appeared to us to possess some novelty, but we should be doing great injustice to Mr. Griffith's labours, if we did not add, that we have occasionally found our attention fixed much more eagerly upon his supplemental observations, than upon the minute, often dry, and technical descriptions of Cuvier. It is impossible to conclude this notice of his great work, without paying his memory the tribute of our gratitude. His death has left a void among the deservedly esteemed names of France, which may not be filled up for another century.

ART. II.—*Pen and Pencil Sketches, being the Journal of a Tour in India.* By Captain Mundy, late Aide-de-camp to Lord Combermere. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Murray. 1832.

CAPTAIN MUNDY makes no pretensions to literary excellence. Indeed few tourists now-a-days shine in the art of composition. They are whirled about by business or pleasure; they find themselves in the cities of the new world, or the ruins of the old; in New York, or Thebes, in Mexico, or Palmyra; making war upon men or elephants in India, driving bargains in the Levant, or engaged upon missions in the Pacific; and having connexions at home, to whom intelligence of their progress would be acceptable, they write letters, or lay up notes, which upon their return they publish to the world "at the request of friends," praying the indulgence of the critics for all their errors, and at the same time little doubting that there is something in their productions to compensate for the total absence of the charms of style. The volumes before us have been got up exactly after this common fashion. The 'manuscript journal and portfolio,' says the author in his preface, 'from which these slight and unpretending sketches of a tour have been well nigh *verbatim* and *lineatim* extracted, were most selfishly and unambitiously

scribbled for his own amusement, and, (undutiful confession!) as a sort of promised sop, held out to allay epistolary expectations at home: and it was not until a year after his return to England, that, prompted by the encouragement of perhaps partial friends, and finally rendered desperate by what may almost be said to have amounted to a paternal mandate, he found himself—correcting the proofs.' Whenever we find excuses of this kind advanced at the commencement of a work, we are fully prepared to find it hardly worth the trouble which it has cost. It is marked by no ambition of excellence; it is desultory, often silly, and overladen with details, which are given for no other reason than because they happen to be connected with the writer's personal proceedings. There is no selection of materials, no unity of purpose, or uniformity of design. All is sketchy, trivial, dull, despised as it is read, and immediately forgotten.

How far Captain Mundy's work answers to this description, the public must finally judge. He appears to have set out, towards the conclusion of the year 1827, in company with Lord Combermere, upon a tour of inspection of the military stations in the Upper Provinces. Now observe the very peculiar importance and minuteness of a note which the author made at his first stage. On the 22d, (November,) at four, P. M., (how exact!) we reached Rogonathpore, a small village, near which is situated one of those stage bungalows, erected by government, for the accommodation of travellers along the great military road to Benares and Allahabad. Here we fell in with a family of our acquaintance, travelling southward, with all their household equipages, &c., and they treated us with a rather more plentiful and luxurious meal than our palankeen stores could have afforded us.' Is not the reader equally instructed and delighted by this information? The author dined at the expense of another! But the next topic is still more fascinating. After dinner, Captain Mundy took a walk, and saw a bear! 'Colonel D. and myself walked over the rocks in the evening, and we distinctly saw one of these uncouth-looking animals climbing up the face of the crags; but we were far out of shot-range!' The wonder, we suppose, was, not that the gentlemen saw a bear at all under the circumstances, but that they saw it *distinctly*. The Captain was a lucky man. Having dined one day luxuriously at another's expense, the following morning he encountered another convenient acquaintance, who gave him a breakfast! 'At Hazarebang, we met with a hospitable friend, who stored our palankeens with provisions, after giving us a *capital* breakfast.' Verily, good living must be a greater rarity in India than we took it to be, since the Captain seems to set so high a value upon a 'plentiful and luxurious dinner,' and a 'capital breakfast.' After escaping the chance of being himself converted into a dinner by a party of roaming tigers, he takes the trouble to proclaim to the world, that he and his companions arrived at Benares on the 27th, 'at five,

A. M.' He adds, with his usual accuracy, and with his characteristic fondness for the good things of this world, that they were 'hospitably received by Mr. Prinsep, Master of the Mint, who *freighted* their palankeens with plentiful stock for the morrow.' The paradise of Mahomet would be no paradise to the Captain, if it be not furnished with a choice and plentiful larder. He reached Allahabad early the following morning, and what does the reader think is the happy result? Does the Captain breakfast, or dine, or sup? No. 'At three, P. M., we called a halt, and combined breakfast, dinner, and supper, in *one meal;* and taking for our motto, "sufficient for the day," &c., bravely devoured our last fowl and loaf, though we had two more days' journey to perform, without a chance of falling in with any more of our hospitable countrymen.' Intelligence like this is truly valuable. The reader is doubtless desirous of knowing what the Captain did next, and how he and his luxury-loving companions contrived to get along, as the Americans say. The fact is, they did not get along at all. The bearers got sulky—having, we suppose, nothing to eat—and the rains being heavy and the roads slippery, they thought fit to make a dead stop under a tree. Here our countrymen exercised their right of the stronger, and flogged the poor devils until they compelled them to proceed! 'With the assistance of a few rupees, and (shall I confess it?) a little gentle *corporal* persuasion, we resumed our journey.' We beg the Captain's pardon for remarking, that the confession, or rather the act confessed in this unfeeling manner, reflects no credit upon his humanity. We should much wish to know, whether the poor natives under our government in India, even though they be palankeen bearers, are not protected by the law from such treatment as this.

Tea and biscuits were all they could get for breakfast the ensuing morning. On passing through a ruinous old town called Hautgong, the author remarks, 'Here a large pariah dog took a fancy to our party, and with no other food than a couple of hard-boiled eggs, followed us the whole way to Cawnpore, a distance of nearly eighty miles!' Captain Mundy had no idea that even a dog could travel without good living. Arrived at Lucknow, he had the good fortune to be one of the party who dined with the (nominal) king. The viands, he remarks, were tolerable; but he was much disappointed, on searching among the cruets on the table, not to find the celebrated "King of Oude's sauce!" Will the Captain allow us to recommend him to Burgess, in the Strand? By way of a change, let us take a glance at one of the entertainments prepared by the king for his guests.

'After dinner, we were conducted through the numerous small rooms and tortuous passages of an oriental palace, to another verandah, to witness a grand display of fireworks,—an amusement in which the Eastern nations greatly excel, and for which an Indian climate is so favourable.

'The scene that here met our eyes was beautiful in theextreme, and truly

oriental. It appeared almost a realization of some of those splendid fictions in the Arabian Nights. The night, though dark, was calm: the balcony where we stood overhung the river, which flowed deep beneath, and was thickly studded with many-shaped boats. In one of these, in the middle of the stream, a group of nauch girls, and musicians, were dancing and singing. The whole was made visible to us by blue-lights, so placed under the verandah as to throw their cold, mysterious light over the scene without annoying the eyes of the spectators. The fireworks, which were extremely well managed, and of great variety, were ranged along the opposite bank of the river, and in the vessels on its surface. At intervals, fire-balloons were sent up, which, while they majestically floated over the city, showed us alternately, in the distance, some elegant palace, temple, or mosque, whose white and gilt minarets were for an instant brightly illuminated, and then left in their original darkness."—vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

The usual barbarous sports were exhibited on this occasion. Buffaloes, bears, leopards, tigers, groups of almost every species of the *savagest* inhabitants of the forest, as the author elegantly expresses it, were let loose upon each other, in an arena prepared for the purpose, and exercised their utmost powers of ferocity for the amusement of the spectators, among whom, we are pained to learn, were several English ladies! These *entertainments* were followed by combats of elephants, the noble and intelligent animals having been previously deprived of their senses by intoxication, and roused to frenzy by the influence of exciting spices! We envy not the man who could have deliberately attended and admired such *festivities* as these.

At Agra, the commander-in-chief had occasion to review five regiments of infantry in brigade. 'It was impossible,' says the author, 'to avoid remarking the superiority of the Sepoy over the European corps, in steadiness and regularity of movement!' Superiority of the Sepoys over the European corps! We confess we were not prepared for this startling acknowledgment. 'It must, however,' adds the author, 'be remembered, that an Englishman in India is—unless actuated by some strong excitement which, defying the climate, calls forth his native energies—only half himself; whilst the Sepoy, naturally alert, attentive, and intelligent, has no such disadvantages to contend with.' If the observation be well founded, it requires not the inspiration of prophecy to perceive, that the days of British rule in India are already numbered. In forming Sepoy regiments, it is clearly maturing the elements of its own destruction. This is clearly a destiny which it must fulfil.

While inspecting the military stations, the commander-in-chief and his officers combined as far as possible pleasure with business. Besides feasting like gods wherever they went, they gave a fair proportion of their time to the royal sport of tiger-hunting in the jungles of the north. For this purpose, the chasseurs go out mounted on elephants, whose slow movements occasionally are rather inconvenient, especially when the rider sees the tiger, en-

raged by receiving a bullet or two, bounding towards him. The hunted animal sometimes attempts to spring upon the elephant, and attack his enemy face to face, and if the sportsman be a bad shot, or have a weak heart, he stands a chance of being torn to pieces. The jungle, too, is the region of ague and cholera; but in this, as in other cases, where the effects of atmosphere are to be apprehended, active employment of the mind and body generally acts as a preservative. 'Though I cannot myself boast of a frame of adamant,' says Captain Mundy, 'I have been constantly on my elephant from "morn till dewy eve," in the hottest weather, and the most pestiferous jungles, and never felt my health affected by it.' We shall present the reader with a description of one of his hunting days.

'The 1st *of March* will always be a "dies notanda" in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Dooab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chace among the favourite haunts of wild beasts,—the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

'Some of the most experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, while we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gougwalas*, or villagers, in waiting, who had some khubber (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up, and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows headed by a stout young man, with a good sword by his side, and "bearded like fifteen pards," who announced himself as a jeemadar. As usual in like cases, all the natives began to speak at once in Veluti-like tone, and with vehement gesticulations. The young jeemadar, however, soon silenced them with a "chirp, teerie!" &c., and then gave us to understand, that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds.

'At 4, P. M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport,) Lord Combermere, and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp, pointed out as the lurking place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

'Sancho, the jemadar-hurkarah of the quarter-master general's department, insisted upon leading the cavalcade, mounted on his pony. This strange old character, who obtained his *non dejuerre* from the strong similitude he bears to his illustrious prototype, both in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, and the quaint shrewdness of his remarks —served under Lord Lake in the Mahratta war, and has ever since distinguished himself as the most active and intelligent of the intelligence department. Almost the last act of Lord Combermere, before he left India, was to obtain for the faithful Sancho a snug Barataria, in the shape of a little jaghire, a possession which had long been the object of his ambition.

'This noted individual now spurred on before our party, mounted on his piebald palfry, (or *belfry*, as his namesake would have called it,) with his right arm bared, and his scimitar flourishing in the air.

'The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes—every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking.

'We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahaut informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility," The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

'We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M—— confirmed the sporting *Euruka*. The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's (which was a known staunch one), turned tail and went of at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain till he quite sunk below the horizon; and for all proof to the contrary, he may be going to this very moment.

'The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant, but being wounded in the loins by Captain M's. shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action, and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "whoo! whoo!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger,—a three quarters grown male— the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

'Having loaded and reformed line we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd! and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle, followed by us at full speed.

'At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M's. elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

'One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds, called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning; when Captain P's. elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail. Captain P's. situation was perplexing enough; his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie; who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

'We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger; who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead.'—vol. i., pp. 109—116.

Great numbers of the natives are collected annually at the fair of Hurdwar, to which they repair from places far and near. The author and one of his friends obtained leave of absence to visit that scene of traffic, roughing it by the way as well as they could. Sometimes they overtook on the track, dignified by the natives with the name of road, strings of camels, at least five hundred in number, laden with grain, and bound for the fair. Occasionally they found themselves in company with whole families of the peasantry, who travelled in this manner. The mother carried the youngest child in her arms, while the others were seen jogging pleasantly along in a couple of wicker baskets suspended to a bamboo, which was balanced on the father's shoulder. The author did not forget as he proceeded, to bag as much game as he could. Listen to the rapturous strains in which he speaks of the quails he brought down! 'In the cool of the afternoon we strolled out for an hour in the gram*-fields, and shot several brace of quails, which, at this season, are like *little flying pats of butter!*' 'I have heard it averred,' he adds, with true Epicurean *goût*, 'that these delicate *bonne-bouches* are sometimes so fat in the grain season, that when they are shot, they burst from their own weight, as they fall on the parched ground.' He must have been fully compensated by these

* A species of vetch.

delicious quails, for all the hardships of his journey. So full is his mind at all times with ideas borrowed from the cookery book, that if the day be a little more warm than usual, he says he has been 'grilled' in the sun. Nay, in going out after birds, he tells us that he has been in search after 'a second course!' At length they arrived at the fair, where they found more than one 'merry party of English ladies and gentlemen, whose several encampments were picturesquely disposed among the trees, wherever space and shade were to be found. Mounting an elephant, in the usual style, they proceeded to see the humours of the fair. In the horse-bazaar, the best stocked department of the place, they might choose between the fiery animals of the Lacka jungles, the ambling nags of Cashmere, and the Shetland-like ponies of the mountains. Here a Persian wrapt in his splendid shawl, there an Arab dressed in his best attire, entreated the strangers to visit their stables, where horses of the first-rate blood and the best authenticated pedigree were to be had. But their prices did not suit. Beyond these, in the main street, were crowds of buyers and sellers of cloths, fruits, grain, sweetmeats, toys, gewgaws of every kind. The elephants could soon make their way no farther. They were literally wedged in on all sides by a dense assemblage, when the ears of the visitors were assailed by what the author in his peculiar phraseology styles 'an astounding *concatenation* of noises.' The neighing of horses, braying of mules, ringing of bells, growling of camels, the eternal tom—toms of the fakirs, together with the guitaring, thrumming, "and every other kind of strumming," carried on without a moment's intermission throughout the twenty-four hours, formed a discord of sounds which defies description. The scene upon the whole was a gay one, and deserves attention *en passant*.

'As I looked over the roofs of the booths upon the town, the mountains beyond, the hundreds of temples, tombs, and ruins, the numerous and many-shaped little camps, the long array of elephants, camels, horses, &c., spread over the well-wooded plain, and the thousands of picturesquely-dressed people, I suddenly contrasted the scene before me with the last fairs I had witnessed, which happened to be those of Portsdown and Donnybrook, of head-breaking notoriety, both first-rate specimens of their respective countries. In fun and frolic, our British fairs, of course, bear the bell; for the Hindoos only assemble at Hurdwar to pray, and the Moslems to traffic; besides, the Asiatics are not like John and Pat, gregarious and uproarious in their amusements; but enjoy themselves selfishly and individually, each after his own fashion. As for knocking each other down, whether for "love" or anger, it is a strictly unoriental process. Disputants rarely come to blows, contenting themselves, *de part et d'autre* with abusing each other's fathers, mothers, and relations, dead or alive. The only heads likely to be broken at Hurdwar are drum-heads, which must "be soft with blows," unintermittingly inflicted on them, from sunrise to sunrise.

'But in the picturesque properties of the scene, how greatly does this Indian assemblage transcend our own! Instead of red rectangular buildings, square doors, square windows, formal lines of booths, and, what

is worse than all, the dark dingy dress of the figures,—with perhaps the rare exception of two or three red cloaks, and redder faces, among the country lasses. We have here domes, minarets, fanciful architecture, and costume, above all, flaunting in colours, set off with weapons, and formed, from the easy flow of its drapery, to adorn beauty, and disguise deformity. As if on purpose to refute me, there are passing, at this moment, the most disgusting troop of fanatic fakirs, who, with neglected hair and beards, distorted limbs, and long, talon-like nails, and hideously-smeared visages and bodies, look more like wild beasts than human beings, But even these are picturesque! Every hut, equipage, utensil, and beast of India is picturesque, as has been shown by that clever and spirited artist, Chinnery: Eastern manners, customs, and attitudes are picturesque: the language, even, replete as it is with figure and metaphor, may be said to be picturesque.

'Pursuing our route (with great difficulty, owing to the press) through the town, we soon reached a flight of a few steps, leading down to the river. These our sure-footed monture descended in safety, and we entered the Ganges, which, being here very wide, and divided by an islet into two branches, was not above four feet deep.

'Ascending the stream, as far as the great Ghaut, and taking up our station directly opposite, we had a distinct view of the bathing ceremony. The Ghaut appears to consist of about sixty steps, about one hundred feet in width, and were closely crowded by hundreds of men, women, and children, some descending, others attempting to ascend, in their dripping garments. The verandahs of the buildings round about were filled with hideous fakirs, some of whom also occupied little bamboo platforms, erected in the middle of the Ganges. Many of them were stark naked; and one old fellow, perched upon his michaun, close to our elephant, came quite up to my idea of the satyr of the ancients, in the goatishness of his physiognomy, and the hirsuteness of his limbs.

'About five hundred of all sexes and ages, promiscuously grouped, were dipping at the same moment. The men, particularly the older ones, and the fakirs, were chiefly employed in praying, while the women, on the contrary, were for the most part laughing and chattering, not having the fear of the goddess Ganga before their eyes; and in the extacy of the moment, and in their desire to admit the sacred element to immediate and unveiled contact with their persons, the fair pilgrims did not quite sustain their usually modest and decorous management of their drapery, in the river-bath.

'In general, however, it is but fair to say, the women carry their modesty of *manner*, not to mention morals, to an almost ridiculous extent. Should you meet a group of paysannes on the road, they generally stop, turn their backs, and draw their fillet, or head-cloth, over their faces, a very provoking and curiosity-exciting practice.

'By the time we reached our tents the sun had almost addled my brain; and so great was the heat, that we did not venture out again until sunset. Thermometer in my tent, 97°; in Col. Dawkins's, which was not so well sheltered, 107°. At six, P.M., I took another stroll through the fair, and found I had seen every thing worth seeing in the morning. The motley concourse of so many sects and nations, and the opportunity presented to the spectator of collecting at one glimpse the characteristic peculiarities of each, are sufficient of themselves to repay a journey like ours, of one hundred and fifty miles, in the hot weather; but, on the other hand, the

ntense heat, increased by the assembled millions, the noise, the dust, and the monopoly of all the flies in India, (which Hurdwar at this epoch possesses,) together with a thousand other nuisances, are the serious drawbacks to which the fair-goer is exposed, to counterbalance the novelty of the scene, and the power of saying hereafter, "I was there."—vol. i. pp. 154—159.

On returning to head-quarters, our traveller found the commander-in-chief preparing for a tour into the snowy mountains. His description of it is not very inviting, and therefore we shall take up the party in the refreshing groves of the Rohilcund, whose limpid waters and shady mangos afford so many proofs of the piety of past generations; among whom it was a custom, worthy of all veneration, to leave behind them some monument of general utility, as a token of their existence, their benevolence to their fellow creatures, and their gratitude to God for a prosperous life. Here they encountered the young Prince of Rampore, who appeared quite an Anglicised gentleman. In his train were several carriages of British manufacture. Only imagine one of our light and elegant barouches, drawn by a pair of young elephants, beautifully caparisoned! At Bareilly, a considerable town, and a civil as well as a military station, our author had the fortune to meet a truly *rara avis* in the person of Mr. Hawkins, an Englishman, who had amassed great riches, and yet had no fancy to return home. Captain Mundy's remark upon this phenomenon is characteristic of his own favourite notions. 'Indeed,' he says, 'it has always been a matter of marvel to me, how any man, after passing the best years of his existence in India—accustoming himself to its splendid establishments and inert luxuries, and playing the despot among a crowd of fawning, cringing dependants—can complacently settle down to a younger brother's mediocrity in England, and school his disordered spleen to the constant aggression which it must put up with from the independent liberty and equality bluntness of English servants, and the English lower orders in general.' With such sentiments as these, it does not strike us that Captain Mundy has much chance of a seat in the reformed House of Commons.

Some of the Captain's attempts at description of scenery put us in mind of his occasional adventures in search of the picturesque, in the cold weather mornings. In the neighbourhood of the Ganges particularly, the fogs are there so thick, that our hero could not sometimes see beyond his horse's ears, at a moment when he expected to behold stretched at his feet a magnificent landscape. Thus he sometimes begins with something about hills and plains, trees and water, all the requisites of a fine picture, but he never carries the sketch beyond the beginning; we never can see a point beyond his horse's ears. The rest is all a dense fog.

We are glad to see that the march of intellect has already reached the good town of Futtyghur, where, greatly no doubt to the delight of the author, his eyes were greeted upon his arrival by a perfectly

civilized card of invitation to dinner, in the following form:—'Nawaub Mooutezimood Doulah requests the honour of Captain M's. company to dinner, on, &c., to meet his Excellency the Commander-in-chief.' How gladly the Captain accepted the invitation, and with how much rapture he sat down to the banquet, we may conjecture from the following sentence. 'The repast was served strictly in the English style; whilst for those guests who had imbibed a taste for Eastern gastronomy, there was a profusion of curries the most *recherchés;* pillaws of marrow, redolent with spices, and tinged with saffron; and kanaws, that might have created an appetite "under the ribs of death."' We would bet a small wager that the Captain was among the guests, who had imbibed a taste for Eastern gastronomy.

On another occasion, the Captain was equally under the protection of his auspicious star. On going through the Mahratta country, he made acquaintance with the Maha Rajah, alias Mookub Row Scindia, and his commandant of cavalry, named Ram Row Polkee! He was invited by the prince to dinner! He literally revels yet in the bare recollection of the splendid feast which he enjoyed on that occasion.

'Quitting the scene of the jouists we proceeded to our dinner engagement at the royal palace, and after undergoing another durbar, which appeared even longer and more tedious than that heaviest of half hours which usually precedes a dinner party in England, we were ushered in grand state into the banquetting hall, a lofty vaulted apartment, bearing more the appearance of a chapel than a dining room. A long table was laid down the centre of the hall, and a line of chairs ranged for the guests along one side of it, whilst the other was left open for the operations of the ministers to our appetites, and to expose us more satisfactorily to the curiosity of the spectators. The former were chiefly Hindoos of respectability, and it was the first time that any of us had been waited upon at table by members of that sect. The latter were composed of the Maha Rajah, his relatives and courtiers, who sat apart from the table, but in such a position as enabled them to enfilade its whole length with their curious eyes. The partial upraising too of a silken pundar above the door at the top of the hall, betrayed us that eyes invisible from below—those of the pretty prisoners of the Zenana—were employed in criticising the Feringees' feast.

'The Hindoos are mere tyros in gastronomy as compared with their more courtly and fastidious neighbours the Mussulmans: some of their pillars and cawâbs were however sufficiently savoury. The dishes were not placed on the board, but were carried by troops of zealous attendants down the untenanted side of the table: each in rapid succession presenting his smoking burthen, describing its exquisite qualities with the eloquence of an auctioneer, and exhorting the guests, in the most moving terms, to partake of it. Refusal was out of the question, and in a few minutes my plate became a perfect mountain of confused sweets and savouries—a *rudis indigesta que moles!*—a complete culinary chaos!

'Our entertainers must have thought us a right merry set of fellows, for we were all nearly convulsed, and I was *quite* choked with laughter,

excited by the very eager and enthusiastic manner in which some of the table attendants displayed the good points of their respective viands. One fellow exalted a large fried fish in mid air, holding it up by the tail in his fingers; and wound up his declamatory eulogium by plumping it down on my plate, which was already swimming with a kind of crême fouettée, administered by his precursor. A second, uplifted by the leg, and twirled between his finger and thumb, a huge cawâbbed capon, which from its gigantic proportions, and the sprawling, untrussed state of its limbs, exceedingly resembled a young grilled Hindoo.

'No dish appeared a second time, each being carried off as it reached the foot of the table; series after series came in, and we might have been dining until this moment, had not his lordship requested their forbearance just as they were ushering in the fifteenth course. I omitted to say, that the table appurtenances were furnished by the resident. Thus ended the first and only feast that I was ever bidden to by the disciples of Brahmah; and if in culinary qualities it fell short of the Mussulman tables which had been spread for us during our tour, it was at least infinitely more productive of food and merriment.'—vol. ii. pp. 94—97.

It is pleasant to hear that the Mahrattas, who a few years ago became known to us only as a horde of wild and lawless freebooters, have become greatly altered for the better of late years. The author reports them as giving up their roaming habits, and as having settled down under a regular government; 'contenting themselves with the revenues drawn from their own states, instead of playing the highwayman in the dominions of their neighbours.' He imputes this change rather to the overawing influence of British power, than to the progress of better feelings among themselves. But let us hope, that in this respect, too, they have undergone a change; indeed the habits of tranquillity and of obedience to a government of law and order, or at least of organized power, will of themselves tend to produce notions of propriety and of honourable conduct, which among a martial people cannot long be despised with impunity.

This Captain is always baffling us. Upon his arrival in the rich province of Bundelcund, we flattered ourselves with the hope that he was about to give us some description of its beauties, when he set out by stating, that 'Dulteah is altogether the prettiest spot, and the most habitable place I have yet seen in the Plains,'—'gently undulating hills,' he proceeds, 'plentifully supplied with wood and water, surround the town; and'—and what?—'and the royal Burmah is well stocked with game of every species!' Here is a falling off! Here is a swinging step from the sublime, or at least from the beautiful, to the ridiculous! Nevertheless, it is impossible not to laugh with the man now and then. If he be never witty, he is always good-humoured, and in high spirits; and although his style is rakish, or rather vagabondish, if we may be allowed to use such a term, we must say that we have followed him with some interest in his camp expedition to the north, enjoying with him, in some degree, his daily change of prospect,—his morning journey

before the sun was up,—his devious ramblings to fairs and other rude amusements,—his chace after the tiger, the bear, or the boar, in the jungles,—his afternoon stroll in search of the picturesque, or of a 'second course,'—and, above all, the banquets, which formed so great an object of attraction with him under all circumstances. Of these, and other agreeable incidents in his journey, he takes a pleasant retrospect; speaking with particular pleasure of 'the repast rendered more savoury by exercise, and digested by the "interposing puff" of the cozy, dozy, hookah; the evening whist parties, given in routine by the heads of departments of the migratory microcosm, and graced by the presence of ladies—where camp politics were discussed, or well-digested plans were arranged for the morrow's chace; the constant and endless variety of climes and countries, customs and characters, scenery and incident,—in a word—the roving, errant, gipsy-like life, in which novelty trips up the heels of ennui, and adventure casts out the blue devils engendered by an enervating climate.'

The whole inspecting party returned to the south by the Ganges, and the Burampooter. Frequently when his vessel was becalmed, the author took advantage of the opportunity to look after a 'second course.' On one of these occasions he assures us, that in nine shots he killed four couple of snipe, three pigeons, one eagle, two nameless birds of the duck tribe, a water snake, and one gull; that is to say, fifteen birds and one snake in nine shots! He assures us, in making this enumeration, that he has not at all drawn the long bow.

We should have thought that the appearance of such a striking novelty as a steam-boat, would have excited the astonishment of the natives. No such thing. The author while detained at Culnar, encountered the second vessel of that description, bound to Dacca, that had ever passed that place, yet the Bengalee scarcely noticed it. Even at Calcutta, where many of the better informed natives are collected, they never had the curiosity, he says, to inquire into the machinery by which the steam boats are propelled, though they have been known there for three or four years. They simply call them fire-ships, and do not appear in the least surprised by their wonderful evolutions.

At the same time that the author gives us a lively description of the province of Sunderbund, he hints the real cause of most of the disorders which our people are fond of ascribing exclusively to the effects of the Indian climate.

'Nothing can exceed the luxuriant richness of the Sunderbund vegetation. How plentiful must be the dews which, unassisted by one drop of rain, can for months counteract the parching power of such a sun as now burns above our heads! In the clearer portions of the forest, the natural vistas produced by the numerous clumps of trees dotted over the verdant plain, give so park-like an appearance to the prospect, that one almost expects at the next turn to catch sight of the owner's splendid mansion.

Whilst the eye is feasted by the infinite variety of tints in the foliage of the groves and banks, the scent is regaled almost to surfeiting with the spicy breezes which float through the atmosphere, loaded with sweets from the surrounding forests. The woods are chiefly formed of the feathering bamboo, the noble tamarind with its vivid green and refreshing fruit; the cocoa nut, palmyra plantain, areeka, or betel tree, and the cotton tree, which at this season is devoid of leaves, and brilliantly clothed with crimson tulip-shaped flowers. The thar, or palm-date, from whose stem the exhilirating toddy is extracted, must not be forgotten; the liquor exuding before sun rise, is a delightful and innocent beverage, and only gains its intoxicating qualities by being allowed to ferment in the heat of the day. In the latter state, and even rendered still more fiery by the infusion of chillies, it is drank in great quantities by the English soldiers; and many a liver complaint laid to the charge of an Indian climate, in fact, owes its origin to this lava-like potation. It is, moreover, so unluckily cheap, that a regular hard-going, dram-drinking campaigner, may get dead drunk for the value of a penny.'—vol. ii. pp. 214—216.

Captain Mundy speaks in terms of high praise—of course he would—of the influence which the Company's government exercises over the natives of India. By way of illustrating this subject, he mentions that on passing through the hamlet of Dantoon, on his way to Calcutta, he found an immense crowd assembled in the village, engaged in celebrating one of their great festivals. The car of the idol having stuck in the mud, the road was obstructed by a large mob, who with loud uproar were endeavouring to extricate the car; but the moment they saw the Captain and his companions approach, the noise ceased, the women covered their faces, the populace formed a passage for them, and saluted them with the utmost respect as their palankeens were borne by. 'Thus it is throughout India in general,' he adds, 'the Englishman meets with more respect and deference from the natives of the wildest parts of Hindostan, than he would from the lowest orders of the most civilized portion of his own country. Nor is it merely the lip homage of the conquered to the conqueror, of the weak to the strong: the Company's government has (by contrast with former possessors of the country) formed to itself a character for moderation, good faith, wisdom and benevolence, which has secured to it the confidence of its subjects: a feeling extended in greater or less degrees—though in some instances, heaven knows, it is but ill deserved—to every member of the English community.'

About the middle of July 1829, we find our author once more in the parching streets of Calcutta. We shall treat our readers to his description of 'a day' in that city, premising only, that 'chouringee' means the English quarter, the 'west end' of that Asiatic London.

'In the hot weather—and nine months out of the twelve *are* hot—the Anglo Bengalee—unless he has been late at a party the night before, or loves his bed better than his health—is roused by the punctual warning of his

bearer, "Sahib! Sahib! it has struck four," and completing, by the assistance of the same domestic officer, a hasty toilette, he mounts his Arab, and by half-past four is taking his constitutional canter round the dew-freshened race-course. There—unless, as is sometimes the case, he be too languid to be social—he joins company with some of the many acquaintances he is sure to fall *in* with, and discusses the merit of the last batch of claret, "per petite Louise," from Bourdeaux, or the last batch of Misses, "per Duchess of Bedford," from England, the last act of government, or the last dinner at Gunter's; or, if there be any he has chanced to fall *out* with, he may, on the same spot, under the well-known "Great Tree," discuss his point of honour, without danger of interruption. During the months preceding the races, the training affords the sporting world of Calcutta an additional incitement to the healthful practice of early rising.

'At six, or soon after, that arch enemy to European constitutions, the sun, begins to dart from above the tall mansions of Chowringhee its intolerable rays across the hitherto thronged plain, and the "Qui hi," who has any respect for the well-being of his liver, shrinks appalled from its increasing disk, sneaks home, delivers his reeking horse to the attendant syce, and, exhausted with the monstrous exertion he has undergone, creeps under his musquito curtain, and dozes, a bearer fanning him until half-past eight.

'A bath—the greatest luxury in India—and perhaps shampooing, wind him up for the breakfast of tea, muffins, and pillain, at half-past nine; after which, those who are fortunate enough to have offices, repair thither in buggy or palankeen; and with white jacket on back, and punkah over head, *tant bien que mal*, their rupees and their tiffen. This subsidary meal is a favourite mid-day pastime of both the ladies and men of the Presidency, and is the only repast at which appetite generally presides. A rich hash or hot curry, followed by a well-cooled bottle of claret, or Hodson's pale ale, with a variety of Eastern fruits, are thus dispatched at two o'clock, forming, in fact, a dinner, whilst the so-called meal at eight o'clock would be better named supper.

'Idle men employ the above hours in visiting, billiards, or the auction-rooms. In the former ceremonial, should the visitor, going his rounds, find the gates of the compound* close, he is to deduce that the Bebee Sahib† is not visible: should they be thrown open, on the contrary, he draws a favourable augury (which, however, may still be negatived by the Cerberus Durwânt‡)—dashes through the portal, draws up sharp under the columned entrance, jumps out, and is received at the door (there is not a a knocker in all India) by a respectful, but pompous and most deliberate jemadar, who, striding before the Bharkee Sahib¶—the ivory tassels of his jagger rattling as he walks—leads him through a darkened ante-room (where another attendant, within hearing of the delicate "Qui hi!" of the lady, rises wakefully, and salaams, or sits sleepily, and nods) and finally introduces him by his name (strangely distorted however) into the yet more obscured sanctum. Here seated in luxurious fanteuil, and fanned by the wavings of the heavy-flounced punkah, the eyes of the visitor (albeit as yet unused to the tender twilight of the hermetically-closed apartment) discover

* Enclosure round the house. † The Lady. ‡ Porter.
¶ Strange Gentleman.

the fair object of his visit. He is seated; obvious topics are dispatched, and happy is it for absent acquaintances, if the late arrival of a ship, or a new novel is at hand, to furnish external matter for discussion. In default of this diversion, living victims are offered up at the shrine of tittle-tattle—I won't call it scandal. "Attentions" and "intentions" are anatomized; flirtations analysed; couples, as adverse as fire and water, are wedded and bedded; and friends as attached as twin-brothers, are paraded with "pistols for two," under the "Great Tree." The lady's ivory stiletto, urged by her white fingers, rendered still whiter by Indian seclusion, is not more actively employed in torturing her tamboured muslin, than is her tongue in torturing and distorting facts—I won't say characters. The gentleman attacks the men; the lady the women; each defends the opposite sex, and they separate mutually satisfied with themselves,—not overhearing the exclamation, from the neighbouring verandah, "There's Captain A. just going away from Mrs. B.; what can he have being doing there these three hours, whilst Mr. B. is at office?"—but this smacks of persiflage! To our subject. The tiffen being concluded, many have recourse to a siesta, to recruit their forces, and to kill time.

'Towards six, the orb of day tending towards the western horizon, begins to relax the rigour of his rays; the lengthening shadows give evidence of his decline, and ere he has quite deserted the glowing heavens, the echoes of Calcutta are awakened by the rattling—rattling indeed!—of equipages, from the lordly coach and four to the less aspiring but dapper buggy; from the costly Arab charger, to the ambling Pegu pony. All hurry to the same point, urged by the desire of seeing and being seen, and indeed those morose few who are not instigated by these all-potent motives, are obliged to resort to the same mall as the only well watered drive. At dusk the course and strand are deserted:—except by a few choice spirits who love to breathe the cool air of moonlight, and listen to the soft whisperings of ..... the evening breeze, rather than the coarse steam of viands, and the bubbling of houkahs—the world of Calcutta is dressing for dinner; and by eight o'clock it is seated at that important, but often untasted meal. In the hospitable mansion of the "upper servants" of the Company, the tables groan under the weight of massive plate, and, what is worse, under whole hecatombs of beef and mutton. I have frequently seen—*horesco referens!*—in a side-dish, which would have been much more appropriately tenanted by an appetizing fricandeau, or a tempting *ris de veau*,—two legs of mutton or twin turkeys, yet with all this profusion scarcely any one has sufficiently recovered from the heavy tiffen despatched at two, to be able even to look without shuddering upon the slaughtered herds—much less to taste two mouthfuls.

'Champaign and claret, delightfully cooled with ice or saltpetre, are real luxuries, and ere the last course is well off the table, an isolated bubble announces the first houkah; others drop in, the jingling of suppooses is heard; a rich though rather overcoming odour pervades the air; handsome mouth-pieces of amber, gold, silver, or Videri, decked with snowy ruffles, insinuate themselves from under the arms of the chairs; and the panals in the sometimes languid and ill-sustained conversation are deprived of their former awkwardness, by the full sonorous *drone* of a dozen of these princely pipes.

'The men do not sit so long after the adjournment of the ladies as is the custom in England.

'Inveterate smokers have their houkahs transferred to the drawing-room. They are not bad companions in the silence of a whist-table; but prove rather a barbarous accompaniment to the music and singing, in the piano passages of which its monotonous growl chimes rather discordantly. The houkah, however, in a room full of ladies, does not appear to a *griffin*, ("a young hand," or Johnny Newcome,) more out of place than does the half-naked figure of the punkah-puller. Small parties break up about half-past ten, with a view to the ensuing morning's ride—and lo! a Calcutta day is completed.'—vol. ii. pp. 292—299.

Madras, by all accounts, is still half a century behind Calcutta, in the symptoms of civilization. It has an elegant mall, but the carriages seen upon it would appear to have belonged to the reign of our first George. The natives are said to be inferior to the Bengalese, in delicacy of feature, as well as symmetry of person, though they possess more strength, and are better calculated for severe exertion. The women of Madras are for the most part handsomer than those of the other presidency: their costume is remarkably becoming, the poorest of them usually wearing more than one gold ornament. One of their most beautiful decorations is a small skull-cap of solid filagree gold, which glitters on the crown of the head, where it is fastened through the hair by means of a hook. It is from the gay females of Madras that our ladies have recently borrowed the belt of solid gold or silver, now so much in vogue.

On his return home, the Captain looked in at the Cape, where he spent six pleasant days, admiring the Dutch girls, eating delicious grapes, drinking the best Constantia, and dining every day, after lunching too, like a demi-god. The climate of the Cape, after the 'grilling sun of India,' he looked upon as heavenly! On leaving the Cape a curious spectacle presented itself. 'A long and tortuous train of flame, caused by an accidental conflagration of the jungle, wound up the back of the Table Mountain, which being invisible through the gloom of night, the blazing hue bore all the appearance of a vast fiery serpent, rearing itself out of the dark ocean.'

The Captain could not of course pass by St. Helena without visiting the house once occupied by Napoleon. It is now fast running to decay, and the chambers which held his bed and bath, and served for his sitting room, are now actually converted into a stable for cart-horses! The apartment in which he died, is occupied by a threshing machine; his once well kept garden is overrun with weeds, and the whole tenement wears an air of utter desolation.

ART. III.—1. *The History and Topography of the United States:* edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M., assisted by several Literary Gentlemen in America and England. *Illustrated with a Series of Views, drawn on the Spot, and engraved on Steel, expressly for this Work.* In two volumes, 4to. London: Jennings, and Co. Philadelphia: Wardle. 1832.

2.—*Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c.; to which are added, Statistical Tables, &c.* By William Gore Ousely, Esq., attached to his Majesty's legation at Washington. 8vo. pp. 208. London: Rodwell. 1832.

NUMEROUS as have been the volumes which, under the various titles of Histories of America, Tours and Sketches of the United States, Essays and Letters, have for many years past courted, and sometimes deservedly obtained, the approbation of the public in this country; yet we may say without exaggeration, that until we fairly mastered the information which Mr. Hinton has collected in his work, and added to it, by way of postscript, Mr. Ouseley's clever and liberal production, we could not possibly have formed an adequate idea of the immense resources, the growing wealth, the hourly increasing importance of the Federal Republic. Most of the writers who have hitherto taken up that mighty theme have been Englishmen, or other foreigners. Accustomed from their birth and education to a train of ideas produced, and necessarily influenced, by the scholastic, political, and religious institutions under which they lived—institutions fundamentally different from those under which the Americans are brought up—those writers have seldom, indeed never, been able to comprehend the real merits of the subject which they undertook to discuss. It would not be too much to assert, that some of the authors, to whom we particularly allude, were just as competent, from their previous habits and fixed notions, to treat of the actual condition of the United States and their inhabitants, as a blind man is to treat of colours, a deaf man of sounds, or one that was born dumb of languages. It is a matter of extreme difficulty, if not, indeed, practically impossible, for an European visiting the Transatlantic States, to get rid of his aristocratic prejudices. On the contrary, unless he remain in the country, become a settled resident, and identify himself with its interests, he will find those prejudices, generally speaking, rather confirmed than enfeebled. He sees many things to shock his false notions of personal dignity and pride; he recedes from the outer world for the vindication of his excited anger, or wounded self-love, to the recesses of his own heart, and there he seeks for consolation, which there alone he can find. He becomes irritable and discontented; views every event that passes before him, every object presented to his contemplation,

with a jaundiced eye, and returns home a greater royalist in politics, and a more intractable prig in manners than when he went out, sighing for the old *regime* of the French court, and doubly detesting the very name of a republic.

Now all this kind of feeling is, in the present day, supremely silly. It would have passed off very well some five and twenty years ago, but its day has gone by. Nobody gives credence to the caricatures which the Halls and the Trollopes have thought fit to draw of the American republicans and their institutions, because every body sees that those writers really knew nothing of the people whom they attempted to describe. We have, we believe uniformly, in the course of our labours, refused to countenance by our support or praise, any publication that had the slightest tendency to underrate the virtues of our American brethren, or to expose their character to contempt. We have done so, because we felt that it was impossible in the nature of things, that they should differ so widely from our own people, from whose loins they have sprung, as some authors would wish us to believe. We have always considered the American constitution as nothing more or less than a vigorous off-shoot from our own, happily planted in a congenial soil, and warmed into a noble existence by a fostering climate. Accidental circumstances, we perceived, were mistaken for universal characteristics, and the occasional ruffles that take place upon the surface of the stream of American life, have been swelled into undue importance; while the deep under current flows on undisturbed, unperceived, with irresistible force, spreading around it, wherever it reaches, the blessings of a healthy freedom, of an increasing commerce, and of a manly population that knows how to appreciate and to guard the gifts it enjoys.

While Mr. Hinton's work was in course of publication in numbers, we noticed it in such terms of encouragement as from its early promise we conceived to be its due. We have now the two volumes complete before us, and we may conscientiously say, that the promise thus held out and received has been amply realized. He admits it to be far the greater part a compilation; it never affected to be otherwise. Its merit is, that it is written with great care, with a perfect freedom from national partialities, and that it presents almost every topic connected with the rise, progress, and present state of the Union in a concentrated point of view. We have here its early and recent history; the accounts of its various districts are brought together so as to exhibit the entire aspect of the country, its general state of society, its local and federal political institutions, its trading activity, commercial resources, physical structure, and natural history. This is the first work in which an object of so much importance, and requiring such varied talents, has been attempted, or at least accomplished. Hitherto we have had partial views of separate states; but in these volumes we behold united in one portrait, the colossal features of the most

enlightened and powerful republic, that has ever yet held a place among the great nations of the earth.

The first volume is entirely dedicated to the history of the states from the first discovery of North America to the year 1826. Although the editor is one of those who with Chatham rejoiced that the colonies had resisted, and succeeded in establishing their independence, yet we think that he has steered his way with considerable tact through the many difficulties with which the subject was surrounded. We are among those who consider, that the only transactions which an Englishman need be ashamed to remember, in connexion with the separation of the American colonies from his country, are the illegal exactions which our government endeavoured to enforce, and the pertinacity with with which it opposed the determination of the colonists to assert their freedom. The military events cast no slur upon this nation, as they were all the inevitable result of warfare remote from the necessary resources, These, however, and other such ticklish points in his history, Mr. Hinton has touched in a manner with which no party can justly find fault.

His second volume is entirely occupied with what, for want of a more comprehensive term, he has called the Topography of the United States, giving to the word a wider latitude than in strictness it would be entitled to. Under this general title he embraces the physical geography, or natural features of the territory of the Union, its geology, mineralogy, zoology, and botany. He has also ventured to include under the same general title, details respecting agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, finances and population; to which he has added, observations on the state of society, political institutions and jurisprudence, religion, literature, arts, and manners, and upon the condition of the Indians and Negroes. The whole concludes with the topography, properly so called, containing a brief account of whatever is most prominent in the several divisions of the Union, and in the principal towns and cities which have risen with such unexampled rapidity in every part of its territory.

In order to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive and important, Mr. Hinton has employed the talents of several gentlemen, both in America and England, whose labours he has reviewed and arranged in harmony with his general design. It is interesting to learn, that in preparing his statistical chapters, he has received every possible assistance from the archives of the American embassy in London; a liberality which deserves to be noted with due praise, as exhibiting so decided a contrast to the narrow-mindedness which pervades most of our own public offices, whenever a literary man applies to them for information.

The history of the United States is in general sufficiently well known; if it be not, the first volume of this work is well calculated to furnish correct knowledge upon a subject with which every educated

person ought to be acquainted. The details contained in the second volume, under the general head of Topography, are less familiar to us on this side of the water. The mean length of the United States' territory, from east to west, is 2,500 miles; its mean breadth, from north to south, 830; its line of boundary extends to 9,425 miles, of which 2,525 are sea coast; and its area comprehends 2,257,347 square miles, which is equal to about one-twentieth part of the land of the surface of the earth. This, to begin with, is an extent of territory, such as never before was subjected to one uniform system of political government. Washed by the Atlantic on one side, and by the Pacific on the other, the inroads of those mighty oceans are checked on the east by the Appalachian, and on the west by the Chippewayan mountains, which traverse the whole extent of the country, at a distance from the coast, but in a direction nearly parallel to it. The consequence is, that there is an extended slope of land on either side, from the summits of the mountain to the two coasts, while the space between the two mountain chains is thrown into the form of an immense inland valley. Thus we perceive that the territory is naturally divided into three great sections, the slope from the Atlantic to the Appalachian, the slope from the Pacific to the Chippewayan, and the central valley between those mountains. This, however, is but a general description; there are some exceptions to it, as, for instance, the peninsula of Florida, which is flat, and entirely separate from the mountain chains; and the New England States, in which the mountains directly constitute the coast. But inaccurate, strictly speaking, as the general description above given may be, it is sufficiently sustainable to afford a clear and comprehensive idea of the territorial surface and character of the union. We need not enumerate the lakes and rivers, which naturally afford to a territory so disposed as this, means of inland navigation, such as can be found in no comparative degree in any other quarter of the world; manifestly pointing it out with the voice of prophecy, as the future seat, without a rival, of all the arts and manufactures which afford occupation to the industry of man, and embellishment to his existence. Wherever nature left the lines of communication incomplete, she has taken care to provide facilities for the accomplishment of that object, of which the ingenuity of man can easily avail itself. And thus either by lakes, by navigable rivers, canals, or rail roads, the traveller already finds, or in a very few years will find, means of cheap and expeditious transport, not only for himself, but for his wares and merchandizes, from the higher lakes of Canada to New York, and from New York, without touching the sea, to New Orleans. The map of inland communication alone in the United States, already bespeaks an empire of inexhaustible resources.

Then with respect to climate, the republic touches on its opposite frontiers the extremes of heat and cold; but although in win-

ter it is colder, and in summer warmer than the climate of England, it may nevertheless be said to be alike removed from the perpetual frosts of the pole, and the wasting heats of the torrid zone. It contains, however, a great variety of temperature, and in this respect the central states are more advantageously situated than the others. All have their drawbacks and their compensations. If one be colder than another, it is at the same time more salubrious. If a third be too warm for some constitutions, it has peculiar productions which form its riches. If a fourth be liable to inundations, those very evils leave their good behind them, in an increased fertility given to the soil. In the very cold regions, the idea is popular, that the clearing and cultivation of the country have contributed to render the winters milder. It would be more correct to say that they have rendered the atmosphere of such districts more salubrious, and have thus enabled the inhabitants to sustain the rigors of the season with less difficulty. The same notion prevails among the old settlers in Canada.

The geological history of the United States is treated, so far as it goes, with great clearness and precision in the work under review. It is however, as yet, necessarily in a very incomplete state. The science is one that particularly depends upon a vast accumulation of facts, and the Americans have not had as yet leisure enough to study the natural formation of their country to any considerable degree. Indeed, the progress that has yet been made upon this subject in America, has tended only to subvert systems already supposed to be established, and to involve the whole science in controversy and confusion. The observation and collection of sound materials is, however, we are glad to hear, going on with great rapidity and diligence. To the effectuation of this useful purpose, two or three periodical works are, we believe, exclusively dedicated. Mr. Hinton mentions one or two striking facts with reference to the geological department of his history, which are worthy of notice.

'We know not where, better than in connexion with these facts, to introduce one still more remarkable, if not altogether inexplicable. There have been found, it appears, beyond all question, in naked limestone of the elder secondary formation, close on the western margin of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, the prints of human feet. The prints are those of a man standing erect, with his heels drawn in, and his toes turned outward, which is the most natural position. They are not the impressions of feet accustomed to a close shoe, the toes being very much spread, and the foot flattened in the manner that happens to those who have been habituated to go a great length of time without shoes. The prints are strikingly natural, exhibiting every muscular impression, and swell of the heel and toes with great precision and faithfulness to nature. The length of each foot as indicated by the prints, is ten inches and a half, and the width across the spread of the toes four inches, which diminishes to two inches and a half at the swell of the heels, indicating, as it is thought, a stature of the common size. Every appearance seems to warrant the conclusion, that these impressions were

made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of feet are natural and genuine. "Such was the opinion of Governor Coss and myself," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "formed upon the spot, and there is nothing that I have subsequently seen to alter this view; on the contrary, there are some corroborating facts calculated to strengthen and confirm it." At Herculaneum, in the same neighbourhood, similar marks have been found, as well as on some of the spurs of the Cumberland mountains, always in similar limestone. In the latter case it is stated, that the impressions are elongated, as of persons slipping in ascending a slimy steep. Opinions are much divided as to the origin and import of these impressions. Should similar observations multiply, important inferences may perhaps be drawn from them; at present it seems impossible to speak respecting them decisively or satisfactorily. They may perhaps be connected with the tracks of animals, which have been noticed in Scotland.

'The following extraordinary facts respecting what may be termed living fossils, appear to be well authenticated:—During the construction of the Erie canal, while the workmen were cutting through a ridge of gravel, they found several hundred of live molluscoas animals. They were chiefly of the *Mya cariosa* and *Mya purpurea*. "I have before me," says Professor Eaton, "several of the shells, from which the workmen took the animals, fried, and ate them. I have received satisfactory assurances that the animals were taken alive from the depth of forty-two feet." In addition to this discovery in diluvial deposits, mention is made of a similar one in a much older formation. In laying the foundation of a house at Whitesborough, the workmen had occasion to split a large stone from the millstone grit. "It was perfectly close-grained and compact. On opening it, they discovered a black, or dark brown spherical mass, about three inches in diameter, in a cavity which it filled. On examining it particularly, they found it to be a toad, much larger than the common species, and of a darker colour. It was perfectly torpid. It was laid upon a stone, and soon began to give signs of life. In a few hours it would hop moderately on being disturbed. They saw it in the yard moving about slowly for several days, but it was not watched by them any longer, and no one observed its farther movements. They laid one half of the stone in the wall, so that the cavity may still be seen. "The millstone grit," says Professor Eaton, who gives this account, "in which this toad was found, is the oldest of the secondary rocks. It must have been formed many centuries before the deluge. Was this toad more than 4000 years old? or was it from an egg introduced through a minute and undiscovered cleaveage into this cavity or geode, made precisely to fit the size and form of a toad? I was particular in my inquiry, and learned that the whole stone was perfectly compact, without any open cleaveage which would admit an egg. Besides, it is well known that the millstone grit is neither porous nor geodiferious. If this rock stratum was deposited upon the toad, it must have been in aqueous not in igneous solution, and the toad must have been full grown at the time. Toads are often found in compact hard gravelly diluvial deposits, in situations which demonstrate that they must have lived from the time of the deluge. I think I am warranted in saying this without citing authorities, as it is a common occurrence. Then why may they not have lived a few centuries longer, if we admit them a life of at least 3000 years?"—vol. ii. pp. 87—89.

Proceding to its mineralogy, we find that gold has been found

in considerable quantities in North and South Carolina, on the eastern side of the Appalachian mountains. Silver and its ores are not of frequent or extensive occurrence. Mercury has been found native in Kentucky, and plentifully as a sulphuret in Ohio and the Michigan territory. Copper has been discovered in various forms, and the iron ores are particularly abundant, as are also ores of lead. Tin has not yet been discovered in the United States. Coal is known to exist in them in great quantity, though from the yet unexhausted supply of wood, it has not been actively sought after. Salt is also abundant, and mineral waters of various properties are of frequent occurrence. In the State of New York a nitrogen gas is found issuing from the earth. 'The gas appears to issue from every part of a low hill, comprising four or five acres of ground; for wherever there is water, it becomes manifest by bubbling through it. It issues abundantly through three springs, from the clean gravelly bottom of each; but it does not combine with the water in either of them. The gas probably accompanies the water from a considerable depth, since the water of the springs is not increased by the greatest spring and fall of freshets. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas escapes in large quantity from varieties of argillite and gray-wacke, containing soft and fine-grained iron pyrites, by the decomposition of which it is produced. It burns along the surface of the water, from which it issues with a bright red flame by daylight. The most interesting water of this kind is Lake Sodom, in a place nicknamed Satan's Kingdom. The bottom is grass-green ferriferous slate; the sides are white shell marl, and the brim is black vegetable mould. The water is perfectly transparent; the whole appears to the eye like a rich porcelain bowl filled with limpid nectar.' Crystals of great beauty and even magnificence have been found in the United States. The dimensions of some of these are said to be extraordinary, thus corresponding with the gigantic scale upon which nature has formed almost all her works in those regions.

The botanical productions of the republic are upon a similar scale of grandeur and variety. Her forest trees are larger, taller, and more useful for timber generally than those of Europe. There are, according to Michaux, only thirty-seven species of trees in France, which attain to the height of thirty feet, whereas in America there are as many as one hundred and thirty which exceed that elevation. Fruit trees are numerous and productive; among them are the cane and the vine, though the latter has not been attended to as yet, with a sufficient degree of care to correct its wildness. In creeping plants and grasses, in rushes, wild rice, and various other kinds of vegetation, the republic is pre-eminent.

With respect to zoology, Wilson and Audobon have shewn the richness and splendour of its ornithological department. The number of living species of quadrupeds known to exist in the States is one hundred and seven. It is worth remarking, that among these is not to be found the lion, the tiger, the hyæna, or the leopard,

One of the most curious of the American quadrupeds is the Marmot, of which we find the following lively account.

'The marmot is a common animal in all the temperature of the country, and is the cause of great injury, especially to the farmers engaged in the cultivation of clover, as their numbers become very considerable, and the quantity of herbage they consume is very large. They are the more capable of doing mischief from their extreme vigilance and their acute sense of hearing, as well as from the security afforded them by their extensive subterranean dwellings. One species of this animal, under the name of the prairie marmot, or prairie dog, abounds near the Chippewayan mountains. A traveller passing from the Mississippi towards the mountains, after traversing a vast expanse enlivened by numerous herds of browsing animals, which here find a luxurious subsistence, and arriving at the higher and more barren parts of the tract, is startled by a sudden shrill whistle, which he may apprehend to be the signal of some lurking savage; but on advancing into a clearer space, the innocent cause of alarm is found to be a little quadruped, whose dwelling is indicated by a small mound of earth, near which the animal sits erect in an attitude of profound attention. Similar mounds are now seen to be scattered at intervals over many acres of ground, and the whole forms one village or community, containing thousands of inhabitants, whose various actions and gambols awaken pleasing emotions. In some instances these villages are very limited, or at most occupy but a few acres, but nearer to the rocky parts, where they are entirely undisturbed, they are found to extend even for miles. We may form some idea of the number of these animals, when we learn that each burrow contains several occupants, and that frequently as many as seven or eight are seen reposing upon one mound; there, in pleasant weather, they delight to sport and enjoy the warmth of the sun. On the approach of danger, while it is yet too distant to be feared, they bark defiance, and flourish their little tails with great intrepidity; but as soon as it appears to be drawing nigh, the whole troop precipitately retire into their cells, where they securely remain until the peril be past; one by one they then peep forth, and vigilantly scrutinize every sound and object before they renew their wonted actions. While thus near to their retreats, they almost uniformly escape the hunter; and if killed they mostly fall into their burrows, which are too deep to allow their bodies to be obtained. The villages found nearest the mountains have an appearance of greater antiquity than those observed elsewhere; some of the mounds in such situations are several yards in diameter, though of slight elevation, and except about the entrance are overgrown by a scanty herbage, which is characteristic of the vicinity of these villages. This active and industrious community of quadrupeds, like every other society, is infested by various depredators, who subsist by plunder, or are too ignorant or too indolent to labour for themselves; and hence a strange association is frequently observed in their villages for burrowing; owls, rattle-snakes, lizards, and tortoises are seen to take refuge in these habitations. The young of the marmot probably become the prey of the owl; the rattle-snakes also exact their tribute with great certainty, and without exciting alarm, as they can penetrate the inmost recesses of the burrow, and a slight wound inflicted by their fangs is followed by the immediate extinction of life.'—vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

No living animal of the entire order of the elephant is known

to exist on the American continent; but fossil traces have been discovered of an animal much allied to it, to which the name of mastodon has been given—an immense creature, of whose size and mighty limbs it is difficult to form an idea. According to the account here given of it, and judging from the remains that have been discovered, among which the tusks are described as seven feet seven inches long, and three feet two inches and a half in diameter at the base, we should suppose that when living it must have stood as high as a moderate-sized house! "The emotion," says Goodman, in his natural history, "experienced when, for the first time, we behold the giant relics of this great animal, are those of unmingled awe. We cannot avoid reflecting on the time when this huge frame was clothed with its peculiar integuments, and moved by appropriate muscles; when the mighty heart dashed forth its torrents of blood through vessels of enormous calibre, and the mastodon strode along in supreme dominion over every other tenant of the wilderness. However we examine what is left us, we cannot help feeling that this animal must have been endowed with a strength exceeding that of other quadrupeds, as much as it exceeded them in size; and looking at its ponderous jaws, armed with teeth peculiarly formed for the most effectual crushing of the firmest substances, we are assured that its life could only be supported by the destruction of vast quantities of food. Enormous as were these creatures during life, and endowed with faculties proportioned to the bulk of their frames, the whole race has been extinct for ages. No tradition, no human record of their existence has been saved; and but for the accidental preservation of a comparatively few bones, we should never have dreamed that a creature of such vast size and strength once existed,—nor could we have believed that such a race had been extinguished for ever."

Ruminant animals abound in the United States. Among these are deer in great numbers. The antelope is found upon the Chippewayan mountains. Between these mountains and the Mississippi the buffalo and the bison are frequently met with. The latter is particularly valuable to the Indians; they feed upon its flesh, cover their persons and their tents with its hide, and in many parts of their hunting territory, no materials for fire are to be found except the dried dung of this animal.

Under the head of Statistics, there is an excellent chapter on the merits and defects of American agriculture; among its numerous branches, we perceive that of the cultivation of the mulberry tree, for the purpose of raising silk-worms,—a pursuit that already engages a good deal of attention in the United States, and promises in time to become of great national importance. We are not surprised to hear that horticulture has as yet been but very partially thought of in any of the states. Like literature, gardens are the result of ease and refinement.

The chapter on manufactures is one of great interest, not only to

Americans, but to Englishmen. While the States were yet colonies, they were effectually discouraged from manufacturing for themselves the most trifling article. The manufacture of several articles, amongst which were hats, was absolutely prohibited. The present manufactures of America date their origin from the war of independence. The colonies having been then left to themselves for a supply of whatever they wanted, formed several establishments, which were so much injured by foreign importations after the peace, that their proprietors solicited and succeeded in obtaining the enactment of a code of protection, by all the artificial machinery of bounties, imposts, and prohibitions. Having once committed themselves in this policy, which, though partially advantageous to individuals, was generally detrimental to the nation, the manufacturers have ever since contrived to keep up, or rather to increase, the advantages which they individually—and they alone—derived from the system. The subject can, however, be thoroughly understood only by reference to the work before us, in which the reader will find a great mass of carefully digested information relative to the commerce and navigation of the republic.

The chapter upon finance, shewing the revenue, expenditure, and debt of the United States, exhibits a picture of which they may be justly proud. The revenue is derived chiefly from the duties levied on the importation of foreign commodities, or the sale of public lands. The general direct taxes amount to so little, that, even when added to the local taxes of each state, they do not amount annually to one shilling and sixpence per individual! Undoubtedly the persons who ultimately consume the articles imported from abroad, indirectly pay a higher impost, for the foreign merchant takes care that the amount of the customs' duty shall be added to his profit price. But this is a kind of tax which falls only upon those who are willing and able to bear it. Two other sources of revenue in the United States, are the sale of land, and the dividends on sale of bank stock. A few of Mr. Hinton's general observations on the principal items of the annual expenditure of the republic, will be sufficient to shew the enviable economy with which the machinery of its government is put in motion.

'The whole amount of the civil list for the year 1829, including miscellaneous and foreign intercourse, was 3,101,514 dollars; of this sum 1,327,065 only belong properly to this civil list, the remainder belonging to the miscellaneous (1,566,679) and to the diplomatic departments (207,769), and even then the civil list is charged with disbursements which are not connected with it in other countries, the legislature receiving 467,447, the judiciary 239,447, and the governments of the territories 55,172 dollars, or little more than 100,000*l.* sterling. The first item in the disbursment is the salary of the president, 25,000 dollars, about 5000*l.* sterling. The vice-president has only one fifth of that sum; the secretaries of state, of the treasury, of war, of the navy and the post-master general, receive 6,000 dollars annually; the attorney general 3,500; the chief clerks to each of the secretaries 2,000. In the treasury departments the comp-

troller receives 3,500, and the second comptroller 3,000; five auditors, the treasurer and registrar, 3000 each; the solicitor to the treasury 3,500, and the commissioners of the land office 3,000. In the judiciary, the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States receives 5000 annually; and six associate justices 4,500. In the foreign intercourse, nearly half the amount of the disbursement is for expenses of treaties and other contingencies. The plenipotentaries at foreign courts receive only 9,000 dollars per annum, besides 9,000 for an outfit; a chargé d'affaires receives a salary of 4,500, and a secretary of legation 2,000. There are employed six plenipotentiaries, with a secretary of legation attached to them, and ten chargé d'ffaires.'—vol. ii. pp. 285, 286.

The public debt of the United States will probably be altogether extinguished in the March of next year, and within no remote period after that time, the Congress will be called upon to decide a question altogether unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of legislation. We have already stated that their revenue is principally derived from the duties on foreign imposts. As the population increases those duties will become more productive, while the expenditure of the general government will probably remain the same as it now is. Thus a revenue will soon be enjoyed by the republic twice, or perhaps threefold, greater than its expenditure. The duties on foreign imports must therefore be reduced to a level with the expenditure, or a large surplus of revenue will annually arise, which will remain to be disposed of. It is not likely, however, that the duties will be diminished; they have been imposed for the avowed purpose of protecting the home manufactures from the rivalry of foreign skill and capital, and any reduction in their amount would be ruinous to numerous establishments in the northern, western, and central states of the union, which have been created from time to time upon the faith of American laws. The question will then be, what is to be done with the surplus revenue?

In an empire like ours, or like France, or Russia, such a question, if it arose, might be very easily set at rest. But not so in America, where the general government has to respect the individual rights of a great number of states, several of which would have separate, nay even opposed interests, in the appropriation of such a surplus. The subject has even already given rise to much party spirit, which will considerably increase the perplexities attending its adjustment. There are those who apprehend that the question will eventually lead to a dissolution of the union between the agricultural and manufacturing states, as the former will hardly be content to pay high duties on foreign goods, merely for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of the home manufacturers. We have no faith in the predictions, which have now become common-place, with reference to the durability of the federal union; but we have certainly some apprehensions of the kind here intimated, though we are not without a hope, that the sound thinking minds at the head of public affairs in America,

may devise a safe and practical solution of the novel and extraordinary difficulty that awaits them.

Of the rapid increase going on annually in the population of the United States, we have an abundant proof in the fact, that in 1830 the total number reached to nearly thirteen millions, whereas it did not exceed four millions in the year 1790. It is well ascertained that the United States double their population every thirty years.

The chapter upon the political institutions, and jurisprudence of the Union, is fraught with interest, and extremely well written. We have seldom seen the character of the former so accurately, and at the same time so comprehensively described, as it is in the following view of its general principles.

'The government of the United States is either that which is formed from the whole people, or those which are formed from the people of particular states. The general government, and those of the particular states, possess distinct constitutions, and each state, of course, possesses a constitution distinct from the others. No subject, perhaps, is more generally misunderstood, even in well-educated European society, than the nature of the general and state governments of the United States, and their relation to each other: the fact cannot be stated too strongly, that the general government is answerable for the exercise of those powers which have been delegated to it by the people of the respective states, and that only to the extent and within the limits prescribed by the terms of the compact. The most correct view of the constitution of the United States appears to us to be, that of a confederation of independent republics, who have thought proper, in addition to the usual character of confederations, to establish a general government, and to delegate to it such powers as render the several states, in their external policy, one nation; while in their internal economy the general government has only certain prescribed and limited powers, the delegation of which was not deemed necessary for the good of every state. It is, therefore, for instance, as unjust to reproach the northern and western states, which repudiate the system of slavery, with being accessary to its existence in the southern states, as it would be to impute the superstitions of Spain to the influence of England; the power to abolish slavery being one, the delegation of which from the separate states to the general government it has not been possible to procure, either at the formation of the original confederation, at the adoption of the present constitution, or any subsequent period. The old colonies, indeed, were integral parts of one nation, composing the British empire, but that connexion being lost in 1776, a new and far less absolute union arose, from the influence of those common interests and ancient feelings which survived the separation of the States from Great Britain.

'The three great principles which now characterize the constitution of the general government, are:—first, "the people of the United States"—being independent, and equal source of all its powers;—secondly, the people at large, or the separate states retaining all the powers which they have not conferred on the general government;—thirdly, the special powers thus conferred being set forth in instruments and articles, submitted to state conventions, before being ordained and sanctioned by the direct consent of the people. The constitutions of the separate States are derived even more

directly from the people, as the declared source of all authority, limited powers only being intrusted either to the general or to the state governments. Whilst also the vast majority of the men at the age of twenty-one are consulted, in order to settle the limits of these powers, such as are not intrusted to the general or to the state governments, remain unimpaired for individual and popular enjoyment.

'Independently of these deep and firm foundations of the North American commonwealth, it possesses guarantees of happiness and stability not easy to be enumerated, some of them are new, others are common to the Americans, with many of their neighbours in both hemispheres; but the greater part are only the development of rights and powers well understood in England, and the more worthy of our careful examination and entire respect, as being the rights for which British patriots have long zealously contended. What, however, Englishmen claim often by obscure inferences and antiquarian research, has been in America cleared of all doubt, and set forth in express declarations. But the vigour and healthy character of the branch are unquestionable proofs of the intrinsic virtue of the parent stem, which, in reverence to our forefathers, and in justice to our children, we are bound to train up to its true destination.'

'The old guarantees are, amongst others, the general supremacy of law over all discretion;—the right to personal liberty;—freedom of speech, and the kindest right of free printing;—the right of calling for special amendments of the law when defective, and of seeking general amendments in the forms of the constitution when not adapted to their end—the public good;—the right to know the details of whatever concerns the people, and of assembling together to discuss these details;—the power of resisting and correcting evil rulers, by indictment, by impeachment, and otherwise;—the right of having arms;—of sending representatives to consent to taxes and laws when needed;—and the direct responsibility of every man for his own acts, with the impossibility of a superior's instructions being admitted in bar of that responsibility. Such are the main objects common to both the English and the United States' constitutions, however differently guarded in each.

'The new guarantees of the public welfare peculiar to the United States are more complete than in England; such as a separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial authorities; the degree of control possessed by the people, by frequent elections, either directly or indirectly, over all those, authorities and public functionaries; rotation in office; the prohibition of orders of nobility; the substitution of a temporary president with narrow powers, for an hereditary king with limited authority; the abolition of the right of primogeniture; the absence generally of exclusive privileges; the absence of a national church and tithes; the establishment of the equality of all denominations of Christians; the admission of its being a public duty to educate the whole community; and the frequent reference of great affairs to the people in conversation.'—vol. ii. pp. 310—313.

The subject of religion—one that must always be of great interest to every well regulated mind—is treated in the work before us with great perspicuity and impartiality. We next come to the state of literature in the union; the chapter devoted to this topic teems with remarkable facts. We learn from it that there are nearly one thousand different newspapers printed in the republic;

a considerable number of these are issued daily, some every second day, and others weekly. The majority are entirely political, and the total number published annually, Mr. Hinton estimates at fifty millions! Several of these journals are purely commercial, and are filled entirely with advertisements; others are literary, and a few are exclusively scientific, and we are surprised to hear that many which are wholly religious have a large circulation. There are also some newspapers which combine with politics, registers of facts connected with trade, commerce, internal improvements, and mechanical invention. The Americans have also, as is well known, several quarterly and monthly reviews and magazines, almanacs, annual registers, and pictorial annuals, upon the plan of those which have latterly abounded in England. In the art of engraving, however, they have still much progress to make. In painting they may boast of several artists who have justly earned a distinguished reputation. In the drama they have not yet done any thing worth mentioning; they have a pretty numerous catalogue of poets, but little poetry.

The chapters upon Indians and Negroes, and those which directly treat of the topography of the United States, furnish a variety of details, with which it becomes every man to make himself thoroughly acquainted, who desires to obtain accurate knowledge concerning the United States. The two volumes are illustrated by several maps, and upwards of fifty plates, beautifully engraved, exhibiting views of public buildings and picturesque scenery, which add greatly to the interest and value of the work. The maps are, without exception, the best we have yet seen of the different states which compose the union. Although we might have contented ourselves with the first notice which we gave of Mr. Hinton's labours while they were in progress, yet when we found them completed, we thought that it was a debt of common justice due to their magnitude and their sterling value, to give this more extensive account of them to the public of this country. We can only add, that we look upon the two volumes as a standard work of reference, and worth all the productions put together that have yet been printed on the snbject of the American republic. In taking leave of it, we cordially subscribe to the justness of the general observations which the editor has made upon the peculiarly fortunate destiny of the country, which has so long occupied his attention. 'We cannot,' he says, 'close this volume without averring, that our researches have led us to the conviction, that the United States have reached a measure of prosperity, both individual and national, never before witnessed on so extensive a scale. It cannot be denied that there exist in them a real and substantial equality of civil and political rights;—a general diffusion, not only of the necessaries, but of the comforts of life;—a high degree of mental activity animating the mass of society;—not only the facility of acquiring, but the actual attainment, of practical knowledge—and enterprises

of internal improvement, which surpass, in extent and importance, those of the richest nations on the globe;—thirteen millions of inhabitants governed, or rather governing themselves, and preserving a state of order and subordination to legal authority, almost without military aid, and, what will surprise some still more, almost without taxes! while empires ruled on despotic principles, whose peculiar boast is the adaptation of their system to promote internal peace and tranquillity, are as much exposed to domestic convulsions as they are to foreign war; and finally, a rapidity in the advance of population, and of improvement in all the arts of life and society, alike unprecedented in the past, and baffling all conjecture for the future.'

Mr. Ouseley's work is written in a liberal and honest spirit of friendship towards the great country, with which it is at once our duty and our interest to stand upon the best footing. His object is to correct the many mis-statements which have been made by Captain Hall, the Quarterly Reviewers, and other writers, with reference to the working of the republican constitution. His opening remarks are sensible and judicious.

'The traveller who on first arriving in any foreign country, should unreservedly commit to paper his impressions and opinions of its usages or political institutions, and endeavour to explain and account for its peculiar customs from his own observations and knowledge, and then lay aside his notes during a year's residence in the same place, would probably be surprised on a re-perusal of them, at the mistaken views that he had in many instances taken; at least I have found it so. And if this be true of European countries, having generally many features of resemblance, it is particularly so in the judgments passed by Europeans on the United States. I am speaking now more especially of the political institutions of America, but the same remarks are even more strikingly applicable to the social system of that country. It should be recollected, that many provisions of the constitution of the United States, which to an Englishman appear at first sight fraught with danger, will perhaps on a nearer examination be found well adapted to the *American Union*; for we are prone unconsciously to apply the arguments that would be good in England to a country extremely dissimilar, and thus contemplating with views and ideas united to a very different state of things, particular measures or modes of government, it is not surprising that our judgments and predictions of their consequences should be erroneous. Americans say that we look at their republican institutions through our "monarchical spectacles," and that it requires some apprenticeship to so different a state of things to see them in their true light.'

'Let us look at the converse of this proposition. When an American arrives in England for the first time, he is apt to jump at conclusions, equally unfounded, respecting our country. I know what were the impressions of some individuals from the United States, and men of sagacity and experience, on first witnessing the practical workings of our constitutional monarchy, and the results of our social system; and if most Americans were honestly to confess their real opinions (formed after only a short residence in England) at any period during the last thirty years, I am convinced that there are few who would not avow a conviction of their

astonishment at the possibility of our government having continued to work with any success for five years together; but after a residence of greater duration, they perceive the existence of counteracting causes preventing many of the bad effects which they anticipated, and even begin to think that the transition to a form of government like their own would neither be so easy nor so advantageous as they previously believed. Americans are eminently practical men; all their understandings, and generally all their measures, whether of governments or individuals, in that country, are stampt with utility as their object, and dictated by sound practical good sense and prudence. They consequently quickly detect the wildness and absurdity of many of the republican theories of those Europeans, who would seek to adopt forms of government totally unfitted for the circumstances of their country; and soon adapt their views to the peculiarities of the political atmosphere in which they find themselves.

'Englishmen do not, I think, so readily divest themselves of their preconceived ideas, when reflecting on the situation of America, and are apt to continue bigoted in their own hypotheses, notwithstanding the frequent contradictions from facts and practical results, to which they are continually subjected. It would be difficult otherwise to account for the erroneous views that are so often taken of the American republic; and for the condemnation of a system pursued with such remarkable success in one country, because it is not adapted to the circumstances of another.

'As all human institutions carry with them from the first moment of their origin, the seeds of their own decay or dissolution, it would be folly to expect that the American institution should not share in the general imperfection of our nature. But so far from considering the political system of the United States as *peculiarly* fraught with danger to its own existence, and built upon imprudently slight foundations, I conceive it to be better adapted for the security, good government, and welfare of the American people, than any which could perhaps under their peculiar circumstances have been conceived; indeed, this opinion is supported by the authority of writers by no means friendly to popular governments. The constitution of America was the work of the combined talent and experience of men of sagacity and information, well acquainted with the wants and habits of their own country, and not ill versed in the theories or practices of others; and they constructed their institutions upon a foundation of experience and practical ability, to suit the peculiar circumstances of their countrymen. Hitherto their system has worked wonderfully for the prosperity of the United States, and it is not one of its least advantages that any necessary change or amelioration is foreseen and provided for, with such careful precautions and restrictions as prospectively secure a remedy for the future wants or changes of circumstance. It appears, I think, likely to last, and adapt itself to the mutations brought on by the lapse of years, with at least as fair a prospect of success as the nature of most human institutions can promise.'—pp. 4—8.

The author then goes on to shew, that the real nature of the American republic has hitherto been very little understood at this side of the Atlantic; he describes its leading characteristics, among which he dwells with particular pleasure on the mildness of its penal code, which, in other words, is a system of punishment framed as all such systems should be, not in a spirit of revenge, but with a

view to prevent crime, and to reclaim rather than to destroy the criminal. And what is the result of this mildness? Is it an increase of crime? Quite the contrary. 'Instead of spoliation or pillage,' says Mr. Ouseley, 'we see no country in which the possession and disposal of property is better protected, or its acquisition by judicious industry better assured.' He vindicates the people of America from the misrepresentations which Mrs. Trollope has given of their domestic manners: he shews in the most convincing manner, that their general prosperity is clearly to be attributed to the free and protecting government which they enjoy, and completely answers the objections which Captain Hall and others have made to the republican system. Those writers, among other points, have endeavoured to demonstrate to their readers, that it was a popular error to suppose the government of America to be much cheaper upon the whole, in proportion to the population, than our own; and in order to accomplish this purpose, they produced a long catalogue of local expences which are borne separately by the states, and which the writers in question supposed not to have been generally understood in this country, as forming a portion of the charges to which tax and rate-payers in America are liable. The fact, however, turns out to be, that but a very small part of the local expenditure falls upon individuals, as it happens that 'in almost every state a considerable share of that expenditure is covered by the interest of different funds; in many, a large portion of the state budget is appropriated to internal improvements, which become in their turn sources of public revenue.' Mr. Ouseley then adds, that from the best information which he could obtain of the sums paid throughout the union, to the support of the local state expences, he concluded that the charge per individual would be about one shilling sterling per annum. Of the erroneous notions which prevail upon this subject in Europe, some idea may be formed from this simple fact, that the Revue Britannique, reckoning the state expenditure of New York alone at 10,179,498 francs, assumes the whole of this sum to be a charge upon the inhabitants, whereas they pay not quite two million of francs in the shape of direct contribution. 'The remainder is supplied,' says Mr. Ouseley, 'by the interests of the funds belonging to the state, and by the receipts of the Erie and Champlain canals, which latter alone amount to near five millions of francs.' It is not at all improbable, that in the course of ten years several of the states will derive from their canals and other public works a revenue greatly exceeding their expenditure.

We trust that whenever this happens to be the case, a liberal proportion will be voted by each of the opulent states towards the formation of a fund, to be augmented also by grants out of the general surplus revenue, for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of the slaves in those states in which slavery still unhappily exists; and of removing them to the free colony which has already been

tablished upon the coast of Africa by the American Colonization Society. This would be a truly noble use of their superabundant riches, and at the same time a worthy tribute of gratitude from a free nation to that GREAT BEING, who has showered down upon it so many signal favours.

ART. IV.—*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in* 1827; *together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, an Island situated between South America and the Cape of Good Hope.* By Augustus Earle, Draughtsman to his Majesty's Surveying-Ship "The Beagle." 8vo. pp. 371. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary narratives of personal adventure which have fallen within our observation for some time. The author was educated as an artist, but impelled to foreign travel by an unconquerable love of roving, he seems to have succeeded in gratifying his passion to its utmost extent, with little more expense than that of his time, and now and then a little labour. Through the medium of some interest which he possessed at the Admiralty, he was enabled to visit the Mediterranean in 1815, and to make himself acquainted with several interesting scenes in Africa, Malta, Sicily, and Spain. He next proceeded to the United States, and spent two years in rambling through their cities, mountains, prairies, and forests. After this we find him successively visiting the Brazils, Chili, and Peru, where he practised his profession with great perseverance and good fortune. It was next his ambition to find employment in India, and having returned to Rio for the purpose of procuring his passage in a vessel bound for the Cape of Good Hope, he entrusted himself to an old worn-out Margate hoy, which was proceeding thither with a cargo of potatoes. This was in February 1824. On the voyage the miserable sloop encountered very severe weather, against which it was so little prepared to contend, that the captain was obliged, under the terrors of a heavy wind and sea, to make for the island of Tristan d'Acunha—obeying the dictate of the old maxim—"any port in a storm." This frightful-looking spot is situated almost due south of St. Helena, and south-west of the Cape of Good Hope, and is rarely visited except by those adventurous men who are engaged in the South-sea whaling trade. Even these persons have been latterly obliged almost to abandon the island, on account of the dangers that abound upon its dreadful coast. The approach to the shore is absolutely terrific, the sea breaking violently over innumerable rocks which just rise above the water, and the whole extent of the beach being whitened with the surf. When the wind blows strongly, as it frequently does, the noise of the elemental war is deafening. The beach, as well as the rocks in its neighbourhood, are composed of black lava, the colour of which, contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves, presents a spectacle almost supernatural.

Yet upon this desolate spot it was Mr. Earle's fate to spend several months. The captain having found that the settlers were well supplied with potatoes, resolved on increasing his cargo, and as the operation of transferring his purchases on board the hoy would necessarily take up three or four days, our adventurer, sick and tired of being knocked about at sea, was glad to have the opportunity of going on shore. The island had hitherto been unvisited by any artist, and hoping to be able to add some novelty to his portfolio, he took with him his sketch book, a dog, a gun, and boat cloak, and bent his way to a small village composed of half a dozen houses, which he was equally surprised and pleased to find constructed with every attention to cleanliness and comfort. It was still more delightful to him to find that the settlers spoke his own language, being all of them British subjects, and that they were most anxious to shew him every possible kindness. After spending here three days scrambling round the rocks and making sketches, he prepared to return to the hoy, and was already placed in a boat for that purpose, when he beheld the vessel standing out to sea. 'I concluded,' he observes, 'that she was only making a long stretch, and waited on the beach some hours; but she stood quite off to sea, and I never beheld her more!'

Thus the author found himself (29th March) left on the island, with one of the men belonging to the sloop, with no other provision in the way of clothes than those they had on, and with little hope of a chance vessel coming in sight, as the winter season was now approaching. He wisely, however, determined to bear his lot patiently, and to cultivate the friendship of the settlers. Their chief, or governor as he was called, rejoiced in the name of Glass. He was a Scotchman, a *ci-devant* corporal of artillery drivers at the Cape, and a very kind-hearted man. His three companions or subjects had all been seamen, who chose to remain upon the island for the purpose of earning a subsistence by procuring sea-elephant and other oils, which they bartered with the vessels that touched there. They were honest, rough, British tars, and as they had been 'accustomed to be either in their whale boat pulling through the most dreadful surf that can be conceived, or covered with blood and grease, killing and preparing for use the marine animals which assembled round the island, it could not be expected that their manners or appearance should partake much of elegance or refinement,' The scene, however, was altogether novel, and we are not surprised to learn that Earle took infinite delight in hearing them relate their different adventures in their own phraseology. Glass was a married man, and had a numerous rising family. One of the settlers, White, had also the consolations of a female partner, in the person of a half-cast Portuguese from Bombay. They were both very exemplary housewives, devoting all their care to their families.

The personal history of these settlers is not without its interest.

Glass was one of the garrison which the British government had sent some years ago to Tristan d'Acunha from the Cape. The idea of retaining the garrison was soon given up, when Glass and his wife requested and obtained permission to stay. When the garrison first landed, the only persons they found on the island were an old Italian named Thomas, and a wretched looking half-cast Portuguese. These persons gave out that they were the only survivors of a party of Americans, who had settled here under Lambat—a name not unknown in the history of maritime misfortunes—and they reported further, that their former companions had all perished together, as they were crossing in a boat to one of the neighbouring islands. But it was believed that these two survivors had in fact despatched their comrades by some unfair means. The Portuguese made his escape in one of the ships that came with the garrison, but the Italian, who remained behind, seemed to be possessed of a great deal of money, which enabled him to get drunk every day at the military canteen. In his moments of intoxication he frequently threw out dark allusions to the fate of Lambat, which shewed that he knew more upon that subject than in his sober hours he would wish to acknowledge. He told every body that he was possessed of immense treasures, which he had buried in a spot known to nobody but himself. He thus secured general attention, as he flattered those who behaved kindly to him with the hope that he would remember them in his will. One day, after a course of more than ordinary intemperance, he died suddenly, without explaining to anybody where his treasure lay concealed. 'A universal search,' says Earle, 'was commenced after his death; but neither money nor papers have ever been discovered: and even I, when not better occupied, used to examine every cranny and hole in the rocks about the houses, in hopes of finding old Thomas's treasure; for Glass said it must be near the houses, as he used to be away but a very short time when he visited his hoard for money. I once thought I had really made the discovery; for in a cleft of the rock, in a very remote corner, I found an old kettle stuffed with rags, but, unfortunately, with no other treasure. Glass well remembered the kettle belonging to Thomas, by the remarkable circumstance of its having a *wooden bottom!*'

Glass's motives for remaining on the island, after the garrison was recalled, were marked by the usual prudence of his native land. "Why," he used to say, "what could I possibly do, when I reached my own country, after being disbanded? I have no trade, and am now too old to learn one. I have a young wife, and a chance of a numerous family; what could I do better than remain?" The officers gave him every article they could spare; among the rest, a bull, a cow, and a few sheep, and with his economy and care, he promised soon to become the possessor of numerous flocks and herds. His "second in command" was a man of the name of Taylor, who had formerly served in the squa-

dron stationed at the Cape, which, during the time the garrison occupied the island, paid it an occasional visit. Taylor and a comrade of his took a fancy afterwards to join Glass, and obtained permission for that purpose from the Admiralty. The third man, White, was a cast-away from an Indiaman, which was wrecked in the neighbourhood. He had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and it so happened that they were among the persons saved. The circumstance bound them still more closely together, and 'no two people,' observes the author, 'could be happier.'

The island is filled with wild cats, and at one time abounded with poultry, of which the different species also become wild, on account of the rapid manner in which they had multiplied. But the cats have since thinned their numbers. Goats are found on the sides of the mountains, but they are so shy and swift of foot, that it is difficult to get a shot at them. The mountains, which occupy a great part of the island, are nearly perpendicular. The only arable soil is a slip of land at their foot, which slopes towards the sea, about three quarters of a mile in width, and five or six miles in length. Wherever it has been cleared of the underwood, it is capable of producing any vegetable, and is particularly favourable to the growth of potatoes, producing, Earle asserts, the finest he ever tasted. 'From the Peak,' he adds, 'in the centre of the island, to the sea-shore, the earth is cut into gullies, apparently by torrents. Those in the plains are deep, and cut straight to the sea. Two of these gullies, which are near our settlement, are, I should imagine, fifty feet wide, and as many deep, filled with huge masses of black lava. All the rocks of the island are of the same dismal hue, which gives a most melancholy aspect to all its scenery.'

The dangers of the coast are chiefly caused by the tremendous and sudden swell of the sea, which, without any apparent cause, rushes in upon the beach in immense rolling waves. These rollers, as they are called, generally precede a storm. The navigator is also often in peril of being caught in a squall, which sometimes hurries him off to sea, whether he be or be not prepared for such a trip. Mrs. Glass once went off to pay a visit on board a ship, but one of these squalls arising, the ship was obliged to stand off, and it was ten days before the lady could return to her disconsolate husband. A similar accident occurred to Mrs. White. The author gives the following account of his situation and proceedings towards the end of May.

'Our house is (and all are built nearly after the same model) a complete proof of the nationality of an Englishman, and his partiality for a comfortable fireside. Though the latitude is temperate, each room is furnished with a noble fire-place; and in what we call "The Government House," we meet every night, and sit round a large and cheerful blaze, each telling his story, or adventures, or singing his song; and we manage to pass the time pleasantly enough.

'Looking out from my abode, no spot in the world can be more desolate; particularly on a blowing night. The roar of the sea is almost deafening; and the wind rushing furiously down the perpendicular sides of the mountains, which are nearly nine hundred feet high, and are masses of craggy rocks, has the most extraordinary and almost supernatural effect. No sooner does night set in than the air is full of nocturnal birds, whose screams are particularly mournful; and then comes the painful reflection, that I am so many thousands of miles from every human haunt, and separated from all my friends and family, who are in total ignorance of where I am, or what has become of me. But I force myself to struggle against dismal thoughts, unwilling that my comrades (who do every thing in their power to console me) should suspect how much I suffer; so I take my seat by the fire, shut out the night, pile on a cheerful log, and tell my tale in turn. I must confess that, amongst my companions, I never see a sad or discontented-looking face; and though we have no wine, grog, or any other strong drink, there is no lack of jovial mirth in any of the company.

'Fortunately for me, when I came on shore, I brought with me some of my drawing apparatus, which now, in my forlorn state, has been the source of much amusement and improvement; making the time not hang so heavily on hand as it otherwise would do.

'20th. For the last ten days we have had a succession of wet, cold, uncomfortable weather, which has kept me much within doors; but constantly looking out, most anxiously, for the sight of a sail; yet, being winter, I fear there is but slight chance of such an event; and if we even do see one, should the wind be blowing high, she will not be able to approach the island.

'A few days ago, it blowing a strong easterly wind at the time, Glass and I went to the east end of the island to burn the underwood and grass, in order to make pasturage for the cattle. This grass grows astonishingly fast, and if not burned occasionally would soon cover every thing. It is from eight to ten feet high, and so thick that it is almost impossible to get through it. We set fire to it in several places, and the wind catching the flame, it spread with dreadful and astonishing rapidity, running up the sides of the mountain with a roar like that produced by volleys of musketry; and it was accompanied with so much flame and smoke, as to make the spectacle truly sublime.

'28th. Yesterday being a fine morning, accompanied by two of the men, I determined to ascend the mountain. As several parties had before gone up, they had formed a kind of path, at least we endeavoured to trace the same way; but it requires a great deal of nerve to attempt it. The sides of the mountain are nearly perpendicular; but, after ascending about two hundred feet, it is there entirely covered with wood, which renders the footing much more safe; but in order to get to the wood, the road is so dangerous, that it makes me almost tremble to think of it; slippery, grey rocks, and many of them unfortunately loose, so that when we took hold, they separated from the mass, and fell with a horrid rumbling noise; here and there were a few patches of grass, the only thing we could depend upon to assist us in climbing, which must be done with extreme caution, for the least slip, or false step, would dash one to atoms on the rocks below. By keeping our eyes constantly looking upwards, and continuing to haul ourselves up, by catching firm hold on this grass, after an

hour's painful toil, we gained the summit, where we found ourselves on an extended plain, of several miles' expanse, which terminates in the peak, composed of dark grey lava, bare and frightful to behold. We proceeded towards it, the plain gradually rising, but the walking was most fatiguing, over strong rank grass and fern several feet high, with holes concealed under the roots in such a way, that no possible caution could prevent our occasionally falling down into one or other of them, and entirely disappearing, which caused a boisterous laugh amongst the rest; but it frequently happened, while one was making merry at the expense of another, down sunk the laugher himself.

'A death-like stillness prevailed in these high regions, and, to my ear, our voices had a strange, unnatural echo, and I fancied our forms appeared gigantic, whilst the air was piercing cold. The prospect was altogether very sublime, and filled the mind with awe! On the one side, the boundless horizon, heaped up with clouds of silvery brightness, contrasted with some of darker hue, enveloping us in their vapour, and passing rapidly away, gave us only casual glances of the landscape; and, on the other hand, the sterile and cindery peak, with its venerable head, partly capped with clouds, partly revealing great patches of red cinders. or lava, intermingled with the black rock, produced a most extraordinary and dismal effect. It seemed as though it were still actually burning, to heighten the sublimity of the scene. The huge albatross appeared here to dread no interloper or enemy; for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. This bird is the largest of the aquatic tribe; and its plumage is of a most delicate white, excepting the back and the tops of its wings, which are grey; they lay but one egg, on the ground, where they form a kind of nest, by scraping the earth round it; after the young one is hatched, it has to remain a year before it can fly; it is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached them, they clapped their beaks, with a very quick motion, which made a great noise. This, and throwing up the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence they seem to possess; the old ones, which are valuable on account of their feathers, my companions made dreadful havoc amongst, knocking on the head all they could come up with. These birds are very helpless on the land, the great length of their wings precluding them from rising up into the air, unless they can get to a steep declivity. On the level ground they were completely at our mercy, but very little was shown them, and in a very short space of time, the plain was strewn with their bodies, one blow on the head generally killing them instantly."—pp. 322—328.

The object of this expedition was to obtain some goats, in which they succeeded, and the feathers of the albatross. Earle was sufficiently paid for his toil by the sublime scenery which was every where spread around him. On the following day, he experienced the mortification of seeing a brig pass the island, but although the weather had been remarkably calm, it happened suddenly to change, and the wind blew so violently while the vessel was in sight, that he was precluded from every chance of attracting her attention. It was still the winter season, when the winds were

remarkably changeable and boisterous. For a week together, sometimes, they were prevented from even stirring out of the house, by a succession of tempests, which followed immediately one after another with unabating fury. It is at this period, when the shore is perfectly inaccessible from the sea, that the sea-elephants are found strewed about the beach, where they will lie for many days without stirring. They are most shapeless creatures.

'The face bears some rude resemblance to the human countenance; the eye is large, black, and expressive; excepting two very small flippers or paws at the shoulder, the whole body tapers down to a fish's tail; they are of a delicate mouse colour, the fur is very fine, but too oily for any other purpose than to make mocassins for the islanders. The bull is of an enormous size, and would weigh as heavily as his namesake of the land; and in that one thing consists their only resemblance, for no two animals can possibly be more unlike each other.

'It is a very curious phenomenon, how they can possibly exist on shore; for, from the first of their landing, they never go out to sea, and they lie on a stormy beach for months together without tasting any food, except consuming their own fat, for they gradually waste away; and as this fat or blubber is the great object of value, for which they are attacked and slaughtered, the settlers contrive to commence operations against them upon their first arrival, for it is well ascertained that they take no sustenance whatever on shore. I examined the contents of the stomach of one they had just killed, but could not make out the nature of what it contained. The matter was of a remarkably bright green colour. They have many enemies even in the water; one called the killer, a species of grampus, which makes terrible havoc amongst them, and will attack and take away the carcase of one from alongside a boat. But man is their greatest enemy, and causes the most destruction to their race: he pursues them to all quarters of the globe; and being aware of their seasons for coupling and breeding, (which is always done on shore,) he is there ready with his weapons, and attacks them without merey. Yet this offensive war is attended with considerable danger, not from the animals themselves, they being incapable of making much resistance, but the beaches they frequent are most fearful and dangerous; boats and boats' crews are continually lost; but the value of the oil, when they are successful, is an inducement to man, and no dangers will deter him from pursuing the sea elephant until the species is extinct.'—pp. 332, 333.

The anxiety of mind which the author suffered during his detention on the island, is painted in lively colours, in the following passage, which is under the date of the 26th June, the weather having then undergone a considerable change for the better, though a tremendous swell was still upon the sea.

'At ten o'clock A. M., saw a sail, which appeared to be standing towards the land: all employed making signal fires. She fell to leeward of the island, and there lay to, evidently anxious to speak with us; but being to leeward, our boats durst not venture off: so after laying to for about four hours, she filled and stood off on her course. This is the second mortification of the same kind I have experienced. To-day the vessel came so near, that we could distinguish her decks crowded with people, and we

imagined her to be a Botany Bay ship; and if so, she was most likely bound for the Cape, the very place I wished to arrive at. If any thing could add to my anxiety, at being shut up a prisoner in Tristan d'Acunha, it is thus to see chances thrown in my way of being released, and not being able to avail myself of them; none but those who have experienced similar disappointments can judge of my sufferings: nothing that ever before occurred to me so completely depressed my spirits. And I feel now the sickening sensation of "the hope deferred." From one week's end to another I station myself upon the rocks, straining my eyes with looking along the horizon in search of a sail, often fancying the form of one where nothing is, and when at length one actually presents itself, and the cheering sound of "a sail! a sail!" is heard, it puts "all hands" into commotion, as all these island settlers are anxious to communicate with every vessel that passes,—we see she notices our signal fires,—she lays to for us,—but an insurmountable barrier is still between us,—all attempts to launch the boat are vain,—she passes on her trackless way,—again the horizon becomes vacant, and again I retire to my lodging with increased melancholy and disappointment!'—pp. 334—336.

Among the animals which frequent the beach of this island, is that curious amphibious creature, the penguin, half fish, half bird. It is about the size of the common duck, but infinitely more beautiful in appearance. The back and head are of a glossy black, while the belly, neck, and part of the legs, are of a very clear white. From the head, just over the eyes, is suspended a bunch of bright yellow feathers, which hang down on each side, and give the creature an animated and even elegant appearance. The eyes are luminous, large and round. They have two small flippers, which in the water serve as fins, and on the shore assist them in running. The beak is large and strong. They are generally fat, but too fishy for eating, unless in case of necessity. Their eggs, however, are delicious; they are sometimes found laid upon the sand, but more abundantly among the thick high grass on the declivity of the hill, where the penguins have established what is called by the settlers a regular "rookery." The ground which they usually occupy is at least a mile in circumference, covered in many parts with grasses and reeds, which grow higher than a man's head. On all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appear above the grass, are seen groups of these strange-looking animals, in hundreds and thousands. The noise which they make is said to baffle all description, resembling very much in tone that of the human voice. They all sit in exact rows, and so systematically regular are their manners, that they seem all to open their beaks at the same time. The sailors say that the pengiuns utter the words "cover 'em up, cover 'em up." 'And however incredible it may appear,' observes Mr. Earle, 'it is is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow.' Strange to say, although thus apparently gregarious, the penguins are very far from being sociable amongst themselves.

Whenever one of them feels an inclination, while thus sitting upon her eggs, to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole row that leads down to the beach, every one unmercifully pecking at her as she passes. The eggs of the penguin formed an agreeable addition to the usually frugal table of the settlers, yet, frugal as it was, it was found by Earle to be extremely conducive to health.

'Here our food is of the coarsest description: bread we never see; milk and potatoes are our standing dishes; fish we have when we chance to catch them; and flesh when we can bring down a goat. In order to procure materials to furnish forth a dinner, I go early in the morning to the mountains; and the exertions I go through make me ready to retire to bed by eight o'clock in the evening, when I enjoy the soundest sleep; and though certainly I have nothing here to exhilarate my spirits,—on the contrary, much to depress them, as anxiety for absent friends, who are ignorant of my fate, and my irksome situation, thus shut out from the world,—yet, in spite of every disagreeable, I never enjoyed so calm and even a flow of spirits, which is doubtless caused by my abstemious living, and the exercise I am obliged to take. These last four months' experience has done more to convince me of the "beauty of temperance" than all the books that ever were written could have done. I now begin to think the life of an anchorite was not so miserable as is generally imagined by the gay and dissipated, and that his quiet enjoyments and serene nights may well be balanced against their feverish slumbers and palled appetites. The temperate man enjoys the solid consolation of knowing he is not wearing out his constitution, and may reasonably look forward to a happy and respected old age; while the votary of sense soon loses all relish for former enjoyments, and pays the penalty of early excesses in a broken and diseased frame. He finds himself helpless, and has the mortifying reflection that he has only himself to blame; that he has piloted himself into this misery, contrary to his own common sense and the admonition of his friends; that no helping hand can save him; whilst the memory of his former enjoyments aggravates his humiliating situation; and pain and sorrow are the only attendants to conduct him to his last home!'—pp. 352—354.

It was not until the 29th of November, that our adventurer was enabled to get away from this miserable island. On that day, the "Admiral Cockburn" came in sight, and with some difficulty he succeeded in getting on board, when he found that she was bound for Van Dieman's Land, where he arrived in safety. From this island he proceeded to New South Wales, and there became acquainted with a Mr. Shand, whom he persuaded to accompany him on a tour to New Zealand. The savage character for which that region had already been notorious, and which had rendered it the terror of every mariner, would have prevented most men from voluntarily exposing their lives amongst its inhabitants. But Earle was not to be easily driven from his purpose. His curiosity for novel scenery and manners was so insatiable, that he was resolved to afford it even temporary indulgence at any price.

Accordingly, he was wafted once more into the great Pacific ocean in October, 1827, in company with his friend Shand, and several other passengers, who were on the way to the same destination, for the purpose of assisting in the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission. The voyage was completed in little more than nine days. The islands, which go under the name of New Zealand, were at first supposed by Tasman, the discoverer of that region, to form part of the continent of New Holland, or, as we call it, New South Wales. Cook demonstrated his mistake, and within the last five years it has been proved that several parts of the supposed continent are so many separate islands. The entrance to the principal island is by the mouth of the E. O. Ke Anga river, which is only prevented by its bar from being one of the finest harbours in the world. The bar once crossed, no other obstacle lies in the way: the navigator, floating gradually into a beautiful river, soon loses sight of the sea, and sails up a spacious sheet of water, which becomes considerably wider after entering it; while majestic hills rise on each side, covered with verdure to their very summits. Looking up the river, he beholds various headlands stretching into the water, and gradually contracting its width, till they become fainter and fainter in the distance, and all is lost in the azure of the horizon.

The author had been much struck, while at Sydney, with the appearance of several of the natives of New Zealand whom he had seen there, and he was very anxious to judge whether, as a nation, they were finer in their proportions than the English. He now examined them with the critical eye of an artist, and he says that he found them generally taller and larger men than ourselves. 'Those of middle height were broad-chested and muscular, and their limbs as sinewy as though they had been occupied all their lives in laborious employments. Their colour is lighter than that of the American Indian, their features small and regular; their hair is in a profusion of beautiful curls: whereas that of the Indian is strait and lank. The disposition of the New Zealander appears to be full of fun and gaiety, while the Indian is dull, shy, and suspicious.' The author thinks that they are a very different race from the American Indians; they are much more industrious, and they have very generally a strong dislike to intoxicating liquors, though very fond of tobacco. They were nearly all armed with muskets, and had cartouche boxes buckled round their waists, filled with ball cartridges. Crowding on the deck of the ship, they hailed the arrival of the strangers in their own way, by dancing and stamping furiously, having first, according to custom, stripped themselves completely naked. Their usual clothing is a kind of matting called kaka-hoos. Their villages are collections of rude huts, huddled together without system or regularity, few of them being more than four feet high, with a door-way about half that height. In the fine season the natives generally live in the open air.

Our adventurer had too many proofs of the lamentable fact that

the New Zealanders still retain the horrible practice of cannibalism. For the slightest offence, a master thinks nothing of killing his slave. The body is then regularly baked or roasted, and consumed by the family! Several instances of this savage custom are mentioned, which are too disgusting to be repeated. Their ancient propensity to thieving has, however, been much diminished; so injurious was it found to their trading intercourse with our colonial people, that if any body be now convicted of theft, his head is cut off on the spot! Their soil produces potatoes and Indian corn in great abundance. With industry they combine great frugality and order. Their plantations are remarkable for their regularity—a circumstance greatly to their credit, considering their want of convenient tools, and their ignorance of the principles of agriculture. In common with most of the South Sea islanders, they have the system of taboo, and it is only necessary to declare a particular house or piece of ground tabooed, to preserve it sacred from violation. They display considerable ingenuity and taste in their carvings in wood, in some of which they make good attempts at groups of figures as large as life. Many of these specimens are quite as good, in the author's opinion, as those which he had seen of the first efforts of the early Egyptians. The natives are great admirers both of painting and sculpture. 'Every house of consequence is ornamented and embellished, and their canoes have the most minute and elaborate workmanship bestowed upon them.'

It appears that some enterprizing merchants from Port Jackson have established a dockyard and a number of saw-pits up the river, where one vessel had been already built, launched, and sent to sea, and another of one hundred and fifty tons' burthen was then on the stocks.

'On landing at this establishment at E. O. Racky, or, as the Englishmen have called it, "Deptford," I was greatly delighted with the appearance of order, bustle, and industry it presented. Here were storehouses, dwelling-houses, and various offices for the mechanics; and every department seemed as well filled as it could have been in a civilised country. To me the most interesting circumstance was to notice the great delight of the natives, and the pleasure they seemed to take in observing the progress of the various works. All were officious to "lend a hand," and each seemed eager to be employed. This feeling corresponds with my idea of the best method of civilising a savage. Nothing can more completely show the importance of the useful arts than a dockyard. In it are practised nearly all the mechanical trades; and these present to the busy enquiring mind of a New Zealander a practical encyclopædia of knowledge. When he sees the combined exertions of the smith and carpenter create so huge a fabric as a ship, his mind is filled with wonder and delight; and when he witnesses the moulding of iron at the anvil, it excites his astonishment and emulation.

'The people of the dockyard informed me, that although it was constantly crowded with natives, scarcely any thing had ever been stolen, and all the chiefs in the neighbourhood took so great an interest in the work,

that any annoyance offered to those employed would immediately be revenged as a personal affront.'—pp. 25, 26.

Still higher up the river there is another establishment, formed upon a much smaller scale, by a few English settlers, who employ themselves in cutting timber, sawing planks, and making oars for the Sydney market. In their neighbourhood the Wesleyan missionaries were induced to take up their residence, and as the habitations of the natives in the neighbourhood were very numerous, it assumed the appearance of a civilised colony. Arriving at the head of the river the author disembarked from his boat with his companion, and shaped his way into the interior of the country, through dense forests, and across innumerable streams, over several of which single trees were thrown, which served as bridges. 'The whole way was mountainous. The climbing up, and then descending, was truly frightful; not a gleam of sky was to be seen; all was a mass of gigantic trees, straight and lofty, their wide spreading branches mingling over head, and producing throughout the forest an endless darkness and unbroken gloom.' They were attended by several natives, who occasionally gave them a song, or rather a dirge, in which they all joined chorus. Occasionally they met groups of naked men, trotting along under immense loads, and screaming their barbarous songs of recognition. Suddenly they arrived within view of the church missionary establishment, forming a complete English village. We must give the disheartening results in the author's language.

'Wreaths of white smoke were rising from the chimneys of neat weather-boarded houses. The glazed windows reflected the brilliant glow from the rays of the setting sun, while herds of fat cattle were winding down the hills, lowing as they leisurely bent their steps towards the farm-yard. It is impossible for me to describe what I felt on contemplating a scene so similar to those I had left behind me.

'According to the custom of this country, we fired our muskets, to warn the inhabitants of the settlement of our approach. We arranged our dresses in the best order we could, and proceeded towards the village. As the report of our guns had been heard, groups of nondescripts came running out to meet us. I could scarcely tell to what order of beings they belonged; but on their approach, I found them to be New Zealand youths, who were settled with the missionaries. They were habited in the most uncouth dresses imaginable. These pious men, certainly, have no taste for the picturesque; they had obscured the finest human forms under a seaman's huge clothing. Boys not more than fifteen wore jackets reaching to their knees, and buttoned up to the throat with great black horn buttons; a coarse checked shirt, the collar of which spread half way over their face; their luxuriant, beautiful hair was cut close off, and each head was crammed into a close Scotch bonnet!

'These half converted, or rather half *covered* youths, after rubbing noses, and chattering with our guides, conducted us to the dwellings of their masters. As I had a letter of introduction from one of their own body, I felt not the slightest doubt of a kind reception; so we proceeded

with confidence. We were ushered into a house, all cleanliness and comfort, all order, silence, and unsociability. After presenting my letter to a grave-looking personage, it had to undergo a private inspection in an adjoining room, and the result was, an invitation "to stay and take a cup of tea!" All that an abundant farm, and excellent grocer in England could supply, were soon before us. Each person of the mission, as he appeared during our repast, was called aside, and I could hear my own letter read and discussed by them. I could not help thinking (within myself) whether this was a way to receive a countryman at the Antipodes! No smile beamed upon their countenance; there were no enquiries after news; in short, there was no touch of human sympathy, such as we "of the world" feel at receiving an Englishman under our roof in such a savage country as this!

'The chubby children who peeped at us from all corners, and the very hearty appearance of their parents, plainly evidenced that theirs was an excellent and thriving trade. We had a cold invitation to stay all night; but this the number of our party entirely precluded; so they lent us their boat to convey us to the Bay of Islands, a distance of about twenty-five miles.'—pp. 38—41.

Such was the hospitality of these Christian missionaries! We blush for the country that gave them birth, and the system which affords support to so 'thriving' and so selfish a 'trade.' It may be said that such conduct as this upon the part of the missionaries excited prejudices against them in the mind of the author, who takes frequent occasions to point out the signal failures in which their attempts at conversion have terminated. It is very possible that, after the humiliating disappointment which he experienced, his feelings might have been embittered against them to a certain extent. But one half of the facts which he has collected concerning the New Zealand missions, even if we omit from our view the other half, shew beyond a doubt that the missions in that quarter have been totally inefficient for any purposes of religion, and have only proved serviceable to those who apply the salaries which they receive to their own personal advantage. Let us hear what the author says of another of these costly impositions.

'A few days after my arrival in the bay (of Islands), I crossed to the opposite side, to visit the Church missionary settlement, and to deliver a letter of introduction I had to one of the members. Here, on a beautiful bank, with a delightful beach in front, and the entrance of the bay open to them, the clear and blue expanse of water speckled over with fertile islands, reside these comfortable teachers of the Gospel. The name they have given this spot is "Marsden Vale." They very soon gave us to understand they did not wish for our acquaintance, and their coldness and inhospitality (I must acknowledge) created in my mind a thorough dislike to them. The object of the mission, as it was first planned, might have been attained, and might have proved highly beneficial to the New Zealanders; but as it is now conducted, no good result can be expected from it. Any man of common sense must agree with me, that a savage can receive but little benefit from having the abstruse points of the Gospel preached to him, if his mind is not prepared to receive them. This is the plan

adopted here; and nothing will convince these enthusiasts that it is wrong, or induce them to change it for one more agreeable to the dictates of reason.

'Upon enquiring who and what these men were, I found that the greater part of them were hardy mechanics (not well-educated clergymen), whom the benevolent and well-intentioned people of England had sent out in order to teach the natives the importance of *different trades*,—a most judicious arrangement, and which ought to be the foundation of all missions. What could could be a more gratifying sight than groups of these athletic savages, toiling at the anvil or saw; erecting for themselves substantial dwellings; thus leading them by degrees to know and to appreciate the comforts resulting from peaceful, laborious, and useful occupations? Then, while they felt sincere gratitude for services rendered them, at their leisure hours, and on certain days, *these* missionaries should attempt to expound to them, in as simple a manner as possible, the nature of revealed religion!

'In New Zealand, the "mechanic" missionary only carries on his trade till he has every comfort around him,—his house finished, his garden fenced, and a strong stockade enclosing all, to keep off the "pagan" savages. This done, then commences the easy task of preaching. They collect a few ragged urchins of natives, whom they teach to read and write their own language—the English tongue being forbidden; and when these children return to their families, they are despised by them, as being effeminate and useless.'

'I once saw a sturdy blacksmith in the prime of life, sitting in the midst of a group of savages, attempting to expound to them the mysteries of our holy redemption—perplexing his own brains, as well as those of his auditors, with the most incomprehensible and absurd opinions. How much better would he have been employed in teaching them how to weld a piece of iron, or to make a nail!'—pp. 58—61.

We may observe that the testimony of this writer adds one more link to the chain of evidence, that must be perceived gradually embracing every spot in the savage or civilized world, to which the British missionaries have as yet had access. Whatever ameliorations have taken place in the character and conduct of the New Zealanders, he attributes entirely to the commercial intercourse in which they have lately been engaged with our whalers and other traders. 'What credit soever,' he observes, 'the missionaries may take to themselves, or try to make their supporters in England believe, every man who has visited this place, and will speak his mind freely and disinterestedly, must acknowledge that *they* have had no share in bringing about this change of character.' Hitherto they have not succeeded.' He adds in another place—

'I have visited many of the Roman Catholic missionary establishments; their priests adopt quite a different line of conduct: they are cheerful and kind to the savage pagan, and polite and attentive to their European brethren; they have gained the esteem of those they have been sent to convert; they have introduced their own language amongst them, which enables them to have intercourse with strangers; and, however we may differ in some tenets of religious belief, we must acknowledge the success of their mission. They have brought nearly the whole of the

which are found scattered through the works of our elder dramatic writers, and which to Mr. Procter seem often so 'eminently fine,' have generally appeared to us by no means worthy of the prodigal praise which he has thought fit to bestow upon them. With the exception of Dibdin's ballads, we have nothing that deserves the name of a song in our native literature. The sister kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland have in a great measure redeemed our character in this respect. The melodies of those countries have been perhaps more extensively encouraged in England than they have been at home; and this fact shows that, though not a song-making, we are a song-loving people. We may indeed boast of our glees, a style of song-music strictly English, in which we are not rivalled by any other nation. But even our best glees are inferior in character to the melodies of Carolan; they have scarcely acquired for us any musical reputation, and are not even very much known amongst ourselves, except in those convivial parties whose recurrence is every year becoming less frequent.

The composition of a good song is really an affair of no small difficulty. Any person at all experienced in the art of writing, might produce in a week a hundred of those namby pamby verses, which we find in most of the music shops of London. We very seldom hear at the theatre a new song, the words of which are arranged with the slightest attention to poetical effect. Indeed, Mr. Cornwall's standard of poetical excellence in this department of intellectual exertion is not a very high one. His notion seems to be that the words might be too good, and that the perfection of such a composition consists in its being wrought up exactly to that degree at which, without being in itself devoid of merit, it might be still futher improved by the assistance of music. To this notion we cannot subscribe. Let us try it by the test of Mr. Moore's songs in the Irish Melodies. The music of those songs would be delightful with almost any words; but delightful though it be, in itself, we do not think that it adds in any respect to the beauty of the verses which Moore has allied to its immortality. We should say, on the contrary, that in some instances the native airs have received new energy, and have been impregnated with a deeper and more impressive meaning, by the happy adaptations of the poet. The same observation applies to the songs of Burns. Take the well-known ballad of "Lang Syne" for example. Does not every body who sings, or hears another sing, this composition, feel that though the air is very beautiful, it is made still more affecting by the genial sentiments of which Burns has rendered it the vehicle?

Our notion of the perfection of a song is this,—that it should be as simple as possible in the expression, but fraught with a degree of sentiment, whatever be the theme, that would of itself easily suggest the character of the air which might be composed for it. There should be no expletives in the diction, no conceit in the

thought, and the writer should be frugal of imagery. Natural sentiment, clothed in appropriate and liquid language, is the soul of song. We are afraid that if we were to try Mr. Cornwall's lyrics by our standard, we should find very few that approach it. We open his little volume at random, and in the very first song that presents itself to our view, we discover at one glance a catalogue of imperfections.

'Hide me, O twilight Air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things, foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, Sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!
If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander!
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder!
And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet Soul,
On joy,—the end—the goal
Of all endeavour!
But if earth's pains will rise,
(As damps will seek the skies,)
Then, Night, seal thou mine eyes.
In sleep, for ever!'—p. 10.

Let us critically examine the first stanza. In the opening line the writer calls upon the 'twilight *air*' to hide him. If the twilight could obey his request, it would be by reason of its *shade*, and not its *air*. Air is an element altogether devoid of colour, and therefore to ask its assistance for such a purpose is mere nonsense. From what is the twilight to hide him? From, amongst other things, 'all things foul or fair;' that is to say, from happy as well as unhappy thoughts. Yet in the very next stanza he supplicates for Elysian dreams! 'Fair,' then, must have been inserted merely for the sake of the rhyme. The line, 'No more my soul shall soar,' sounds so sharply, that we doubt if even the Chevalier Neükomm, a composer, according to Mr. Cornwall's authority, 'of the very first order,' could, by any combination of sounds, render it musical. The author, apparently doubtful of his jurisdiction over the 'twilight air,' after asking it to hide him from every thing foul or fair, concludes his stanza with an appeal to another power,—to do what? Exactly the same thing. 'Come *sleep*, and shut the door,' he says, in very humble prose, 'against pain and sorrow.' Here, then, is a repetition of the same idea, in the same stanza, in language not at

all calculated to improve the thought, to please the ear, or to satisfy the judgment.

We submit that the desire expressed in the second stanza, 'To watch and wander,' asks for two inconsistent things. He who *watches* ought not to wander; and he who really wishes to *wander* ought not to watch. The second part of the same stanza supposes a general acquaintance with the fact well known to naturalists, that the serpent occasionally renews its skin. We venture to say, that knowledge of this description is very limited; even if the contrary were the case, we should still object to the metaphor, as being too much studied for a song. In such a composition, we have a mortal dislike to a parenthesis. Mr. Cornwall should know, that 'to ponder' is a verb active, and that it is never used, in good writing, without some allusion to the matter pondered: as in this instance, from Dryden:—

" Intent he seemed
" And pondering *future things* of wond'rous weight.

Many use the verb with *on*, but incorrectly—an error which we find in the very next stanza—" Ponder *on* love, sweet soul." Is not 'the goal' altogether superfluous, as 'the end' immediately precedes it? Is not the whole song, in short, as bad a composition as ever was set to music?

We think, however, that the writer in some degree redeems his character in the two first stanzas of the song by which it is followed, which express in a very lively and appropriate measure the joyous feelings that spring in the hunter's breast on a fine autumnal morning.

'Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn:
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn:
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
Under the steaming steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady—So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn,—the horn!
The merry sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now,—Through the copse, where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So flieth the hunter, away,—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies and—the day is done!
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.
The horn,—the horn!
The merry bold voice of the hunter's horn.'

But as if to shew the facility with which even so practised a writer as Master Cornwall can slip down from the beautiful to the ludicrous, he, without any positive necessity, adds a third stanza, every line of which is as bad as any thing of the kind that has ever appeared in those ballads, which are purchased by the yard in the streets of London, or stuck up on a wall for sale. We need hardly mark the stupid phrases in Italics.

'Sound! sound the horn! To the hunter *good*,
What's the *gulley deep*, or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds,
Oh!—*what delight can a mortal lack*,
When once he is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups *short*, and his *snaffle strong*,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?'—p. 12.

The Exile's Farewell to Old England breathes much feeling: the diction is chaste and natural, and we fancy that it would be a matter of no great difficulty for a composer to translate it into pathetic music.

'Farewell Old England's shores!
Farewell her rugged men!
Now, sailors, strain your oars!
I ne'er will look again.
I've lived—I've sought—I've seen—
Oh, things I love too well,
Upon those shores of green:
So England! long farewell!
Farewell!

I go,—what matter where?
The Exile when he flies,
Thinks not of *other* air,—
Dreams not of *alien* skies:
He seeks but to depart
From the land he loves too well,—
From thoughts that smite his heart:
So, England! long farewell!
Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,
A lonelier man, I roam,
To seek some balm for pain,—
Perhaps to find a home:
I go,—but Time nor tide,
Nor all that tongue may tell,
Shall e'er from thee divide
My heart,—and so, farewell!
Old England, fare thee well!'—pp. 13, 14.

There are some verses upon a mother and child sleeping, which though really very beautiful, do not appear to us well calculated for music.

'Night gaze, but send no sound!
Fond heart, thy fondness keep!
Nurse Silence, wrap them round!
Breathe low;—they sleep, they sleep!

No wind! no murmuring showers!
No music, soft and deep!
No thoughts nor dreams of flowers!
All hence;—they sleep, they sleep!

Time's step is all unheard:
Heaven's stars bright silence keep:
No breath, no sigh, no word!
All's still;—they sleep, they sleep!

O Life! O Night! O Time!
Thus ever round them creep!
From pain, from hate, from crime,
E'er guard them, gentle Sleep!'—p. 14.

The author, possibly from association, appears to have been much pleased with his address to a wild cherry-tree. To us the verses seem exceedingly puerile. We should like to ask him what was his reason, while versifying his reflections on the 'common lot,' as he calls it, for introducing into each stanza, such inelegant rhymes, as 'lot,' 'not,'—'blot,' 'not,'—'hot,' 'not,'—'lot,' 'knot,'—'lot,' 'forgot?' It is undoubtedly often a graceful ornament in a song to repeat the same rhymes, but it is an essential condition that they should not be so uncouth as those which we have just cited. The 'Poet's Song to his Wife' is pretty and musical.

'How many Summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,

They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!'—p. 21.

The thought which suggested the stanzas beginning 'she was not fair nor full of grace,' came from a poetical source. The object is to give expression to that feeling which is left behind upon the departure of one to whose society we had been accustomed. Manner, a kind way of looking, or listening, may sometimes render a very ordinary person more engaging in the home circle, than a person of brilliant beauty or accomplishments. But we must confess, that while tracing the progress of this just and natural feeling through the stanzas in question, we were not prepared for the following strange simile:—

'Perhaps some grain lost to its sphere
Might cast the bright sun from his throne;
For all we know is—" She was here,"
And —" She hath flown!'

We do not understand the connection between the '*perhaps*' and the '*for*.' Has Mr. Procter ever *seen* the voice of the nightingale? If he have not, what does he mean by telling the bird,

'Thy voice is sweet,—is sad,—is clear,
And yet, methinks, 't should flow *unseen*.'

Has Master Barry Cornwall ever seen the wind? If he have not, may we ask him to interpret the hidden sense of the following line in his 31st ode, or song; 'On every *gust* that mocks the *eye*.' We admire a good glass of wine as much as he does, and therefore we feel much at a loss to understand how we could manage matters if we were to act upon his direction;

'Why doth the *bottle* stand, boys?
Let the *glass* run silent round.'

Now if the bottle were not to stand, and the glass were to be perpetually running round, we should be glad to have the problem solved, by what means the wine could find its way to its final destination? Under such circumstance, would it be unpardonable to take a drop from the bottle itself?

Wandering through these pages we light upon a 'Phantasy'—somewhat fantastic, perhaps, but delightful for the imagery which it summons around us.

'Feed her with the leaves of Love,—
(Love, the rose, that blossoms here)!
Music, gently 'round her move!
Bind her to the cypress near!
Weave her round and round,
With skeins of silken sound!
'Tis a little stricken deer,
Who doth from the hunter fly,
And comes here to droop,—to die,
Ignorant of her wound!

Soothe her with sad stories,
O poet, till she sleep!
Dreams, come forth with all your glories!
Night, breathe soft and deep!
Music, round her creep!
If she steal away to weep,
Seek her out,—and, when you find her,
Gentle, gentlest Music, wind her
Round and round,
Round and round,
With your bands of softest sound;
Such as we, at night-fall, hear
In the wizard forest near,
When the charmed Maiden sings
At the hidden springs!'—p. 51.

We were about to take a joyous bound from the first to the second part of these songs, when our critical eyes were attracted by some reflections on 'Life.' Now here, thought we, the poet becomes a philosopher, the philosopher a poet. He tells us some things which we knew before, as for instance, that we are born, we laugh, we weep, we love, we droop, we die!—but he gives a novelty to his subject by putting the questions, wherefore are we born, wherefore do we laugh, or weep, or love, or die? Alas! he knows not. It is a secret which we have yet to learn. But now comes the moral.

'We toil,—through pain and wrong;
We fight,—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.'

Oh! Barry, dear Barry! couldst thou not have discovered a more gentle mode of communicating to us this dreadful intelligence?

Part the second dashes forth amidst a gay flourish of stars and graces, the latter flying about in all directions; one of the fair damsels seems to be walking the skies with her head downwards, while the others seem to be at a game of romps. At first, we read the following spirited lines under the impression that they were expressive of the feelings of these various figurantes:—

'How gallantly, how merrily
We ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free:
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.'

But when we went on a little further, we found that we were under a mistake, and that the whole ballad was intended to describe the return of a man of war from the scene of victory; and although it is open in some parts to severe criticism, as the shout

to the shark, and the turning of the Admiral into clay, yet we must admit the piece to be written with considerable power.

'All nature knows our triumph:
Strange birds about us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep:
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark—
Oh, proud must be our Admiral
Of such a bonny barque!

Proud, proud must be our Admiral,
(Though he is pale to-day,)
Of twice five hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey;
Who've fought for him, and conquered,—
Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility! which he shall have
Whene'er he touch the shore.

Oh! would I were our Admiral,
To order, with a word,—
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
And strait rise up a lord!
I'd shout e'en to yon' shark, there,
Who follows in our lee,
"Some day, I'll make thee carry me,
Like lightning through the sea."

—The Admiral grew paler,
And paler as we flew:
Still talked he to his officers,
And smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up at the heavens,
And he looked down on the sea,
And at last he spied the creature,
That kept following in our lee.

He shook—'twas but an instant—
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied:
It threw boldness on his forehead;
Gave firmness to his breath;
And he stood like some grim warrior
New risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay;
And we knew our old fine Admiral
Was changing into clay;
And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,

And a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows in our lee!

'Till dawn we watched the body
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset,
It was slung into the deep!
And never, from that moment,—
Save *one* shudder through the sea,
Saw we (or heard) the shark
That had followed in our lee!'—pp. *55—57.*

The song of 'Babylon,' we perceive, has been set to music by Mr. H. Phillips. It is worthy of a fine sacred strain; the thoughts are lofty, so is the diction in which they are clothed.

'(*Recitative.*)
Pause in this desert! Here men say, of old
Belshazzar reigned, and drank from cups of gold;
Here, to his hideous idols, bowed the slave,
And here—God struck him dead!
. . . . Where lies his grave?
'Tis lost!—His brazen gates? his soaring towers,
From whose dark tops men watched the starry hours?—
All to the dust gone down! The desert bare
Scarce yields an echo when we question "*Where?*"
The lonely herdsman seeks in vain the spot;
And the black wandering Arab knows it not.
No brick, nor fragment lingereth now, to tell
Where Babylon (mighty city!) rose and fell!

(*Air.*)
O City, vast and old!
Where, where is thy grandeur fled?
The stream that around thee rolled,
Still rolls in its ancient bed!
But where, oh, where art THOU *gone?*
Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!

The Giant, when he dies,
Still leaves his bones behind,
To shrink in the winter skies,
And whiten beneath the wind!
But where, oh, where art THOU *gone?*
Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!

Thou liv'st!—for thy name still glows,
A light in the desert skies;
As the fame of the hero grows
Thrice trebled because he dies!
Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!—pp. 85, 86.

It may be said that our remarks upon these songs have been written in a spirit of minute criticism. It will be said with truth. Little things must be looked at through a microscope. We have

not withheld our cheerful praise where praise was due, and if we have exposed some of the faults which pervade this collection of songs, we have done so for the purpose of hinting to Mr. Procter, that he has not, as yet at least, succeeded in supplying that great desideratum, a body of lyrics truly English. We do not remember more than one or two of his compositions which do not apply, nationally speaking, just as much to America as they do to this country. The great majority of them are conversant with feelings and sentiments which are common to all mankind, and do not even pretend to afford us the slightest idea of the English character. As if to crown the absurdity of the plan, most of those which have been set to music, have received that honour from the talents of a foreigner!

ART. VI.—*A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation: illustrated with Maps.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. 8vo. pp. 1143. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

BY encouraging the reduction to an encyclopædic form of the arts of agriculture and horticulture, and the science of botany, Messrs. Longman and Co. have contributed very much to facilitate the general diffusion of the great improvements, which have taken place in those pursuits within the last twenty-five years. It would be folly to suppose, that in sending forth such publications to the world, those respectable publishers had not for their principal object the interest of their trade. But it requires also no common spirit of enterprise to undertake works of this description, the paper and printing of which, without mentioning copyright, or other expences, demand the advance of a large capital, and that too with the risk of perhaps no adequate return being made for several years. In producing the Dictionary of Commerce now before us, they have added to their catalogue another encyclopædia, which can hardly fail to meet with the most extensive patronage in a commercial country. When we look at the quantity and variety of the matter which it contains; when we consider the difficulties that must have attended the collection, the elucidation, the methodical arrangement, and the adaptation to the existing state of the world, of the many topics which it embraces, and find that the whole, with some few exceptions, have been executed by the single, though practised hand of Mr. M'Culloch, we cannot but feel that he has entitled himself to the greatest praise, not only for the industry, but the eminent ability which he has displayed throughout his immense labours. We trace the presence of his vigorous and well informed mind in almost every article of importance. We seldom perceive him drudging in his task like a mere compiler; on the contrary, he has applied his well known powers to the discussion of many topics of a highly interesting nature in a com-

mercial point of view, and even where mere statement from the authorities was necessary, he has abridged whatever ceased to be of much value, and rendered luminous what was obscure.

A complete modern dictionary of commerce was a desideratum in our repositories of knowledge. The first work of the kind was Savary's, published in Paris, in three folio volumes, during the early part of the last century. It is a very valuable production for the facts which it contains, being compiled in a great measure from memoirs which were sent to the author, under the orders of government, by the inspectors of manufactures in France, and the French consuls in foreign countries. But the principles upon which it is based are now quite exploded, and the size of the work, which besides embraces a great deal of matter foreign to its title, would alone render it inaccessible for ordinary purposes. The celebrated Abbé Morellet had projected a new Commercial Dictionary; but though it is understood that he collected a vast mass of materials, he never made any progress in printing beyond the prospectus, which held out the promise of a work much superior to that of Savary in every respect. His ideas were in some measure acted upon by the editors of the Encyclopédie Méthodique, who rendered three volumes of that publication a commercial dictionary, which was published at Paris, in 1783. We have had in England four successive works of a similar nature, of considerable merit, but we quite agree with Mr. M'Culloch, in thinking that they left "ample room and verge enough" for his labours, and that much of the ground upon which he has entered had been altogether unpreoccupied.

He presents to his readers copious accounts of the various articles which form the subject matter of commercial transactions, giving not only the English but the foreign appellation, which it has fallen within our own experience to know will be to many London merchants a very essential convenience; the foreign tariffs often presenting the names of articles not generally understood except by persons thoroughly conversant with the languages. The tests by means of which the goodness of commodities may be ascertained, their prices for a lengthened period, and interesting historical notices concerning them, are given in an authentic form. Under the article 'Commerce,' its nature, principles, objects, and the policy by which it ought to be guided, are fully explained. Many of the ideas expressed in that article are repeated in different parts of the work under particular titles, but this repetition was perhaps unavoidable in a dictionary; and it will hardly be perceived by the great body of readers, who seldom consult more than one or two articles at a time, and who will doubtless be pleased to have before them in a compendious shape, such considerations as bear directly upon the subject to which they happen to turn. The laws of commercial navigation are also fully and clearly brought under the notice of the reader, as well as the principles and practice

of commercial arithmetic and accounts; the means that have been adopted for extending and facilitating trade at home and abroad,—the advantages and disadvantages of companies,—the excise and customs' regulations,—the principal emporiums with which this country carries on intercourse, and a variety of other subjects of a miscellaneous description. The authorities upon which any statements are given are carefully quoted, and the work is illustrated by maps, which we are assured have been corrected to the latest date, and add materially to the general value of the dictionary. It is printed in a clear and beautiful type, and forms a thick volume of upwards of eleven hundred pages. Though it looks somewhat unwieldy to the eye, yet it should be remembered, that no work of this kind, to be useful, could be well compressed into a smaller size. By this typographical economy, these eleven hundred pages are made to contain perhaps more matter than can be found in four or five quarto volumes printed in a different style.

In selecting specimens of the contents of this excellent work, we shall confine ourselves to articles of a popular character, and amongst these few are of more pressing interest than such as relate to literature. The time is not merely approaching, it has already arrived, when it ought to be considered the duty of Parliament to revise, and altogether to recast the laws existing upon this subject. It is very well known that we have given all the encouragement in our power to the cheap publications, which have sprung up so rapidly in this country since the commencement of the present year. Few of these publications could possibly have prospered, if the desire for useful information had not prevailed amongst us to a very great extent. It is the duty of the legislature to gratify that desire in every possible way, and, consequently, to regulate the channels through which information is to be transmitted. But while the rights of cheap literature are to be consulted and provided for, the men of intelligence, from whom the best description of literature emanates, ought not to be left liable to injury and spoliation. Something should be done to prevent a paper, such as "The Thief," for instance, a name which it has well earned, from retailing on the Saturday for twopence, the best portions of a book which was published on the previous Wednesday at the price of one guinea. There have been several books published this year which are well worth that price, and which could not have been sold under it, if the publisher meant to pay the author and himself a fair remuneration for their respective labours. Are they to be sacrificed to the interests of the proprietor of "The Thief," who, without even professing to review a work, gives out very nearly the whole of it in successive numbers? If the public can thus obtain for fourpence or sixpence, the cream of a book which they could not buy under a guinea, is it to be expected that they will purchase it? Certainly not. What then is the consequence? The author is deprived of his just earnings, and the publisher of his

fair reward. Is this just? Nay, is it for the real benefit of the community?

The question is one of great importance, to which we may perhaps return. We shall content ourselves at present with giving Mr. M'Culloch's idea upon the state of the book trade, prefixing to it his historical account of copyright.

'For a considerable time after the invention of printing, no questions seem to have occurred with respect to copyrights; this was occasioned by the early adoption of the licensing system. Governments soon perceived the vast importance of the powerful engine that had been brought into the field; and they endeavoured to avail themselves of its energies by interdicting the publication of all works not previously licensed by authority. During the continuation of this system, piracy was effectually prevented. The licensing act (13 and 14 Chas. 2nd, c. 2), and the previous acts and proclamations, to the same effect, prohibited the printing of any books without consent of the owner, as well as without a license. In 1694, the licensing act finally expired, and the press then became really free. Instead, however, of the summary methods for obtaining redress for any invasion of their property enjoyed by them under the licensing acts, authors were now left to defend their rights at *common law*; and as no author or bookseller could procure any redress for a piracy at common law, except in so far as he could *prove damage*, property in books was virtually annihilated; it being, in most cases, impossible to prove the sale of one printed copy out of a hundred. Under these circumstances, applications were made to Parliament for an act to protect literary property, by granting some speedy and effectual method of preventing the sale of spurious copies. In consequence, the statute 8 Anne, c. 19, was passed, securing to authors and their assignees the exclusive right of printing their books for fourteen years certain, from the day of publication, with a contingent fourteen years, provided the author were alive at the expiration of the first term. Persons printing books protected by this act, without the consent of the authors or their assignees, were to forfeit the pirated copies, and one penny for every sheet of the same. Such books as were not entered at Stationers' Hall were excluded from the benefit of this act.

'It has been customary for some time previous to this period, for the libraries of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, &c., to get a copy of most books entered at Stationers' Hall; and the act of Anne made it imperative, that one copy of all works entitled to its protection, should be delivered to the following libraries; viz. the Royal Library, now transferred to the British Museum; the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge; the libraries of the four Scotch Universities; the library of Sion College, London; and that of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh;—in all *nine* copies.

'The act of Anne did not put to rest the questions as to copyrights. The authors contended that it did not affect their natural ownership, and that they, or their assignees, were entitled to proceed at common law against those who pirated their works after the period mentioned in the statute had expired. The publishers of spurious edititions resisted these pretensions, and contended that there was either no right of property, at common law, in the productions of the mind; or, that supposing such a right to have existed, it was superseded by the statute of Anne. There

was some difference of opinion in the courts as to these points; but Lord Mansfield, Mr. Justice Blackstone, and the most eminent judges were favourable to the claims of the authors. However, it was finally decided, upon an appeal to the House of Lords in 1774, that an action could not be maintained for pirating a copyright after the term specified in the statute.

'The act of Queen Anne referred only to Great Britain; but in 1801, its provisions were extended to Ireland; the penalty, exclusive of forfeiture on printing, or importing books without consent of the proprietor, was also increased from a penny to threepence a sheet. In return for this concession, two additional copies of all works entered at Stationers' Hall were to be delivered, one to Trinity College, Dublin, and one to the King's Inns, Dublin.

'Every one must be satisfied, that fourteen years exclusive possession is far too short a period to indemnify the author of a work, the composition of which has required any considerable amount of labour and research; though twenty-eight years is, perhaps, all things considered, as proper a period as could be fixed upon. Now, the grand defect of the statute of Anne consisted in its making the right to the exclusive possession for twenty-eight years, contingent on the fact of a person having lived a day more or less than fourteen years after the publication of his work. This was making the enjoyment of an important right dependant on a mere accidental circumstance, over which man has no control. Could any thing be more oppressive and unjust, than to hinder an author from bequeathing that property to his widow and children, that would have belonged to himself had he been alive? Nothing, indeed, as it appears to us, can be more obvious than the justice of extending all copyrights to the same period, whether the authors be dead or not.

'But, though the extreme hardship, not to say injustice, of the act of Queen Anne had been repeatedly pointed out, its provisions were continued down to 1814, when the existing copyright act (54 Geo. 3rd c. 156) was passed. This act extended the duration of all copyrights, whether the authors were dead or alive, to twenty-eight years certain; with the further provision, that if the author should be alive at the end of that period, he should enjoy the copyright during the residue of his life.'—pp. 128—130.

He next discusses the expediency of limiting copyrights to twenty-eight years.

'It is argued by many that copyrights should be made perpetual; that were this done, men of talent and learning would devote themselves much more readily than at present to the composition of works requiring great labour; inasmuch as the copyright of such works, if perpetual, would be an adequate provision for a family. But we doubt much whether these anticipations would be realised. Most books or manuscripts are purchased by the booksellers, or published upon the presumption that there will immediately be a considerable demand for them, and we apprehend that when copyrights are secured for eight-and-twenty years certain, very little more would be given for them were they made perpetual. When an annuity, or the rent or profit arising out of any fixed and tangible property, with respect to which there can be no risk, is sold, if the number of years for which it is to continue be considerable, the price which it is worth, and which it fetches, does not differ materially from what it would bring were it

perpetual. But the copyright of an unpublished work is, of all descriptions of property in which to speculate, the most hazardous; and the chances of reaping contingent advantages from it at the distance of eight-and-twenty years, would be worth very little indeed.

'Those who write books, and those who publish them, calculate on their obtaining a ready and extensive sale, and on their being indemnified in a few years. Very few authors, and still fewer booksellers, are disposed to look forward to so distant a period as eight-and-twenty years for remuneration. They are mostly all sanguine enough to suppose that a much shorter term will enable them to reap a full harvest of fame and profit from the publication; and we doubt much whether there be one case in a hundred, in which an author would obtain a larger sum for a perpetual copyright, than for one that is to continue for the period stipulated in the late act.

'But while the making of copyrights perpetual would not, as it appears to us, be of any material advantage to the authors, there are good grounds for thinking that it would be disadvantageous to the public. Suppose an individual calculates a table of logarithisms to five or seven places, if his computations be correct, no improvement can be made upon them, to the extent at least to which they go; but is he or his assignees to be entitled in all time to come, to prevent other individuals from publishing similar tables, on the ground of an invasion of private property? Such a pretension could not be admitted without leading to the most mischievous consequences; and yet there is no real ground (though the courts have attempted to make one) on which the claim in question, and others of the same description, could be resisted, were copyrights made perpetual, and placed in all respects on the same footing as other property. We therefore are clearly of opinion, that good policy suggests the limitation of the exclusive right of printing and publishing literary works to such a reasonable period, as may secure to authors the greater part of the profit to be derived from their works; and that this period being expired, they should become public property. Perhaps the period of twenty-eight years might be advantageously extended to thirty-five, or forty, but we are satisfied that more injury than profit would result to literature by extending it beyond that term. In France, copyrights continue for twenty years after the death of the author. In most of the German states they are perpetual; but this hardly indemnifies the authors for the ease with which spurious copies may be obtained from other states.'—pp. 131, 132.

We agree with Mr. M'Culloch in his objections to a perpetual, or even a very protracted copyright. We are not inclined to suppose that an author would obtain 5*l.* more for his manuscript, if he sold it for forty instead of twenty-eight years. Most books, those of a standard description alone excepted, are completely forgotten at the expiration of that, or indeed of a much shorter period. And as to standard works, who can with certainty predict, when buying or selling them, whether new productions are ever to receive the honours of immortality? We think that upon this part of the question there can be no difficulty.

But perhaps the authors and publishers too have more reason to complain of the excessively disproportioned taxes which are imposed

upon literature. Mr. M'Culloch has inserted in this work tabular statements, drawn up by an eminently competent authority, Mr. Rees, of the firm of Longman & Co., which place this subject in the clearest point of view. He gives first an estimate of the expenses attending the publication of a volume in octavo of five hundred pages, from which it appears that supposing all the copies, not presented to the public libraries and the public journals, to have been sold, and all the expenses paid, there will be a residue of no more than 22*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* to remunerate both author and publisher, that is to say, dividing profits equally, 11*l.* 4*s.* 11½*d.* each! But it is a very well known fact, that in the great majority of cases, and those too embracing works of the most elaborate and meritorious description, frequently not two hundred and fifty copies are sold, the consequence of which is that the author, and often the publisher, have to suffer severely for their united endeavours to enlighten the mind of the nation. Now will it be believed that the duty charged upon the paper, the boarding, and the advertising of such a work as that above mentioned, actually amounts to within a few pounds of the whole cost of the paper. The cost of paper is estimated at 38*l.* 10*s.*; the total of duty is 31*l.* 16*s.* This duty the government receives, be it observed, whether the work sells or not. Thus the government puts into its pocket, and takes out of that of the author, a sum which ought to contribute to his remuneration. Similar estimates are given with respect to books of the same size, of which seven hundred and fifty and one thousand copies are printed, and all sold, and in each case we find that the duties operate, though of course in a less severe degree, to the serious prejudice of the author, whose interests ought in fact to be consulted chiefly, and in the first instance. For what he writes is the production of his mind, and any tax directly operating to restrain the circulation of his ideas, is in itself a sin against the propagation of knowledge. Let us hear Mr. M'Culloch's further observations on this subject.

'These statements set the oppressive operation of the taxes on literature in a very striking point of view. Where the edition is an average one of 750 copies, the duties amount to about a *fifth*, or *twenty per cent.* of the cost of the edition; and whether the edition consist of 500, 750, or even 1000 copies, *the duties invariably amount to more than the entire remuneration of the author.*

'It is essential, however, to bear in mind, that the previous statements show only how the duties affect books where the *entire impression is sold off at the full publication price;* but this *seldom happens.* Excluding pamphlets, it may be truly affirmed, that at an average, the original impression of half the books printed is hardly ever sold off, except at a ruinous reduction of price. Now if we suppose in the previous example of an edition of 750 copies, that only 625 instead of 725 were sold, the result would be that only 44*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* would remain as profit to the author and publisher, and as a compensation for interest, the risk of bad debts, &c. Were only 525 copies sold, the cost would not be more than balanced, and there would be nothing whatever to remunerate the author for his labour, or the book-

seller for the use of his capital! The mere possibility of such a supposition being realised would be a sufficient ground for a revision of the duties; but in point of fact, such cases, instead of being merely possible or rare, are *of every day occurrence!*

'There is a radical difference between the demand for books, or food for the mind, and food for the body. The latter is always sure, under any circumstances, to command a sale. The demand for it is comparatively constant; it cannot be dispensed with. If a tax be laid on malt, hats, or shoes, it will perhaps somewhat lessen the demand for these articles: but the quantities of them brought to market in future will sell for such an advanced price, as will leave the customary rate of profit to their purchasers, But with books the case is altogether different. The taste for them is proverbially capricious; so much so, that the most sagacious individuals are every day deceived in their anticipations as to the success of new works, and even as to the sale of new editions. But if a book do not take, it is so very ruinous an affair, that a publisher is glad to dispose of the greater part of an impression at a fourth or fifth part of its regular price; and is often, indeed, obliged to sell it as *waste paper* to the trunkmaker or tobacconist.

'On a late investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern, it was found, that of one hundred and thirty works published by it in a given time, *fifty had not paid their expenses.* Of the eighty that did pay, thirteen only had arrived at a second edition; but in most instances these second editions had not been profitable. In general, it may be estimated, that of the books published a *fourth* do not pay their expenses; and that only *one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage.* As respects pamphlets, we know that we are within the mark when we affirm, that not *one in fifty* pays the expenses of its publication!

'Now when such is the fact, can any thing be more glaringly unjust, than to impose the same duty on all works before they are published? In a *very few* cases, such duty may fall principally on the buyers, and be only a reasonable deduction from the profits of the author and publisher; but in a vast number more it swallows them up entirely; and in very many cases there are no profits for the duty to absorb, so that it *falls wholly on the capital of the unfortunate author or publisher.* Were the judges of the courts of law to decide cases by a throw of the dice, there would be quite as much of reason and justice in their decisions as there has been in the proceedings of our finance ministers as to taxes on literature. If books *must* be taxed, let publishers be put under the *surveillance* of the excise; let them be obliged to keep an account of the books they sell, and let them be taxed accordingly; but do not let the loss arising from an unsuccessful literary speculation—and more than half such speculations are unsuccessful—be aggravated to a ruinous degree by the pressure of a system of taxation, than which there is nothing, even in Algiers, more oppressive.

'The reduction of the advertisement duty will do something to lessen their injustice. But the relief is most inadequate. It acknowledges without correcting the evil. Instead of being reduced, the advertisement duty ought to have been entirely repealed. It only amounts to about 170,000*l.* a year; and there cannot be a doubt that the loss of revenue occasioned by its repeal, and by the repeal of half the paper duty, would at no distant period be made up by the greater productiveness of the remaining duty on paper, resulting from its greater consumption. The advertisement duty

presses very severely on all sorts of works, but particularly on pamphlets: it may, indeed, be said to have utterly destroyed the latter class of publications, in so far, at least, as they are a source of profit.

'But we object altogether to the imposition of taxes on books previously to their being published. It is not possible, for the reasons already stated, that such taxes can be otherwise than *unjust*. This objection to them might indeed be removed, by imposing the duties according to the number and value of the copies actually sold. Still such duties must, however imposed, by raising the price of books, and preventing the diffusion of knowledge among the poorer and least instructed classes, be in the utmost degree injurious, at the same time that they can never be rendered considerably productive. They seem, in fact, to have every quality that taxes ought not to have, and hardly one that they ought to have.

'The delivery of *eleven* copies to public libraries is exceedingly burdensome upon the more expensive class of works, of which small impressions only can be printed: eleven copies of such works would, in many instances, be a very fair profit for the author; and the obligation to make such a sacrifice has frequently indeed caused their publication to be abandoned. A tax of this sort would not be tolerable, even were it imposed for a public purpose; but such is not the object of its imposition. Though called *public*, the libraries which receive the eleven copies are, with the exception of the British Museum, private establishments, belonging to particular corporations or institutions, and *accessible only to their members*. Why, when an author produces a book, should he be compelled to bestow copies of it on the lawyers of Edinburgh and Dublin, and on the Universities? On what principle can these bodies pretend to demand from him a portion of his property? Perhaps it might be expedient, in order to ensure the preservation of every work, that copies of it should be deposited, one in London, one in Edinburgh, and one in Dublin. Even this would be calling upon authors to make a considerable sacrifice for the public advantage. But to call upon them to sacrifice *ten* copies exclusive of that given to the British Museum, for the benefit of so many *private institutions*, is a proceeding utterly at variance with every principle of justice.

'The law of other countries is, in this respect, far preferable to ours. In America, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, only *one* copy of any work is required from the author; in France and Austria *two* copies are required; and in the Netherlands *three*. The governments of the most despotical states treat authors better than they have hitherto been treated by the legislature of England.'—pp. 133—135.

We are happy to find in a work destined, we hope, to obtain an extensive circulation, opinions upon this very important subject, which coincide in every respect with our own. We trust that they will be treated with attention in the proper quarter, for it is impossible that the book trade of this country can long continue to be maintained upon a respectable footing, unless the whole question be speedily taken up, and settled in a satisfactory manner.

The article Bordeaux, in which the wine trade of that city is treated of at considerable length, affords the author an opportunity of discussing the principles of commercial law which prevail in France, and of exposing the erroneous views upon which they are founded.

It is a case strongly in point. The foreign wine trade of that country is susceptible almost of indefinite extension. The annual exports from Bordeaux alone exceed in value, upon the average, two millions sterling. But instead of endeavouring to increase this trade, the various governments of France have uniformly done every thing in their power to restrict it, by their prohibitions, or, in other words, the excessive duties which they have imposed on the manufactures and produce of other nations.

The historical sketch of bread contains much curious matter. The use of that article is traced from the days of Abraham, when we know that unleavened bread was used, to the present time. The Egyptians ground their corn by hand mills; the Romans for a long time roasted their wheat, and pounded it in mortars. Yeast seems to have been used by the Germans and Gauls before it was known to the Romans; the latter, as well as the Greeks, leavened their bread by intermixing the fresh dough with that which had become stale. It is an odd, but striking, proof of the tenacity with which professional men, or indeed any set of men bound together by a corporate spirit, adhere to prejudice, that the physicians in Paris universally dnounced yeast as unwholesome, when it was first introduced. They even succeeded in getting it prohibited under the severest penalties. Yeast is now universally acknowledged to be one of the most salubrious ingredients, which go to compose the most essential article of our daily food. It is stated in a work of some authority, that "about the middle of the last century, hardly any wheat was used in the northern counties; that in Cumberland, the principal families used only a small quantity about Christmas, and that even the crusts of their goose pies were almost uniformly made of barley meal." We need only look about us to observe the wonderful improvement, which has taken place amongst all classes of our community, in this respect.

Of glass, another article in common use, the following historical notice is given:—

'The manufacture of glass is one of the very highest beauty and utility. It is most probable that we are indebted for this wonderful art, as we are for the gift of letters, to the Phœnicians. According to Pliny, (*Hist. Nat.* lib. xxxvi. c. 26.) glass had been made for many ages, of sand found near the mouth of the small river Belus, in Phœnicia. "The report," says he, "is, that the crew of a merchant ship laden with nitre, (fossil alkali) having used some pieces of it to support the kettles, placed on the fires they had made on the sand, were surprised to see pieces formed of a translucent substance, or glass. This was a sufficient hint for the manufacture. Ingenuity (*astuta et ingeniosa solertia*) was immediately at work, to improve the process thus happily suggested. Hence, the magnetical stone came to be added, from an idea that it contained not only iron, but glass. They also used clear pebbles, shells, and fossil sand. Indian glass is said to be formed of native crystal, and is, on that account, superior to every other. Phœnician glass is prepared with light dry wood, to which

copper and nitre are added, the last being principally brought from Ophir. It is occasionally tinged with different colours. Sometimes it is brought to the desired shape by being blown; sometimes, by being ground on a lathe; and sometimes it is embossed like silver. Sidon," he adds, "is famous for this manufacture. It was there that mirrors were first invented." In Pliny's time, glass was made in Italy, of fine sand, on the shore between Cumæ and the Lucrine bay.

'Glass was manufactured at Rome into various articles of convenience and ornament. Pliny mentions, that Nero gave 6,000 sesterces (50,000*l.* according to the ordinary method of reckoning) for two glass cups, each having two handles. These, however, must have been of an immense size, and of exquisite workmanship, for glass was then in common use for drinking vessels, and was used even in the form of bottles, in which to keep wine.—(*Mart. Epig.* lib. ii. 22, 40, and lib. iv. 86.)

'There is no authentic evidence of glass being used in windows, previously to the third or fourth century; and then, and for long after, it was used only in churches, and other public buildings. In this country, even so late as the latter part of the sixteenth century, glass was very rarely met with. In a survey of Alnwick castle, made in 1573, it is stated, "And, because, throwe extreme winds, the glasse of the windowes of this and other my lord's castles and houses, here in the country, doothe decay and waste, yt were good, the whole leights of everie windowe, at the departure of his lordshippe from lying at any of his said castels and houses, and dowring the tyme of his lordship's absence, or others lying in them, were taken downe and lade up in safety; and at sooche tyme as other his lordshippe, or anie other, sholde lye at anie of the said places, the same might then be set uppe of newe, with small charges, whereas now the decaye thereof shall be verie costlie and chargeable to be repayed."—(*North. Housh.* book xvii.) Sir F. M. Eden thinks it probable that glass windows were not introduced into farmhouses in England much before the reign of King James I. They are mentioned in a lease in 1615, in a parish in Suffolk. In Scotland, however, as late as 1661, the windows of ordinary country-houses were not glazed, and only the upper parts of even those in the king's palaces had glass; the lower ones having two wooden shutters to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. From a passage in Harrison's Description of England, it may be inferred that glass was introduced into country-houses in the reign of Henry VIII. He says, "Of old time," (meaning, probably, the beginning of the century), oure countrie-houses, instead of glasse, did use much lattice, and that made either of wicker, or fine rifts of oke, in checkerwise. I read also that some of the better sort, in and before the time of the Saxons, did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in wooden calmes (casements); but as horne in windows is now (1584) quite laid downe in everie place, so our lattices are also growne into disuse, because glasse is come to be so plentiful, and within verie little so good, cheaper, if not better, than the other." Glass is now introduced into the windows of almost every cottage of Great Britain, and, in this cold damp climate, it ought rather to be considered as a necessary of life than as the most elegant and useful of conveniences. What Dr. Johnson has said as to glass, deserves to be quoted:—"By some fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to produce a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light

of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him, at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another, with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light; enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself."—(*Rambler*, No. 9.)

'Venice for a long time excelled all Europe in the manufacture of glass, but was subsequently rivalled by France. The manufacture was early introduced into England, but it was not carried on to any extent previously to the sixteenth century. The first plates for looking-glasses and coach windows, were made in 1673, at Lambeth, by Venetian artists, under the protection of the Duke of Buckingham. The British plate glass company was incorporated in 1773, when it erected its extensive works at Ravenshead, near St. Helen's, Lancashire. The manufacture was at first conducted by workmen from France, whence we had previously brought all our plate glass. But that which is now made at Ravenshead, at Liverpool, and London, is equal or superior to any imported from the continent.'—pp. 560—561.

It is calculated, that the value of the glass annually manufactured in Great Britain amounts to not less than two millions sterling, and that the trade gives employment to upwards of fifty thousand workmen in various departments.

The history of the Hanseatic league is well condensed in an article devoted to that interesting subject. That celebrated commercial federation attained its highest degree of power and splendour, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It then governed from sixty to eighty cities, and its decrees were enforced with great vigour. It produced some of the wealthiest merchants of modern times, and might have existed, perhaps, to the present day, had not the separate and opposed interests of rival cities given rise to jealousies which terminated in the dissolution of the league. Its existence, moreover, became the less necessary, when the light of civilization had spread more equally over the northern nations. So long as those countries were in a state of barbarism, it was necessary for the cities which depended on trade, and flourished with it, to assist in protecting each other against the inroads of piracy by sea, or plunder upon land.

Under the head of Imports and Exports, the reader will find a series of tables, which will enable him to form clear ideas upon that very complicated subject.

The details given under the head of 'Insurance,' are full of interest, even for non-commercial persons. We have some reason to know the truth of the author's remark, that, although the advantages derived from the practice of insuring against losses by sea

and land are very great, they are not altogether unmixed with evil. It has certainly given security to the merchant, but it has, on the other hand, very much relaxed 'that vigilant attention to the protection of property which the fear of its loss is sure otherwise to excite. This, however, is not its worst effect. The records of our courts, and the experience of all who are largely engaged in the business of insurance, too clearly prove that ships have been repeatedly sunk, and houses burned, in order to defraud the insurers.' A very important branch of the insurance system is that relating to human life; the author's remark upon it are conveyed in remarkably clear and intelligible language, and come home to the "business and bosom" of every man who has a family to provide for.

'The business of life insurance has been carried on to a far greater extent in Great Britain than in any other country, and has since been productive of the most beneficial effects. Life insurances are of various kinds. Individuals, without any very near connections, and possessing only a limited fortune, are sometimes desirous, or are, sometimes from the necessity of their situation, obliged annually to encroach on their capitals. But should the life of such persons be extended beyond the ordinary term of existence, they might be totally unprovided for in old age; and to secure themselves against this contingency, they pay to an insurance company, the whole or part of their capital, on condition of its guaranteeing them, as long as they live, a certain annuity, proportioned partly of course to the amount of the sum paid, and partly to their age when they buy the annuity. But though sometimes serviceable to individuals, it may be questioned whether insurances of this sort are, in a public point of view, really advantageous. So far as their influence extends, its obvious tendency is to weaken the principles of accumulation, to stimulate individuals to consume their capitals during their own life, without thinking or caring about the interest of their successors. Were such a practice to become general, it would be productive of the most extensively ruinous consequences. The interest which most men take in the welfare of their families and friends, affords indeed a pretty strong security against its becoming injuriously prevalent. There can however be little doubt that this selfish practice may be strengthened by adventitious means; such, for example, as the opening of government loans in the shape of life annuities, or in the still more objectionable form of tontines. But where no extrinsic stimulus of this sort is given to it, there do not seem to be any very good grounds for thinking that the sale of annuities by private individuals or associations, can materially weaken the principle of accumulation.

'Luckily, however, the species of insurance now referred to, is but inconsiderable, compared with that which has accumulation for its object. All professional persons, or persons living on salaries or wages, such as lawyers, physicians ,military and naval officers, clerks in public or private offices, &c., whose incomes must of course terminate with their lives, and a host of others who are either not possessed of capital, or cannot dispose of their capital at pleasure, must naturally be desirous of providing, so far as they may be able, for the comfortable subsistence of their families in the event of their death. Take, for example, a physician or lawyer without

fortune, but making perhaps £1000, or £2000 a-year by his business; suppose he marries and has a family; if this individual attain to the average duration of human life, he may accumulate such a fortune as will provide for the adequate support of his family at his death. But who can presume to say that such will be the case?—that he will not be one of the many exceptions to the general rule?—and suppose he were hurried into an untimely grave, his family would necessarily be destitute. Now it is against such calamitous contingencies that life insurance is intended chiefly to provide. An individual possessing an income terminating at his death, agrees to pay a certain sum annually to an insurance office; and this office binds itself to pay to his family at his death, a sum equivalent, under deduction of the expenses of management, and the profits of the insurers, to what these annual contributions accumulated at compound interest, would amount to, supposing the insured to reach the common and average term of human life. Though he were to die the day after the insurance has been effected, his family would be as amply provided for as it is likely they would be by his accumulations, were his life of the ordinary duration. In all cases, indeed, in which those insured die before attaining to an average age, their gain is obvious. But even in those cases in which their lives are prolonged beyond the ordinary term, they are not losers—they then merely pay for a security which they must otherwise have been without. During the whole period, from the time when they effect their insurances down to the time when they arrive at the mean duration of human life, they are protected against the risk of dying without leaving their families sufficiently provided for; and the sum which they pay after having passed this mean term, is nothing more than a fair compensation for the security they previously enjoyed. Of those who insure houses against fire, a very small proportion have occasion to claim an indemnity for losses actually sustained, but the possession of a security against loss in the event of accident, is a sufficient motive to induce every prudent individual to insure his property. The case of life insurance is in no respect different. When established on a proper footing, the extra sums which those pay whose lives exceed the estimated duration, is but the value of the previous security.

'In order so to adjust the terms of an insurance, that the party insuring may neither pay too much nor too little, it is necessary that the probable duration of human life at every different age, should be calculated with as much accuracy as possible.

'This probable duration, or, as it is frequently termed, expectation of life, means the period when the chances that a person of a given age will be alive, are precisely equal to those that he will be dead. The result deduced from the observations made to determine this period in different countries and places, have been published in the form of tables, and insurances are calculated by referring to them. Thus in the table of the expectation of life at Carlisle, framed by Mr. Milne, of the Sun Life Office, and which is believed to represent the average law of mortality in England with very considerable accuracy, the probable future life of a person of thirty years of age, is thirty-four years and four months; or, in other words, it has been found by observations carefully made at Carlisle, that at an average, *half* the individuals of *thirty* years of age attain the age of sixty-four years and four months. If, therefore, an individual of thirty years of age were to insure a sum payable at his death, the insurers who adopt the Carlisle table,

would assume that he would live for thirty-four years and a third, and would make their calculations on that footing. If he did not live so long, the insurers would lose by the transaction; and if he lived longer, they would gain proportionally. But if their business be so extensive as to enable the law of average fully to apply, what they lose by premature death, will be balanced by the payments received from those whose lives are prolonged beyond the ordinary degree of probability, so that the profits of the society will be wholly independent of chance.

'Besides the vast advantage of that security against disastrous contingencies, afforded by the practice of life insurance, it has an obvious tendency to strengthen habits of accumulation. An individual who has insured a sum on his life, would forfeit all the advantages of the insurance, were he not to continue regularly to make his annual payments. It is not therefore optional with him to save a sum from his ordinary expenditure adequate for this purpose. He is compelled, under a heavy penalty, to do so; and having thus been led to contract a habit of saving to a certain extent, it is most probable that the habit will acquire additional strength, and that he will either insure an additional sum, or privately accumulate.'—pp. 641, 642.

We have already alluded to the necessity that exists for some essential alterations in the actual state of the law respecting literary property in its higher branches. We do not mean to underrate the value or importance of newspapers, when we class them, in a literary point of view, as subordinate to books. There is a great deal of talent and information of the very first order, constantly displayed in the leading newspapers throughout the metropolis and the country; but as the composition of a volume of merit requires more patient thought, and the production is not intended at least to be of an ephemeral character, though too often it is so in point of fact, yet from habit we are accustomed to consider a book of higher grade in literature than a newspaper, which seldom lives beyond its day. Under the latter head, Mr. M'Culloch has embodied a variety of information, which deserves particular attention at this moment, when the whole law relating to newspapers is under discussion for the purposes of future regulation. We are not at all surprised to find the principal London journals adverse to any change in the existing system. It works very well for them, as they have obtained a very large circulation, which we cheerfully acknowledge they well deserve, and the permanence of which, very naturally, they do not wish to see endangered. It can hardly be doubted, that if the trade were thrown completely open to men of small capital, those journals would still preserve much of their present predominant influence. But we must expect their decided opposition to any change in the stamp laws, and to any effectual alteration in the advertisement duty, because the present amount of both these charges requires such an outlay of capital, that it secures to the persons now prosperous in the trade, a monopoly. The legislature and the public will, however, clearly see into the motives of this opposition, and disregard it accordingly. In a

commercial country like ours, newspapers are instruments of very great importance.

'It is foreign to the purpose of this work to consider the moral and political effects produced by newspapers; of the extent of their influence there is no doubt, even among those who differ widely as to its effect. Their utility to commerce is, however, unquestionable. The advertisements they circulate, though these announcements are limited in Great Britain by a heavy duty; the variety of facts and information they contain as to the supply and demand of commodities in all quarters of the world, their prices, and the regulations by which they are affected, render newspapers indispensable to commercial men, supersede a great mass of epistolary correspondence, raise merchants in remote places towards an equality in point of information with those in the great marts, and wonderfully quicken all the movements of commerce. But newspapers themselves have become a considerable commercial article in Great Britain. In the year 1830 the produce of stamp duty, deducting the discount levied on newspapers, was 410,980*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The gross produce of the sale must have been more than double this sum, without allowing for the papers sold at a higher price than 7*d.*, so that the consumption of newspapers must have amounted in that year to nearly 1,000,000*l.* sterling.

'Newspapers in London are sold by the publishers to newsmen or news-venders, by whom they are distributed to the purchasers in town and country. The newsmen, who are the retailers, receive for their business of distribution a regulated allowance. The papers which are sold to the public at 7*d.*, which form the great mass of London newspapers, are sold to the newsmen in what are technically called quires. Each quire consists of twenty-seven papers, and is sold to the newsmen for 13*s.*, so that the newsman's gross profit on twenty-seven papers is 2*s.* 9*d.* In instances where newspapers are sent by the post, ½*d.* additional on each paper is charged by the newsmen to their country customers. Some of the clerks at the post office, called clerks of the roads, are considerable news agents. The stamp duty on a newspaper is at present nominally 4*d.*, but a discount is allowed on those papers which are sold at a price not exceeding 7*d.*, of 20 per cent., which reduces the stamp duty actually paid to 3⅕*d.* Each paper being sold to the newsman at a little less than 5⅘*d.*, the sum which is received by the newspaper proprietors for paper, printing, and the expenses of their establishment, is a small fraction more than 2½*d.* for each copy. Advertisements form a considerable source of profit to newspapers, and without this source some of the most widely circulated of them could not support their great expenditure. Each advertisement is charged, without distinction on account of length, with a government duty of 3*s.* 6*d.* The revenue derived from advertisements in Great Britain in 1830, was 157,482*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* We have no means of ascertaining exactly the portion of this sum derived from newspapers, as distinguished from other publications. But we believe we should under estimate it by taking it at three fourths. The charges of newspapers for advertisements are proportioned to their length, and to the character of the newspaper itself. The sum received for them may be taken, inclusive of the duty, at 300,000*l.*

'Newspaper stamps are obtained at the stamp office, where the paper is sent by the stationers to be stamped. The stamps are paid for before the paper is returned. The duty on advertisements, which i also under

the management of the commissioners of stamps, is paid monthly; and for securing these payments, the printer and two sureties become bound in moderate sums.

'The London newspapers have become remarkable for the great mass and variety of matter which they contain, the rapidity with which they are printed and circulated, and the accuracy and copiousness of their reports of debates. These results are obtained by a large expenditure, and considerable division of labour. The reports of Parliamentary proceedings are obtained by a succession of able and intelligent reporters, who relieve one another at intervals of three quarters of an hour, or occasionally less. A newspaper cannot give out copious and correct reports with less than ten reporters for the House of Commons; and the expense of that part of a morning newspaper's establishment alone exceeds 3000*l.* per annum.'—pp. 765, 766.

Such is an accurate account of the present state of newspapers in the metropolis. Various suggestions have been made for lowering the duty on the stamp, and also on advertisements, but no settled scheme seems as yet to have been adopted by the Government. Mr. Bulwer, in his recent speech in the House of Commons, proposed that newspapers should have no stamp at all, and that they should be transmissible through the post office on payment of a postage of one penny each. But Lord Althorpe very properly observed upon this proposition, that it would have the effect of taxing only the country purchasers of newspapers, and leave those in town completely free from the impost. Let us hear Mr. M'Culloch's remarks on this subject.

'At present it is impossible, without a violation of the stamp laws, to sell newspapers under sevenpence or sevenpence-half-penny; so that those poorer persons who cannot afford so large sum, or who have no means of getting a newspaper in company with others, are obliged either to be without one, or to resort to those low-priced journals that are circulated in defiance of the law. It has been proposed to reduce the duty to two-pence, which would be a great improvement; but all fixed duties on newspapers seem to be essentially objectionable, inasmuch, as by effectually hindering the free and open circulation of the cheapest sort, they throw their supply into the hands of the least reputable portion of the community, who circulate them surreptitiously, and not unfrequently make them vehicles for diffusing doctrines of the most dangerous tendency. The better way therefore would be, to assess the duty on newspapers on an *ad valorem* principle, making it twenty-five per cent perhaps, or one penny on a newspaper sold at fourpence; one half-penny on one sold at two-pence; and so on proportionably to the price. The advantages resulting from such a plan would be many and great. The unjust stigma that now attaches to low-priced papers would be removed, and men of talent and principle would find it equally advantageous to write in them, as in those of higher price. Were such an alteration made, we venture to predict, that the present two-penny papers, than which nothing can be conceived more utterly worthless, would very soon be superseded by others of a totally different character; so that in this way, the change would be in the highest degree beneficial. It would also, we apprehend, introduce into newspaper compiling that division

of labour, or rather of subjects, which is found in every thing else. Instead of having all sorts of matter crammed into the same journal, every different topic of considerable interest would be separately treated in a low-priced journal appropriated to it only, and conducted by persons fully conversant with its principles and details. Under the present omnivorous system, individuals who care nothing for the theatre, are notwithstanding unable to procure a paper in which it does not occupy a prominent place; and those who cannot distinguish one tune from another, have daily served up to them long dissertations on concerts, operas, oratorios, and so forth. The proposed system would give the power of selecting. Those who preferred an *olla podrida* to any thing else, would be sure of finding abundant supply; while those who wished for a more select regimen—who preferred one or two separate dishes to a multitude huddled together—would be able, which at present they are not, to gratify their taste. Neither can there be much doubt that an *ad valorem* duty would be more productive than the present duty; inasmuch as, though it would be less on each paper, the number of papers would be prodigiously augmented. It also would have the advantage of being easy of collection; for being a certain portion of the price, no question would arise with respect to it.

'Instead however of imposing an *ad valorem* duty on newspapers, it has been proposed to repeal the duty entirely, and to substitute in its stead a post-office duty similar to that charged in the United States. But it appears to us, that an *ad valorem* duty is preferable. The imposition of a postage would give rise to a distinction between the price of newspapers in large towns and in the country; increasing it in the latter, where, owing to the few facilities afforded for reading in common, it is of importance that the price should be as low as possible.

'The history of newspapers and of periodical literature in general, remains to be written; and were the task executed by an individual of competent ability and with due care, it would be a most interesting work. It appears from the researches of Mr. Chalmers, that the first newspaper published in modern Europe, made its appearance in Venice, in 1536, but the jealousy of the government would not allow of its being printed, so that for many years it was circulated in manuscript! It would seem that newspapers were first issued in England by authority in 1588, during the alarm occasioned by the approach of the *Armada* to our shores, in order, as was stated, by giving real information, to allay the general anxiety, and to hinder the dissemination of false and exaggerated statements. From that æra, newspapers of one sort or other, with a few intermissions, generally appeared in London; sometimes regular, and sometimes at irregular intervals. During the civil wars both parties had their newspapers. The earliest newspaper published in Scotland made its appearance at Edinburgh under the title of *Mercurius Caledonius*, 1660; but its publication was soon after interrupted. In 1715, a newspaper was for the first time attempted in Glasgow.'—pp. 706, 707.

We cannot understand how an *ad valorem* duty would be easy of collection, unless the papers were stamped before being printed upon, as they are at present. If the stamp were to be continued at all, it is much better that it should be of a uniform amount; we apprehend that if political matter were allowed to be circulated

under the low as well as the high stamp, no newspaper proprietor would use the high stamp, or, if he did, the competition of the cheaper journals would soon drive him out of the market. But the subject, as we have already hinted, is one that well deserves separate discussion.

The numerous grievances that at present exist under the "Patent" laws, are too briefly touched upon by Mr. M'Culloch; and as it is a topic intimately connected with commercial interests, we are rather surprized that he has not commented upon it more in detail. The reader will hardly believe that, under the existing system, a person who has brought to perfection a new invention, if he wish to secure his property in it, must take out a separate patent for the three kingdoms! The patent for Scotland will cost him 100*l.*, that for England, 120*l.*, and that for Ireland, where perhaps it might be least likely to be invaded, 125*l.*! This enormous expence—we say enormous, because it applies to a new pin, as well as to a new steam engine—is not the only grievance. In the present state of the law, a useful invention, perfectly original in all its parts, may be invaded almost with impunity. Certainly the chances of a verdict in favour of the patentee are, upon the average, so few, that we are rather surprised that any patents are taken out at all. This evil cannot but tend to discourage the inventive faculty, which, so far as mechanics are concerned, abounds perhaps more in this country than in any other part of Europe. In our humble judgment, a single patent ought in law to be rendered sufficient for the whole empire and its dependences, and it should be unattended with any expence whatever. The mere enrolment of the specification at the patent office, should be sufficient to secure the prior right of property in the invention, unless the fact of prior invention could be successfully disputed, and the question should be decided before the Registrar. That officer should be competent, from previous habits and knowledge, to decide upon violations of property in inventions, and to him should be given the exclusive power of adjudication upon questions of that nature.

The trade of Pawnbroking is also in a very unsatisfactory state, so far as the laws that regulate it are concerned. Mr. M'Culloch's observations on them are judicious.

'The practice of impledging or pawning goods, in order to raise loans, is one that must necessarily always exist in civilised societies, and is, in many cases, productive of advantage to the parties. But it is a practice that is extremely liable to abuse. By far the largest proportion of the *bonâ fide* borrowers of money on pawn consist of the lowest and most indigent classes; and were the lenders not subjected to any species of regulation, advantage might be taken (as indeed it is frequently taken, in despite of every precaution) of their necessities, to subject them to the most grievous extortion. But, besides those whose wants compel them to resort to pawnbrokers, there is another class who have recourse to them in order to get rid of the property they have unlawfully required. Not only

therefore, are pawnbrokers instrumental in relieving the pressing and urgent necessities of the poor, but they may also, even without intending it, become the most efficient allies of thieves and swindlers, by affording them ready and convenient outlets for the disposal of their ill-gotten gains. The policy of giving legislative protection to a business so liable to abuse, has been doubted by many. But, though it were suppressed by law, it would always really exist. An individual possessed of property which he may neither be able or willing to dispose of, may be reduced to a state of extreme difficulty; and, in such a case, what can be more convenient or advantageous for him than to get a loan upon a deposit of such property, under condition that, if he repay the loan, and the interest upon it, within a certain period, the property will be returned? It is said, indeed, that the facilities of raising money in this way foster habits of imprudence; that the first resort for aid to a pawnbroker almost always leads to a second; and that it is impossible so to regulate the business, as to prevent the ignorant and the necessitous from being plundered. That this statement, though exaggerated, is, to a certain extent, true, no one can deny. On the other hand, however, the capacity of obtaining supplies on deposits of goods, by affording the means of meeting pressing exigencies, in so far tends to prevent crime, and to promote the security of property; and, it would seem as if the desire to redeem property in pawn, would be one of the most powerful motives to industry and economy. At the same time, too, it must be borne in mind that is not possible, do what you will, to prevent those who are poor and uninstructed, from borrowing; and that they must, in all cases, obtain loans at a great sacrifice, and be liable to be imposed upon. But the fair presumption is, that there is less chance of any improper advantage being taken of them by a licensed pawnbroker, than by a private and irresponsible individual. Although, however, the business had all the inconveniences without any portion whatever of the good which really belongs to it, it would be to no purpose to attempt its suppression. It is visionary to imagine that those who have property will submit to be reduced to the extremity of want, without endeavouring to raise money upon it. Any attempt to put down pawnbroking, would merely drive respectable persons from the trade, and throw it entirely into the hands of those who have neither property nor character to lose. And hence the object of a wise legislature ought not to be to abolish what must always exist, but to endeavour, so far at least as it is possible, to free it from abuse, by enacting such regulations, as may appear to be best calculated to protect the ignorant and the unwary, from becoming the prey of swindlers, and to facilitate the discovery of stolen property.

'For this purpose, it seems indispensable that the interest charged by pawnbrokers should be limited; that they should be obliged to give a receipt for the articles pledged, and to retain them for a reasonable time, before selling them; that the sale, when it does take place, should be by public auction, or in such a way as may give the articles the best chance of being sold at a fair price; and that the excess of price, if there be any, after deducting the amount advanced, and the interest, and expenses of sale, should be paid over to the original owner of the goods. To prevent pawnbrokers from becoming the receivers of stolen goods, they should be liable to penalties for making advances to any individual unable to give a satisfactory account of the mode in which he became possessed of the

property he is desirous to pawn; the officers of police should at all times have free access to their premises; and they should be obliged carefully to describe and advertise the property they offer for sale.'—pp. 819—820.

But we should never have done, were we to bring under the reader's notice, even a hundreth part of the practical information which will be found compressed in this excellent volume. A more minute criticism might, perhaps, discover in it many errors and defects; these it would have been impossible to have avoided in a first edition. We recommend those persons who may detect such imperfections, to point them out to the author or his publishers, who, doubtless, will be glad to remove them in the future editions, through which we hope this work is destined to take its course.

ART. VII.—*The Messiah. A Poem, in Six Books.* By Robert Montgomery, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," &c. 8vo. pp. 300. London: Turrill. 1832.

IT would appear from the preface which Mr. Montgomery has prefixed to this production, that he considers himself to be a kind of martyr in the cause of poetry. He looks upon the criticisms by which his effusions have hitherto been kept in check, as so many efforts of malevolence to prevent his exaltation to that pinnacle of renown, which, according to his own notions of his genius, he ought long since to have reached. Having before his eyes the example of Lord Byron, whose "Hours of Idleness," really puerile verses, were treated by a northern reviewer with a degree of austerity which the noble bard took for personal malignity, and which perhaps roused him to the great exertions which subsequently placed him in the path of glory, Mr. Montgomery seems also to have resolved "to shake the dew drop from his mane," and take the temple of fame by storm, if it be not likely to yield to him at discretion. We question whether he will be successful. As we have never been amongst his flatterers on the one hand, neither have we been amongst those who indiscriminately laughed at his writings on the other. We can conscientiously say that we have freely yielded him our praise, when we were persuaded that praise was due to him. But we have not been deterred by his fulsome complaints about persecution, nor the threatened satirical vindication of the author, from setting down his pretensions to celebrity at what we conceived to be their just value, and no more. The same independent course we shall still pursue.

The themes which Mr. Montgomery has hitherto chosen, have been all of a sacred character, and in the present religious state of this country, where there are millions of persons in our community who are absolutely at sea in pursuit of ideas which shall afford consolation to their minds, and encouragement to their aspirations, almost any thing in the shape of a religious poem is pretty sure to

meet with a numerous class of readers. They are not very nice judges of poetical merit; they chiefly look for intensity of thought and vehemence of expression; and both these qualifications they have found in Mr. Montgomery's works. The extensive sales of which his publishers boast, form therefore no criterion as to the opinion of those classes, who might be deemed good judges of poetical merit. Amongst such persons we have no reason to believe that his works have been extensively read. To the religious world they have been, no doubt, very acceptable, while those who are the real dispensers of literary fame have, hitherto at least, looked upon his successive publications with manifest indifference. We are of opinion that the poem now before us will cause, in the latter quarter, no sensible increase of suffrages in his favour.

The great object of the poem is to celebrate the life and death of The Redeemer—a subject than which none more exalted, or more worthy of the genius of the poet or the orator, could possibly be selected. The truth is that such a subject is of necessity above the powers of an uninspired writer. The man who would now attempt to sing so great a theme, must either follow or excel the scriptures. To suppose that he could do the latter, without the assistance of supernatural gifts, would be silly, as well as impious. If then he must abide by the history of the Redeemer which has been already recorded, his only course is, if he write in verse, to translate the gospel into the measure which he may have thought fit to adopt. In fact, a very great part of the poem before us is nothing more than a metrical version of parts of the Old and New Testament—a very pious labour, no doubt; a work that reflects great credit on the author's religious principles, and demonstrates his attachment to the doctrines of Christianity, but which could not possibly have been rendered sufficiently poetical, in the secular sense of that term.

The first book commences with the creation, and exhibits a sketch of man's primeval state and fall. The necessity of atonement is thence deduced, and the prefigurations of the coming of the Messiah found in the Old Testament are enumerated. The author then proceeds, by way of varying his theme, to paint the beauty of the patriarchal ages.

> 'But ere the organ of prophetic strain
> In full magnificence of tone begin,
> A vision of that unforgotten prime,
> The patriarchial age, when earth was young
> Awhile, Oh! let it linger!—on the soul
> It breaketh, like a lovely burst of spring
> Upon the gaze of captives, when the clouds
> Again are floating over freedom's head!—
> Though sin had withered with a charnel breath
> Creation's morning bloom, thine still remained
> Elysian hues of that Adamic scene,
> When the sun gloried o'er a sinless world,
> And with each ray proclaimed a flower!—From dells

Untrodden, hark! the breezy carol comes
Upwafted, with the chant of radiant birds.—
What meadows, bathed in greenest light, and woods
Gigantic, towering from the skiey hills,
And od'rous trees in prodigal array,
With all the elements divinely calm,—
Our fancy pictures on the infant globe!
And, ah! how godlike, with imperial brow
Benignly grave yon patriarchial forms
Tread the free earth, and eye the naked heavens!
In nature's stamp of unassisted grace
Each limb is moulded; simple as the mind
The vest they wear; and not a hand but works
Or tills the ground with honorable toil:
By youth revered, their sons around them grow
And flourish; monarch of his past'ral tribe,
A patriarch's throne is each devoted heart!
And when he slumbers on the tented plain
Beneath the vigil stars, a living wall
Is round him in the might of love's defence:
For he is worthy: sacrifice and song
By him are ruled; and oft at shut of flowers,
When queenly virgins in the sunset go
To carry water from the crystal wells,
In beautiful content,—beneath a tree
Whose shadows hang o'er many a hallow'd sire,
He sits; recording how creation rose
From nothing, of the word almighty born;
How man had fallen, and where Eden boughs
Had waved their beauty on the breeze of morn,
Or how the angels still at twilight love
To visit earth with errands from the sky.'—pp. 13—15.

These verses are sufficiently mediocre, tame, and indifferent. Returning to his main subject, he favours us with the history of Job and his sufferings; of David, and his prophecies relative to Christ; of Isaiah, with a commentary on his style and predictions; of Ezekiel, Daniel, and Malachi. The book ends with reflections on the character of the Saviour, and with an attempt to paint the felicity of the immortal spirits who worship, love, and obey him.

The second book opens with the portrait of a youthful enthusiast, who, having lost the being whom he loved, grew dejected in mind, and was about to be overwhelmed in the depths of despair, when faith in the revelations of God restored him once more to happiness. Such episodical matter as this, even if it were well wrought, does not, in our opinion, harmonize well with the general character of the theme. It gives the author an opportunity of discussing the usual arguments for and against revelation, but we confess that we should prefer reading such arguments in a well-seasoned prose sermon, rather than in a versified discourse. It is obvious that a subject of this description would, in a poem particu-

larly, stand very much in need of relief. Accordingly, the author breaks off from the advocacy of revelation to the beauties of an English Sabbath, and of our village churches, and from these he begs the reader's pardon for digressing to the splendour of a fine sun set. This, assuredly, is a very puerile mode of lightening the solemn gravity of his theme. The sun-set leads him to the general beauties of nature, which he touches with considerable power. We shall give the passage, although it has no very intimate connexion with the leading subject of the poem.

'To cover earth with shades of Hell, accuse
The sun of darkness, and the world blaspheme,
Deny all hope, disdain co-equal man,
And mar the heavenliness of human joy,
Betrays a tempest of unholy thought
Raised by the demon of our darker hours!
But nobly true, inexplicably deep,
That mournfulness our better nature feels,
When solitude is silent poetry,
Read by the soul, interpreted within!
Like a mute pilgrim, on some distant shore
At twilight shaping in the skiey air
The towers and temples of his native land,
While on his ear the sounds of home renew
The sweetness of their social melody;
So oft in solitude existence feels
As though mortality an exile were;
Saw visions of a former heaven, and heard
Instinctive voices of the parent clime,
Like a faint language of departed worlds!
And oh! how oft beneath the bluest sky
That summer arches over lake or wood,
When, round and round, with antic motion sport
The insect populace of beams and flowers;
When herb is bright, and breeze is gay, the mind
A mystic shadow of dejection feels,
Sorrow and dimness, shade and mournful fear,
Hang round about us like a haunting spell,
For ever on the solemn verge we seem
Of gloom unknown or glory unrevealed!
And who shall say that life does not preserve
A faint reflection of some vanished state—
By earth forgot, as oft the sea retains
A dim remembrance of departed storm.

'Tis night; the holy, deep, delicious night!
Oh! pardon me, mild elements! whose wand
Of loveliness doth so becalm the world,
If fancy hath awhile your scene forgot;
Again a worshipper, my spirit bows
Before thee panting for a mightier voice
Than ecstacy, though all divinely toned;

Through blue eternity of space! adorn'd
With radiant solitudes, how many eyes
Of spirits who have ceased to walk the globe
Imaginings from thee have caught, and gazed
Until the soul amid yon azure wild
Seem'd wand'ring, as on seraph-music borne!
'Mysterious hour! when most self-knowledge reigns,
And minutes are soft-teachers, whom the heart
Obeys;—and art thou not more deeply fill'd
With inspiration from thy Maker sent
Oh earth! than in the day's tyrannic roar?
And if there be, as noblest minds allow,
A godlike moment, when pure spirits walk
This lower world, where man is doom'd to strive,
Tranquillity adores their presence now!
In pale omnipotence of light the moon
Presides, too brilliantly for meeker stars
To venture forth,- -save one bright watcher, seen
O'er yon lone hill to let his beauty smile!
The clouds are dead; and scarce a breeze profanes
The blissful calm, save when some rebel dares
On fitful wing to wander into life
Awhile, and make unwilling branches wave,
Or moonlight flutter through the boughs, and fall
In giddy brightness on the grass beneath;
Then earth is soundless; and the solemn trees
In leafy slumber frown their giant length
Before them;—night and stillness are enthroned!

'Then let the spirit on sublimest wing
Expatiate, soaring through unearthly spheres,
And haply hover round some truth unknown;
And be the earth all reverently trod,
Since out of it did human dust proceed;—
Let all we look upon religion make
For inmost thought or meditative love:
Upon the winds aye let there float a voice
Of God; let ocean syllable His name,
And be the heavens for adoration hung,
While nature owns the sanctity of dust.'—pp. 56—59.

The author can hardly be said to enter upon his subject until he reaches the third book, in which we have a versified account of the Annunciation, of the life of the Virgin, the Nativity, and of the various well known circumstances which attended that important event. Among other things, Mr. Montgomery gives us a hymn, which he supposes the angels to have sung upon the occasion. We can listen with admiration to the strains which Milton puts into the mouth of the mighty spirits who figure in his poem; strains, if not entirely worthy of the beings who are feigned to give them utterance, are at least less unworthy of them than we could have expected, so loftily do they soar beyond the ordinary imagination

of mankind. But the hymn of joy, which Mr. Montgomery has invented for his angels, is a very different affair—a rambling raphsody in rhyme, scarcely illumined by a ray of poetry, although filled with a subject so favourable to the noblest efforts of the muse. The author then bends his look upon the outcast nation of the Jews; but, besides that the topic is too much amplified, it anticipates the natural progress of the poem. It is rather too soon to talk of the curse, "His blood be on us and our children," while the Messiah is still in the manger in which he was born. These are two very common faults in the present work. Whenever the author lights upon a subject which he thinks capable of being wrought into beauty, he dwells upon it to satiety. Nor does he seem to pay the slightest attention to the order of his ideas. He bounds from the present to the past, or to the future, without considering that there is scarcely a topic which he thus introduces out of its place, that might not, by the application of a little reflection and skill, have been made use of to infinitely greater advantage in a more suitable position. All this passage, for instance, about the Jews, might have come in with great propriety after the crucifixion; but here it is at the nativity!

The circumstances, as recorded in the New Testament, of the early portion of the Messiah's life, are next detailed; we need hardly say how unimpressively, when the author's blank verse is compared with the charming simplicity of the Sacred Writings. The withering rebuke, "Begone Satan!" is translated thus,—'Behind me, Satan, get!' And then a very curious phenomena occurs;—'The devil *shrunk* and *withered* into air!' The metaphor is destroyed by the silly affectation which substituted 'withered' for the appropriate word 'vanished.' Upon the Sermon on the Mount we have the following reflections.

'His task is o'er, the sacred Teacher gone,
And the last murmur of descending feet
Dies on the hill; where now a breeze awakes
The spring-born flowers, till livingly they stir,
And tremble into low sweet song again.
But all the host who heard immortal truth
Upon the beatific mount declared
Are vanished, like the dew of yesterday!
And thrones and states and Babylonian piles
Have wither'd; dust has claimed its dead
For ever, quenching in sepulchral sleep
The earth's unquiet generations gone;
Yet pure as perfect, Christ's majestic law
High o'er the wreck of men and things endures!
And will, till heaven and earth dissolve away!
'What toils and agonies, what glorious tears
And blessed pangs by penitents sublim'd
The earth has known, though unrecorded left!
O history! thou hast done the world a wrong,

Immense and mournful; on the alpine height
Of human greatness thine enamoured gaze
Has linger'd; mindless in that partial mood
Of silent virtue in the vale below!
And robed thy themes of darkness with a veil
Of bright attraction, as the thunder wraps
His ruin oft in clouds of glorious spell:
Yet better far had thy pervading glance
From earthly pomp to scenes of heavenly truth
Descended; marking how the Saviour's word
Had triumph'd, how it lived in lonely hearts
And aching bosoms, weeded daily life
Of sin and woe, and dried the widow's tear!
Sublime of sermons! atheistic tongues
Have blessed thee, and the worldling's rocky soul
Gush'd into tears beneath thy tender sway!
When life is gladness, or when sorrow flings
A sudden autumn o'er the leaves of joy,
The purest oracle of peace and love
Which time has uttered, since the world began.'

pp. 140, 141.

The curing of the leper is next related, and then the hushing of the tempest.

'But ere the twilight, with her fairy crowd
Of splendours, melted in the dark embrace
Of night, with soul intent the seamen heard
The incantation of a storm begin!
The air was toned with sadness, like a sigh
Of broken hearts, or moan of guilty dreams
When midnight is confessor! o'er the lake
There ran a sudden and a breezy life
Till ripples flashed, and bubbling foam began
To whiten o'er the waters: in the sky
No mercy dawns! for all is scowling there,
And savage clouds are in funereal march,
Benighting heaven with one enormous gloom!
But hark! with ominous array it comes,
Creation's tyrant!—list the tempest howls,
The north-east sends her hurricane, and back
The Jordan with affrighted motion rolls!
The lake upheaves her dark and dreadful might,
Till billows wreathe in agonizing play
Along the surface!—loud and living shapes
Of water, battling with the winds they seem
And make a thunder wheresoe'er they move!
In that wild hour, when star nor moon revealed
A solace, and the only light that gleamed
Shone when the lightning with a wizard flash
Called the dim mountains into dreary form
And station! then the pale disciples ran
And cried, "We perish!—save us, Lord! arise!'

He heard; he rose; and while the vessel creaked,
And cordage rattled in the roaring gale
Like withered branches in a forest wind,
Till o'er the deck the climbing billows rushed,
And darkened round her with devouring yell:
His hand he waved, the swelling storm rebuk'd;—
The tempest knew her God,—and still'd!
When o'er Tiberias, calm as cradled sleep,
The moon uprose; and in her mellow sway
Each cloud dissolved, as angry feeling dies
By music overcome; and once again
The doubting crew their winged bark beheld,
With stars above and star-lit waves beneath,
Serenely gliding on to Gadarene:
O! then, amid that elemental trance
The meek reproach of their forgiving Lord
Was felt!—Each gazed on each with holy fear;
The calm of nature grew a fearful charm!
For sea and air with more than language cried
"The waters hear Him, and the winds obey!"'

pp. 144, 145.

The difficulty of dealing poetically with a scriptural subject is made apparent in the passage, which describes the miracle of the restoration to life of Jairus's daughter. The miracle is related in a very brief and simple manner by St. Mark, who says not a word about the maiden's beauty, or previous life, indeed nothing whatever about her except that she was twelve years of age. But observe the apocryphal additions which Mr. Montgomery has made to this miracle. He begins with the girl's infancy, talks of her unfolding years, tells us that she was taught to sing and dance, and that her young life was all a romance. He then turns his attention to Death, and asks him how he could think of leaving those congenial dungeons, where dark and wretched men sought his aid, to enter the chamber of the blooming maiden, and number her amongst his victims! Not content with pourtraying her external beauty, the author moreover traces out the features of her mind. He says that her shape and spirit derived a magic influence from the climate of Syria; that in her every grace of nature was reflected; that light and beauty filled her soul and flashed from her eyes! The bare mention of these topics must be sufficient to impress the judicious reader with the extreme absurdity of a composition, which thus mingles the most puerile fancies with the simple truths of Scripture. The writer in order to introduce a description of eastern scenery, asks whether 'she walked not the mighty scenes,' &c.? To this we answer, that we do not know, and neither, we apprehend, did he. But this is not all. Having given a very full detail concerning the illness of the maiden, he introduces us into the house of mourning. We present the passage to the reader, as a striking specimen of the mode in which the

author amplifies two or three short scriptural verses into nearly as many pages. We have no objection to his reflections upon the miracle, but his apocryphal additions to the facts related by the Evangelist, though certainly not intended to be profane, are highly injudicious.

'The house of mourning:—hark! the funeral dirge,
The doleful flutes and dying melodies
Of instrumental tone or wailing yells
Of frantic grief and mercenary woe.
But, enter!—there in yon sepulchral room,
Alone a childless mother comes to seal
The lids of death, and on the marble lip
Imprint a long and last,—the parting kiss.
And shall the worm of putrefaction feed
On that young form, of beauty's finest mould?
The light and life of twelve enchanted years
All sunk and shaded in remorseless dust!—
O, agony! could thawing tears the soul
Dissolve, let suff'ring nature shed them now.
While o'er thy cheek so eloquently pale,
Once full of rosy life, her bending eye
With dreadful speculation broods,—beloved
And blessed! all thy winning ways and smiles,
Thy look and laugh in one sweet throng return
Upon her, till thy warm and living breath
Again is playing round affection's heart.
But ah! her frame's convulsive heave,—
As if in that chaotic gloom of mind,
When feeling is our only faith, the soul
Would rive the body and at once be free,—
Betokens thou art death, and she despair!
'Believe and fear not! in the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang
Some hidden mercy may a God declare!—
There as she stood, delirious, rack'd, and wild,
The Saviour entered, and his soothing glance
Fell on the mother's torn and troubled heart,
As moonlight on the ocean's haggard scene!
The wailing minstrel and the dirge of death
He bade them cease;—"The maiden is not dead
But sleepeth." Then around her vestal couch
The mourning parents, with His chosen Three,
Advanced, and in the midst, divinely calm,
The Son of Man!—In lifeless beauty laid,
A loveliness, and not the gloom of death,
The virgin wore; and on her placid cheek
The light of dreams reposed; oh! ne'er could dust
A purer sacrifice from death receive!
But when He stoop'd and held her icy hand,
And utter'd "Maid arise!" the beating heart
Of wonder, doubt, delight, and awful fear,

Was hush'd! for swift as echo to the voice
Replies, the spirit of the dead awoke
At His high summons! whether from the arms
Of angels, lock'd in some oblivious trance;
Or from the bloom and breath of Paradise
Amid beatitude, to earth recall'd,—
To us unknown; enough for man to know,
That when the Lord of resurrection spake
The soul return'd!—and mark its coming glow,
Soft o'er each deaden'd cheek the rosy light
Of cherub slumber steals; the eyes unfold,
And lift their veiny lids as matin flowers
When dew and sunshine fascinate their gaze;
In red and smiling play her lips relax,
And, delicate as music's dying fall,
The throb of life begins!—she moves, she breathes,
The dead hath risen, and a living child
Sinks on the bosom of maternal love!'—pp. 151—154.

Some of the miracles and circumstances recorded in Scripture are, however, it is but fair to observe, related in better taste. Thus the miracle of the 'Loaves and fishes' is told without being injured by any additional colouring of an unsuitable character. The scene of this magnificent banquet is indeed painted with a view to poetical effect; but this is a legitimate mode of adorning his narrative. The instructive incident of the woman taken in adultery, the visit to Martha and Mary, the raising of Lazarus, the public entry of Christ into Jerusalem, are also preserved from any interpolations offensive to good taste. We have rather too much indeed of 'damask roses,' and 'balsamic winds,' and 'sunset hues,' mingling with the simple grace of the palm branches on the latter occasion, but let that pass.

We have already given an instance of the author's propensity to rush from the present to the future. The Redeemer has scarcely finished that solemn prediction, which said that not a stone should remain upon another of the splendid temple of Jerusalem, when the author, passing over at once the lapse of forty years, calls us away to the camp of the Romans, preparing to storm the capital of Judea, and bids us already behold in execution the prophecy which was but just pronounced.

'Distress of nations!—sun and moon withdrawn
Enshrouded, that their gaze might not behold
The world's disaster!—From the sea a howl
Of sleepless tempest! on the earth are crime
And famine, fear and pestilence combin'd;
While Havoc on the wings of Fury borne
Doth scatter ruin, like a burning wind
That hurries round the universal orb
To wither up creation!—Far and near,
Whatever light can face or darkness feel

Is terrible: and list! amid the gloom
Of midnight, like a guilty creature, shakes
A giant city! as the earthquake pant
Doth come and go and heave her mighty heart.
Jehovah is abroad! the heavens appall'd
Forget their season. Cloudy visions fill'd
With fiery battle and a myriad shapes
Of warriors, charioted by burning steeds
That vanish in commotion,—paint universe
With omens!—then a starry weapon cleaves
The sky and flashes with descending might,
As though 'twere wielded by Eternal hands!
While day and night Jerusalem's ghastly eye
Looks up and sees a blood-red comet blaze,
Fix'd like a curse of fire above the scene
To agonize whate'er its flashes meet!—
And once at midnight with appalling burst,
The massive portals of an inner shrine
Expanded, and the shuddering fabric heard
A voice that issued with a dread farewell,
Whose thunder was,—departing Deity!
'The hour of judgment! lo, at length it comes
And God is in it, with devouring wrath
That deepens, till the stricken world despairs!
The Queen of Zion, beautiful and vast
Glory of nations! who shall paint thee now
Enwrapt with horrors—famish'd, weeping, faint,
And fallen, round thee like a circling flood
Doth rise a wall of Babylonian height,
And thou, a captive in the centre art
For martydom! and list! in whirlwind rush
A roaring flame around the Temple sweeps!
Moriah, like a seething furnace, glows
And reddens; as a cloudy palace, built
By sunset,—how it dwindles, melts, and dies,
The fabric of Jehovah! Palsied, wild, and pale,
In solemn agony thy myriads stand,
Scorch as they gaze! but still yon gorgeous wreck
Beholding on their ghastly features wear
A light of ruin as the Temple falls
For funeral glory!—Then in tombs of fire,
While the last pillar of expiring flame
Mounts o'er the wreck, they shriek—despair—and die?'
—pp. 189—191.

There are two conspicuous faults in this passage. The first is that the diction is turgid; the second, that the whole topic is out of place. It takes away our attention from the Messiah at the moment He was entering Jerusalem, it substitutes for the pathetic lamentation which He pronounces, and the melancholy but still distant prospect of destruction which impended over the proud tem-

ple, the terrors of its fall. Events are thus brought together which were separated by nearly half a cenutry, and besides breaking the unity of the subject, some of them are altogether out of keeping with the triumphal procession which the poet has left standing during this rhapsody.

The sixth and last book opens with a retrospective view of the Messiah's character, actions, and doctrine, a theme on which it would be difficult for almost any man to be dull, who was at all acquainted with its merits. Yet Mr. Montgomery has contrived to make it one of the least interesting portions of his work. He has studded it with a series of puerile antitheses, in which he sets the uniform humility of the man against the power of the God. He is happier when speaking of the parables by which the Messiah taught his disciples, but we expected to find this whole topic treated in a more attractive style. It was one that admitted of an exalted range of thought.

The order of the sacred history is from this point pretty accurately followed through all the circumstances that preceded and accompanied the crucifixion. Those who have read—and who has not read?—the narrative of those circumstances in the works of the Evangelists, will pass over Mr. Montgomery's feeble version of them without any remorse. Not so, however, will they treat his meditations upon the scene that followed. To be sure the Scripture does not inform us what kind of a night followed the awful day upon which the Redeemer was crucified, but this is a topic fairly within the province of the poet, and we must say that Mr. Montgomery has produced a sketch in keeping, as an artist would say, with the thoughts to which the tremendous occurrences of the day might be supposed to have given rise in the hearts of those who had witnessed them.

——— 'The night
O'er Palestine her dewy wings unfolds;
On Calvary the solemn moonbeams lie
All chill and lonely, like the tranced smiles
Which light the features, when the pangs of death
Have ceased to flutter, and the face is still.
The stars are trooping, and the wintry air
Is mellow'd with a soft mysterious glow
Caught from their beauty; not a vapour mars
The stainless welkin, where the moon aloft
One blue immensity of sky commands,—
Save where the fringe of some minutest cloud
Hangs like an eyelid on a brilliant orb,
Then withers, in pervading lustre lost.
Few hours have fleeted, and yon trampled hill
Was shaken with a multitude, who foam'd
And raged beneath the agonizing God!
But nature hath her calm resumed; and night,
As if to spread oblivion o'er the day

And give creation a sabbatic rest,
In balm and beauty on the world descends!
The crowds have vanished, like the waves that die
And leave a shore to quietude again.'—pp. 223, 224.

The beauty of the night is however painted in richer colours in another passage, in which, after concluding his theme, the author connects with it some feelings personal to himself.

'Autumnal morning in my chamber gleam'd,
When tremblingly, as though the Almighty's glance
My mind had bared! I struck the chorded lyre
Of sacred truth to this surpassing theme.
But ever as the waves of moving life
From England's capital with heave and swell
Came surging from afar, my soul partook
A deep communion with the fate of men,—
Amid a sea of wide existence toss'd,
Whose billows only the Redeemer trod
Secure; but left along the stormy wild
A track of glory for terrestrial feet
To follow, guided by the star of Heaven!
'But now the spirit of mysterious night
Comes forth; and, like a ruin'd angel, seems
All dimly glorious and divinely sad;
And earth, forgetful of her primal fall
Lies in the beauty of reflected Heaven.
Oh! night creates the paradise of thought,
Enchanting back whatever time has wronged
Or exiled, touch'd with that celestial hue
Which faith and fancy on the dead bestow!
Emotions which the tyrant day destroys
Can now awaken like reviving flowers;
And oh! the darkest of unheavenly souls
Must feel immortal, as his eye receives
From all its views, a loveliness that comes
To light the dimness of the spirit's depth!
As when at morning oft a sunrise pours
A stream of splendour through the window panes
Of temple vast, to cheer its barren aisles,
And on the gloom of monumental sleep
To glitter, like a resurrection morn!
'This life is chartered for a nobler fate
Than glory by the breath of man bestow'd.
A living world reflects a living God,
Morn, noon, and night, with everlasting change!
And who can dim the universe, o'erawe
The elements, unseat the sun, or mar
That mighty poem which the heavens and earth
Exhibit, written by Eternal hands?
The sense of beauty which is so divine
Lives in the spirit like a burning spell;
And while the wonders of creation turn,—

To love and worship their majestic power
Can lift the spirit into purer light,
Than ever canopied the throne of Fame!
'And cold the heart whose aspirations wing'd
Their flight from thee, my own inviolate land,
Whom night and beauty have apparell'd now!
Thy heaven is glassy as the molten blue
Of ocean, in the noon tide dazzling sleep;
Thy starry multitudes their thrones have set,
And the young moon looks on the quiet sea,
Tranced like a mother with her doating eye,
Intently fix'd upon a cradled child!
While round, and full, and ravishingly bright,
A planet here and there the sky adorns:
A path of lustre has o'erlaid the deep,
And heaves and glitters like a wizard shore
For sea-enchanters, where they rise and walk
The waves in glory:—voice nor foot profanes
This dreaming silence; but the mellow lisp
Of dying waters on the beach dissolved
Makes ocean—language for the heart and hour!
'Now thought is heaven-like; and our earthly frame
Of purity beyond the day to bring,
Is conscious:—from the uncreated fount
Of glory, may not emanations steal
By night absorb'd and mystically felt?
Or creatures,—such as once the mental eye
Of seraph-haunted Milton saw descend,
Like semblances darted from a river cloud
On Eden's Mount—with viewless wing career
Around us?—charming with a gaze unseen
Whate'er the beauty of their glances touch!'—pp. 237—239.

The following address to Poetry is also another specimen of the author's best powers.

'Thou beautiful magician! be thy name
Whate'er thou wilt; creatress of delight
Expression paints not! Though the world affright
Thy radiant visit, still art thou adored,
And the soft wave of thy descending wings
Is token'd by the pulses' quivering joy:
Beneath the play of thy melodious smiles
The spirit quickens into thrills of heaven,
And feeling worships at thy faintest sound!
All hours are thine; all climes and seasons drink
Thine influence bright, and immaterial power:
Thou with the universe twin-born didst arise,
And thou alone when tempted nature fell
Unfallen wert; and thus thy glorious aim,
Like true religion's, is to lead us back
From recreant darkness to primeval bliss!
'All moods are thine; all maladies of thought

By thee are visited with healing sway:
Oh! then in moments when a hideous veil
Of dimness, woven by some demon hand,
Lies on the world; when love itself is cold
And earthy, and the tone affection breathes
Fallen fruitless on the mind, as ocean-spray
That dies unheeded on the savage rock;
When nature is untuned, and all things wear
The coarse reality derision loves;
Oh! then how often thine assuasive balm,
Spirit of beauty! intellectual queen!
Is worshipp'd, melting over heart and brain
Like dew upon the desert, till the soul
Reviveth, and the world is exorcised!
And thou canst hallow with ennobling power
Deep impulses of undiscovered source
That come like shades of pre-existent life
Athwart the mind, when superstition reigns;
For is not man mysteriously begirt
By something dread imagination *feels*
Yet fathoms not? Dare human creed deny
That mortal feeling in its finest mood
May be some thrill of sympathetic chords
That link our nature to a world unknown!
'And since the spirit with the sense doth war,
And life is often agonizing thirst
Which nothing visible can tame or cool,
That beauty which the hues of thought create,
By thee enchanted, slakes the mental fire
That parches us within; and yearning dreams
And aspirations high as immortality,
Thy power sublimeth with mysterious air;
Then long as earth is round us, and the wings
Of fancy by the light of faith ascend,
May Poetry her sybil language weave
Enlighten, charm, and elevate the world!'—pp. 241--243.

The impression which we gather from a general retrospect of this composition is, that it is not calculated to procure for the author Poetical fame. It shows that he possesses a religious temperament, which might be cultivated with advantage for the benefit of the church; and that he can diffuse hereafter, through the medium of the sermon, devotional sentiments, for which he now endeavours to find a vehicle in song. But the Evangelists never intended their writings to be translated into the poetry of any nation. It was not their object to produce materials for romance, and we cannot but feel that he who hopes to embellish their divine simplicity, betrays no common degree of presumption as well as of folly.

ART. VIII.—1. *What the People ought to do, in choosing their Representatives at the General Election, after the passing of the Reform Bill. A Letter addressed to the Electors of Great Britain.* By Junius Redivivus. 8vo. pp. 47. London: Wilson. 1832.

2. *A Plan of Church Reform.* By Lord Henley. 8vo.

WE cannot describe our sense of the great event which has taken place within the last month—a month already celebrated in the annals of English liberty—in language more forcible than that which the Council of the Birmingham Union have adopted, in their recent address to "all their Fellow Countrymen in the United Kingdom." "It has pleased the Almighty God to grant this nation a great, a glorious, and a bloodless victory—a victory unparalled in its character, inestimable in its value to us and our posterity. That sordid and remorseless oligarchy, which has hardened its heart against the prayers and the tears of the people—which has closed its eyes that it saw not, and its ears that it heard not—which so long has been fattening on the plunder of industry, and drinking, as it were, the life-blood of the poor—that cruel and obdurate oligarchy has at length fallen under the justice of an outraged and insulted nation. Its usurped power is taken away, and delivered into the hands of the great bulk of the middle classes of the people." This is a true description of the great event, which has rendered the last month more memorable than it was made even by the Great Charter, in the annals of our country. That was the Magna Charta of our Constitution; the Charta Major, already exists in the Reform Act, no longer a Bill, but the actual law of the land. When the Maxima Charta is to be enacted, is a secret that still remains hidden in the womb of futurity. The latter appellation has been applied to the Reform Act, by one of the candidates who hope to be returned to the new parliament. Should he succeed in attaining the laudable object of his ambition, but a little time will pass over his head when he shall be taught his error. The people throughout the country, so far as they have yet expressed their sentiments, very properly consider the Act in question as nothing more than the apex of the wedge driven into the rock, by means of which they may ultimately shiver the mountain, and scatter its fragments to the four points of the compass.

Could any man in his senses have been duped into the supposition, that the Bill was supported, contended for, and won, by the people of England as *an end?* No, we tell the world that they looked to it as a *means*, as the lever, by the adjustment of which they were to get into their own hands the power of directing the whole machinery of the government. They have obtained their object. The lever is now balanced upon its fulcrum, and they may, through its, instrumentality give a new and irresistible impulse to every portion of the mechanism which holds the government together. They may destroy, they may build up, they may repair, or altogether renovate

the whole fabric of society, as they may judge fit. Henceforth there will be nothing to controul their strength, save their own good sense, and to that great moral regulator we look forward as a safe and energetic guide.

But in order that it should be safe, we would above all things impress upon our countrymen the necessity, which now more than ever exists, that it should be perfectly independent. Let every man feel that he is now, or may be by his industry, an integral portion of the governing power of the community. The great, and indeed the only material, abuse, which injures the popular institutions of America is, that the people, generally speaking, though they take a great interest in their affairs, permit a comparatively small number of the whole mass to monopolize the rights which belong to them all. This is an abuse in practice, and it derives its existence from the indolence of the majority, who either do not exercise their franchise at all, or who exercise it under the controul of local committees, composed of a few active, often worthless, and intriguing, individuals. These persons, to use a vulgar though forcible expression, lead their fellow townsmen "by the nose," and, under the specious pretence of patriotism, urge forward their own views—views often as selfish, as sordid, and as corrupt, as ever festered in the bosom of an oligarch. We have already an abundance of committees in England, who take it upon themselves to teach the people how they are to give their own votes. It is, perhaps, impossible to avoid the agency of such public bodies altogether; but, in the first place, the greatest care should be taken that they are composed of men of integrity, of good private character, of general intelligence and aptitude for business. In the second place, not even when so composed, are they to be implicitly confided in, unless, like the able, the virtuous, the staunch men who form the council of the Birmingham Union, they have been already weighed in the scale, and found completely worthy of the trust which may have been reposed in them.

To that distinguished council, and the living masses which they wield as an instrument of mighty power, we have no hesitation in saying, that we are indebted principally for the victory which has wrested the sceptre for ever from the aristocracy of this country. When the king unhappily flinched for a moment, and hesitated at the threshhold of the temple of freedom, which had been already erected under his auspices, the iron men of Birmingham assembled spontaneously in hundreds of thousands, and it is hardly a figure to assert, that their battle shout was heard even as far as the towers of Windsor. They were nobly seconded in every part of the kingdom, and the throne itself was in danger of destruction, when happily it became impossible to form an anti-reform ministry. Had the Duke of Wellington been seated once more for a single day in the cabinet, William the Fourth would have ceased to reign. Indeed, the shops were filled with caricatures, which with their usual felicity in

picturing the *flebile ludibrium* of life, represented an illustrious personage as already packing up for a journey to Hanover.

A cry has been raised against Political Unions. They are unquestionably excrescences upon the constitution; and their very existence betokens extensive disease in the heart of society. Men do not assemble in towns and villages to discuss grievances, unless grievances—real, pressing, grievances, which the community feel to be such—demand their attention. The borough-mongering system was an enormous grievance; at the duration of which, now that it has been removed, we are actually astonished. We wonder that the people did not rise up and annihilate it fifty years ago. But it will be now seen, that this was not the only grievance of which the people of this country have had justly to complain; and that the Political Unions, or at least that of Birmingham, which is, in truth, the organ of the whole country, will never cease to wield a resistless influence, until a very great and general reform shall have taken place, not in the House of Commons only, but throughout the whole of our political and social system.

What do the council of the Birmingham Union say upon this subject? We attach the utmost importance to their sentiments, because they are, to all practical purposes, a popular convention sitting in a provincial town; and if not legislating, certainly proposing measures which must, sooner or later, find their way to the consideration of a reformed parliament. What then do they say upon the subject of further reform? "Our work," they declare in the address already quoted, "is but half done. We must now recover the prosperity of the industrious classes. When we first formed the Political Union for the protection of public rights, we adopted as the badge of the Union, the words Unity, Liberty, Prosperity. The Unity is established; the Liberty is assured; but the Prosperity is yet to come." This word "Prosperity," is one of very extensive meaning. No doubt it will be construed by the discomfited oligarchy, as a word not only of extensive, but of very dangerous import; and they will be right in their interpretation of it, for to them it is a word pregnant with peril. They will find that the people are determined no longer to be cajoled, and that the Hercules has at length appeared, who is destined to cleanse the Augean stable.

"Doubtless," the council proceed to declare, "there are many wrongs and grievances which yet remain to be redressed, and many improvements which yet remain to be effected, in our political and social systems. These may, perhaps, admit of some delay; but the relief of the national distress admits of no delay. The hoarded wrongs of the industrious classes must be forthwith redressed, or the foundation of society will break up under our feet." The rigid truth of this latter sentence is unquestionable. We learn from all quarters that the distress of the present year has been for a long time unparalleled in all classes of trade, and that there never was a period

when the collectors had so much difficulty in obtaining the assessed taxes. From the knowledge which we ourselves possess of the feelings prevalent among the mechanics of the metropolis, we feel no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that we are upon the eve of great and fundamental changes in the fabric of our society, which may now probably be brought to a happy issue by peaceable means, but which would certainly have been effected at all hazards, had the reform measure been defeated. We give the remainder of the Birmingham address, as we look upon it in the light of a prophetic warning on more points than one.

"It is impossible to doubt that the illustrious statesman at the head of His Majesty's Government will do all that man can do for the relief of the national distress, and for the redress of the national wrongs and oppressions. But the difficulties around him are yet great. His arm must be strengthened by the power of the people. Able, upright, and patriotic men must be sent into Parliament to his support, or the oligarchs may yet recover their ascendancy, and arrest all his measures for the relief and happiness of the country.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Brothers!—Long has the industry of our country been borne down by the iron hand of the oppressor. The blessings of peace have been perverted to worse than the curses of war. At this moment, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, trade, the shipping interest, the mining interest, the colonial interest, every great and vital interest of the nation, upon which the welfare and existence of the people depend—all are borne down to the very earth under the frightful oppression of the oligarchy. For more than sixteen years these ruthless oligarchs have exhibited a mockery of the national distress. They have wickedly and pertinaciously refused to inquire into its cause or its remedy. It is for you to determine whether those men shall ever sit in Parliament again; it is for you to determine whether this state of things should be suffered to continue any longer.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Brothers!—We call upon you in the name of our beloved country, and we implore you to suffer no one to be returned as a member of the reformed Parliament, who will not pledge himself to support an honest investigation into the cause of the national distress, and into the means of its effectual and permanent relief. Require as many other pledges as you please; but let this one great pledge never be forgotten or omitted in any single instance.

"It is in this way only that you can insure the restoration of prosperity to the industrious classes. It is in this way only that you can close the gulf of anarchy, which is yawning under our feet. Unless general and permanent prosperity be forthwith restored to the industrious classes, the liberty will but precipitate the anarchy, and social order will be reduced to chaos. Let justice be done to the people. Let general and permanent prosperity be restored to the industrious classes, and everything will be safe. The liberty and the prosperity will work hand in hand together, and the child in the cradle will never live to hear the voice of discontent in England.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Brothers!—We implore the blessing of

God upon your labours. May God grant peace, liberty, and prosperity to this long defrauded, misgoverned, and oppressed nation.

THOMAS ATTWOOD, Chairman.

By order of the Council,

BENJAMIN HADLEY, Honorary Secretary.

Birmingham, June 12, 1832."

These words will speak trumpet-tongued to the nation; they have been in fact already heard throughout the three kingdoms, and everywhere pledges are sought, or about to be sought, from the candidates, in conformity with these suggestions. In the city of London, we perceive, the example has been given of demanding a pledge for the total abolition of tithes! In Ireland the tithes have been, *de facto*, already extinguished, and can never be renewed there, *de jure*, whatever laws may be enacted for that purpose. But how extinguished? By brute violence? By physical force? By open rebellion? No such thing. The people of Ireland are too well practised by this time in the vast advantages which moral passive resistance possesses over armed revolt. They stand with their arms crossed; and by the display of union and numbers, determined peaceably, but perseveringly and systematically, to vindicate their rights. They are in the true way to the attainment of everything they can desire. And heaven knows how grievously that fine people have been wronged, and for how many evils they have still to demand redress!

The address of the Birmingham council,—though it may seem to many to go a great way, to us it seems no more than the natural "prologue to the swelling theme,"—does not go half so far as the pamphlet whose title stands first at the head of this article. The author of this able production, after briefly recapitulating the history of the various parties by which the government of this country has been made the instrument of plunder for their respective families and dependents, proceeds to contrast their conduct with that of the Hampdens, the Marvels, the Pyms, and the Eliots, and to offer some very caustic and very just remarks upon the kind of practical constitution which we *lately* possessed, as well as upon the prospects now before us.

'The much vaunted constitution of England has been said to consist of three estates, each acting as a restraint upon the other, viz. King, Lords, and Commons. This sounds all very pretty, and looks very pretty on paper, but it never existed in fact. There is, and ever has been, but one *power*, viz., the House of Commons, because it has the sole controul of the public purse. The Lords, by possessing the appointment of the members of the House of Commons through their boroughs and other means, retained the whole power, and both King and Commons were at their command. The parliament was said to consist of two houses, but it, in reality, only consisted of one, sitting in two rooms; the elder Lords sitting in the upper room, and their offsets, sons, brothers, nephews, and cousins, in the lower. Thus, the people were wholly out of the question, and the King was a mere pageant; for on his giving any cause of offence to the Lords, they could,

by means of the Commons, cut off his yearly stipend. But as a reward for his good behaviour, in giving his sanction to all that was required, he was usually supplied with whatever sum of money he might wish, wrung from the necessities of the people. The coming freedom which the people are about to possess, they do not owe to the free will of the majority of the House of Commons, but to the fact, that their growing intelligence and determination operated upon the fears of the majority of that body. This intelligence and determination was most effectually shewn through the medium of the Unions, and the people owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Attwood, of Birmingham, who so mainly contributed to their origin. In a reformed House of Commons, the interests of the people will be represented, and instead of the Lords ruling, the People will rule. The King and the Lords will then be as powerless to do mischief to the people, as the King and the people were formerly powerless to resist the mischief the Lords inflicted upon them. This will be as it is fitting it should be.'—pp. 18—20.

The author then states, after saving his allegiance by declaring his disinclination to offend against any known law, that in his opinion the republican form of government possesses many advantages, which may at some future time recommend such a system to adoption in this country. We extract the passage without at present offering any opinion of our own upon so delicate a subject.

'The form of government under which we at present live, though it has been much lauded, does not seem to me the best adapted for the promotion of human happiness, which should be the object of all good government, otherwise it would be a desirable thing for the bulk of the community to have no government at all, just as the Egyptians would be better off without their ruler the Pacha. That people of good morals would not cut one another's throats, even when living without a government, has been sufficiently proved by the quietude of a whole excited nation, during the interval which elapsed between the resignation and resumption of office by the Reform Ministry. The bugbear of a predominant power, being supposed necessary to prevent anarchy amongst a free people, is now ended in England, as has long been the case in America. I am not going to propose to change the form of government; first, because it would be a breach of the laws so to do, and secondly because any change of form in government would be mischievous until a large majority of the nation had decided that such change would be useful. Whenever a large majority shall be of that opinion, of course the minority will submit to their decision, just as the King and the Lords have submitted to the decision of the people, expressed through the Commons, on the Reform question. The acts of King John cannot bind the men who live during the reign of King William, and there is as much justice in altering a bad constitution, by the mutual consent of the people, as there is in altering a bad statute. Coercion is, of course, out of the question, with regard to any unconstitutional manner of using it. It would be illegal to use it, and it could only be justified under some such circumstances as drove Charles the Tenth from the throne of France; but we may imagine a state of universal rationality, when King, Lords, and Commons, might all agree in opinion, that a republican form of government was the best adapted to promote universal happiness, in the present state of human knowledge. in such a state of affairs, who would venture to charge them with treason

if they made an alteration in the constitution, and substituted a republic for a monarchy? It is true that the present King may not entertain any such opinion, neither may the Lords; but what then? Strange changes in regal opinions have taken place during the last few years, and in baronial opinions, also. George the Fourth abhorred the sight of the people; William the Fourth is very fond of seeing them, especially when they greet him with their "voices"—of approval. There is one amongst the "nobles" who is thoroughly republican in his principles, and no doubt, more might be *persuaded* to join him. They were, as a body, very virulent against the Reform Bill, but the people *persuaded* a majority in the House of Commons to insist upon it, and the majority in the House of Commons *persuaded* a majority in the House of Lords to grant it, who again in turn passed the *persuasion* on to the King. And when the Duke of Wellington was made Premier, against the wish of the people, the same system of *persuasion* was very effective in again causing his removal. This species of public counselling is generally found more availing to the welfare of the people, and at a far cheaper rate than all the private counselling, of all the hundred and thirteen Privy Counsellors, who divide annually amongst them six hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the public money.

'Jesting apart, there is too much conventional hypocrisy practised in all public matters, and no small portion of absolute falsehood; all which has a strong tendency to debase the national character of a free people.* The Lords have talked much, and loudly, and learnedly, and moreover very absurdly, of the importance of their decisions to the nation; fancying, in their ignorance, that the nation cared about them. They have banded the word "learned" and "noble" and "right reverend" backwards and forwards, till many simple men, who were previously aware of the characters of the speakers, have learnt to believe that these are all phrases of bad import. Thus it is, that language changes its original meaning, and "slang" is concocted.'—pp, 20—24.

There are some things undoubtedly which the American Union has carried to a point of enviable perfection. It has taught the world that the secret of financial prosperity, both collectively and individually, is to be found only in a government conducted upon the most economical principles. The time will come when the lesson may be understood, and perhaps reduced to practice at this side of the Atlantic, and in more nations than one. France was very lately within an hour of being transformed into a republic. Possibly it would not have been a permanent one, because it would have been as yet premature in that country. Besides, it must have been brought about by bloodshed. Useful victories in fundamental legislation must, in future, be achieved by the moral power of opinion alone. The day of the sword has passed by for ever. The author of the pamphlet further remarks:—

'All irresponsible government is tyranny, call it by what name we will: and what responsibility there has been hitherto in the English government, beyond the general one of the spirit of the people operating on the fears of

* 'By a free people, must be understood a people free from all restraints not conducing to human happiness.'

Parliament, I am at a loss to divine. It is a maxim that the King can do no wrong! Must we therefore presume that it was a right to throw the whole nation into convulsions, as was lately done? No law can take effect without the assent of the king as a party to it. No law exists whereby he can be compelled to give his assent. Suppose a king to be a man of a very obstinate disposition, who cares for nothing but the gratification of his own arbitrary will. Or, suppose the nobles to be of similar dispositions. Must the whole business of the nation be at a stand until they are properly propitiated, or till their dinners have digested, and their bile is dissipated? A maxim of the lawyer is, that "there can be no wrong without a remedy." Where is the remedy for this? Without responsibility, and defined responsibility, there can be no good government. The present form of government, wherein legislation is made dependant upon hereditary descent, is devoid of any cognizable responsibility; and, therefore, the only restraint upon it is, the occasional turbulence of the people. But this turbulence only takes place upon extraordinary occasions, and, therefore, many minor kinds of mischief may be perpetrated, with impunity, by the government. The only form of government wherein real responsibility can be maintained, is that of a republic, * wherein the principle of election at stated intervals, affords a legitimate and salutary check upon those, who, if their power were once confirmed, might feel a disposition to abuse it. Even under a republican form of government, some injustice may at all times take place, but it is the best form which human wisdom has yet devised, to maintain peace amongst human beings of different degrees of intellect. Every parish with an open vestry is a republic, electing its government annually. Every parish with a select vestry is an oligarchy, wherein there is no responsibility. The merest child can tell which is managed best for the interests of the parishioners, or people. The nation is one great parish, and the same rules which apply to the small parishes will apply to the large one. The duties performed by the parish government are only such as the parishioners cannot well perform for themselves; and the taxes that are levied for the support of the poor, and other necessary matters, are all *property* taxes, levied directly, so that each one knows what he pays, and will soon complain, if he finds that more money is collected than is needful. These are principles which should be acted upon in the government of the state. Nothing to be done by the government which the people can do for themselves, and all taxes collected in the most obvious form, whereby the impediments to commerce will be removed, in the shape of custom-house and excise.'—pp. 25—28.

The writer has drawn a severe, and we are afraid we must admit, a just portrait of Earl Grey, whom he represents as in many things

* 'Were the whole nation politically enlightened, it would matter little what might be the form of government, because the only operations of it would be for the benefit of the community. The simpler it could be in such case, the better; and whether the supreme head might be called king or president, could be of no consequence, so that the office were not *hereditary*. All the farce at present connected with the kingly office would of course be at an end. But until nearly the whole of the community shall be politically enlightened, the only security there can be for a tolerably just government is to keep to the democratic form as extensively as possible.'

'behind the spirit of the age,'—'a cold, good, honourable man, who would probably suffer himself to be torn by wild horses, rather than break his pledge; but who does all this as a debt which is due to his own reputation, and not because it is an act of justice towards the people.' It is well understood that Lord Grey cannot much longer endure the pressing cares of public life, which indeed he undertook solely, we fully believe, from a sense of public duty. He has just happily consummated the great object which he commenced in the very first year of his political existence, and however true may be the character which this author has given of that distinguished individual, it must, nevertheless, be added, that no British statesman has better entitled himself to the admiration and gratitude of the present and succeeding generations than Lord Grey. There is much of the stately and stoical pride of the Roman about him, but whatever he may appear in public, he is truly beloved in his private circle, and he has certainly done good service to the nation.

We have been among the first of those who exposed the many defects, both temporal and religious, in the establishment of the church; and we own that we feel no ordinary gratification in observing how steadily, and yet how rapidly, the opinions which we advocated have made their way through the country. Some clergymen, whose names we shall not repeat, because our object is not of a personal, but a general character, have thought fit to stand up in their pulpits to traduce our motives; and have circulated their charitable discourses against THE MONTHLY REVIEW, through the medium of the press. They will soon learn that it had been better for them if they had employed their time in setting their house in order, for the day of purgation is fast rushing upon them. Already the decree may be said to have passed, which is to put a complete extinguisher upon pluralities. They will not be suffered to continue another year, after the new House of Commons shall have assembled. That will be but the first step towards church reform. We have now before us Lord Henley's suggestions for this, and for other measures of a still more sweeping nature; the bare promulgation of which, by a person of his lordship's rank and learning, furnishes a new and important indication of the state of public opinion upon this subject.

Who is Lord Henley? He was lately Mr. Eden, a member of the Chancery bar, much noticed and patronised by no less a man than the Earl of Eldon, by whom he was appointed to frame the Bankrupt Act (6 Geo. VI. c. 16). He was appointed by Lord Lyndhurst a Master in Chancery, and though by right of accession become a peer, he still holds that office. Such a man as this could not have deliberately set himself up against the favourite opinions of his noble and learned patrons, upon so tender and delicate a subject as that of the established church, had he not been actuated by what he believes to be the purest impulses of religion. A member of that church himself, and we are informed,

fervently attached to its form of faith and worship, he has felt it an imperative duty to step out of his ordinary habits of life, which never have been political or contraversial, in order to extricate the church, if he can, from the serious difficulties in which it is involved. He begins by bearing testimony to the fact, which we have more than once stated, that 'a conviction has for some time been gaining ground among the best friends of the church, that several corruptions exist in it; which secularize and debase its spirit, contract the sphere of its usefulness, and loosen its hold on the affections and veneration of the people.' Need we seek any further justification than this, coming as it does from so respectable a source, for the opinions which for the last two or three years we have advanced to the same purpose?

Lord Henley without reserve states it to be his opinion, that the very existence of the establishment is threatened, of such a nature and magnitude are the abuses in it, unless those abuses meet with a timely and judicious correction; and he thinks that the time has now arrived, 'when the appointed guardians of its interests should come forward with some more *extensive*, and some more *vital* measure of reformation, than any which has yet been communicated to the country.' He admits, that in adopting any efficacious plan of reform, there may be danger of subverting the whole ecclesiastical fabric; but he thinks that it is due to religion itself to risk even that danger, rather than permit those enormous evils to continue. This, he very properly observes, is a question of great importance to the present and eternal welfare of thousands; and it demonstrates at once the purity and singleness of his purpose, that he proposes to try this question by 'the expressly, or necessarily implied will of God,' as it appears 'in his revealed word.' 'All other modes of solving or evading it; all reference to manners of men, worldly policy, and expediency; all reliance on human wisdom, foresight, or learning, will only lead us into error, imperfection, and mistake.' This is precisely the test we have uniformly applied to the important question which his lordship is about to discuss. In truth, there is no other, as he very emphatically puts it, by which such a question could be conducted to a satisfactory solution.

It may be admitted that, looking to the whole body of the clergy, they are not by any means an opulent body. But the church, looking to its endowments, without reference for the present to their distribution, is unquestionably a wealthy church. Lord Henley admits this, though he states the fact in different terms. At the same time he contends, that even if the riches of the church were greater, he would have no wish to see one shilling substracted from the service of the sanctuary. Here, again, is another proof of his good will towards the church, which must tend to give additional strength to his suggestions. We certainly do not coincide with his lordship on this point, as we are decidedly

opposed to the existence of any legal establishment at all, our opinion being that every man should voluntarily contribute to the support of those clergy only, whose spiritual attentions he requires. But we proceed.

Although the public mind is at present, and may continue to be for some time in a state of considerable agitation, nevertheless Lord Henley thinks those reforms may now be adopted with due deliberation, 'which every prudent man perceives *must* be soon effected in one way or another.' He adds in the spirit of true wisdom:—

'Let us hope that these considerations, and the recollection of the mistakes which have been committed in so long resisting the desires of a nation thirsting for improvement and reformation, may make those who ride in the high places of the earth, more humble and tolerant, more attentive to the just demands of the governed, more observant of those claims which the varying condition of society is daily advancing. How obvious was it to all temperate and impartial spectators, that, as soon as Parliament had recovered from the agitation of the Catholic Question, the first object that would occupy its attention would be that of Parliamentary Reform. How moderate were then the demands of its most ardent advocates: how slight the concessions which would have satisfied the just expectations of the nation! And yet with what pertinacity were the most temperate alterations resisted, and how wide and extensive, and in the judgment of many how hazardous, is the measure which this pertinacity has produced!

Let us, therefore, take warning from our past experience. It is impossible to regard the temper of the nation and of the times, without being convinced that as soon as the subject which engrosses its attention has been satisfactorily adjusted, one of the first questions agitated in the Reformed Parliament, will be the extent and nature and application of the Revenues of the Church. It therefore behoves every sincere friend of our venerable Establishment to prepare for that conflict which most assuredly awaits her; and to see that she is able to give an account of her stewardship, and of the application of those Talents which the piety and munificence of our ancestors have committed to her hands.

'If, in the result of an Enquiry, instituted in a humble and kind spirit, and with a sincere desire of attaining to the truth, some portion of error, imperfection, and abuse, be discovered, it will be her wisest policy, as it is her bounden duty, to lose not a moment in putting away all Evils and Corruptions. A superficial, slight, and palliative expedient, will neither satisfy the zeal and love of her friends, nor disarm the rancour of her enemies. The nation will demand a sound, an honest, and above all, a Religious Reformation. A Reformation springing from a deep conviction of the extent and sinfulness of the Corruptions which prevail, and conducted with high and holy aspirations after Christian Purity and excellence. A Reformation adopted in obedience to God's Word and Will, and conducted in subordination to that heavenly standard.—pp. 7—9.

It is impossible for us to praise too highly the sentiments to which the writer has given expression in this passage. They are marked by superior intelligence; by a calm but close attention to the actual condition, and growing wants and wishes of society;

and, above all, by a sincere desire to promote the great cause of Christianity. His lordship then sets forth as the 'most prominent evil' in the church, the 'non-residence of the beneficed clergy, and the system of pluralities.' For the removal of this evil he suggests that 400*l*. per annum should be fixed upon as the minimum which shall be deemed adequate for the support of a minister, and that no benefice of that value should ever be tenable with any other preferment whatever; and that no two livings, however near, should be held by one person. He complains of the unequal mode in which livings are at present arranged throughout the country; some of them being enormously wealthy, while others are wretchedly poor; but he reasonably adds, that for the purpose of raising the poor livings to a competent amount, or of building churches in places where they may be required, no application should be made to Parliament so long as there are 'overgrown and unwieldy endowments in the church,'—'sinecures, the existence of which brings discredit on the establishment,'—and 'payments utterly disproportionate to any service that is rendered for them.' Those endowments, however, he considers to be 'church property,' given for a special purpose, and under a great trust for the maintenance and service of religion; and he is clearly of opinion that the legislature has a right to deal with it, in order to provide that it shall be properly and faithfully applied to the purposes for which it was originally intended.

The author assigns, what he considers to be strong reasons for concluding, that the present revenues of the higher parochial clergy ought not to be taxed for the purpose of producing a fund from which the poorer livings might be augmented. He finds equally cogent reasons for leaving the revenues of the Bishops untouched, although, upon his own shewing, the two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops of England and Wales divide amongst them, at the least, the sum of 163,000*l*. per annum!—or more than 6,000*l*. per annum for each, supposing the amount to be, as it is not, equally distributed. The author admits too, that 'the revenues of some of the sees will probably in a few years be considerably increased, and yet he thinks that they should not be touched—not even equalized,—though such a process would give to each of the Archbishops and Bishops an income exceeding the salary of the President of the United States! It would be ludicrous to suppose that such a doctrine as this is likely to receive general support from the thinking portion of our community.

There is, however, another species of church property, which the author thinks fairly open to considerable alteration—that of the deans, and chapters, and collegiate churches, amounting in the whole, according to the most recent authority, to 300,000*l*. per annum!—a sum nearly twice the amount of the episcopal revenues. But what services does the reader imagine are given in return for this enormous income? He shall hear from Lord Henley. 'These

services will be found to be fully comprised in the following catalogue:—a stated number of days and nights passed in residence: a certain number of attendances at morning and evening service on week days; and in some cathedrals a few sermons on Sundays and festivals.' Here is a statement! There is no country in the world that affords such a glaring instance of a systematized public spoliation as this. But let us penetrate it a little farther.

'The period of residence is adjusted in a most capricious and mischievous mode. It was but a short time ago, that it appeared in the course of a discussion in the House of Lords, that in one Chapter, a Prebendary, from the circumstance of being Sub-dean, might be compelled to an uninterrupted residence of twelve consecutive months, and, accordingly, an active and very valuable person was taken, (under the baneful system of Pluralities,) from one of the most extensive and interesting scenes of Christian exertion in the metropolis, to waste his energies for several months in a country town on a comparative sinecure. In some Chapters the requisite residence is three months, in others two, and often only one. In some again, it should appear that even this is not required. The late Earl of Bridgewater drew the magnificent income of one of the Golden Stalls of Durham while living at Paris. And in another Chapter it is possible for a person never even to have seen the inside of the cathedral since the day he read himself in, and to have been in the receipt of an income equal to eight or ten small Livings for upwards of a quarter of a century, without performing any one duty of office whatsoever.

'Many of these individuals are, indisputably, valuable and diligent labourers, who in other places, and in other modes, have rendered or are rendering good service to the Church. But here they have no sphere or means of usefulness. They are connected with no poor, who look up to them as their protectors and guides; they have no sick and dying to pray with; no children to catechise; no flock towards whom the sympathies and affections of a Pastor can be called forth. The most important offering to God's glory and service, is a formal attendance on a cold and pompous ceremonial.'—pp. 25, 26.

The noble author refutes boldly and effectually, the usual common-place arguments which have been put forth in support of these sinecures. There never was an evil, political or religious, which has not found its most strenuous defenders in the legislature of this country. It is unnecessary for us to go into the details of the plan, which the author has suggested for the conversion of this immense revenue to the practical purposes of the church. It will be sufficient to state that he proposes that the whole should be vested in the hands of a Board, which should be authorized to manage it for the general interests of the church, and also to equalize the incomes of the bishoprics, with a view of putting an end to translations! Of course he would respect all "vested interests," and this would not be unreasonable. His plan embraces the erection of two new dioceses, in order to reduce others which are too large, but the two new Bishops should not be peers of parliament! Nay, he even expresses an opinion that it would be highly expedient for the

interests of the church, if the whole of the prelates were to be excluded from the House of Lords. This part of his plan is highly important.

'Another important part of the Plan, is the proposition for effecting the removal of the Prelates from Parliament, without alarming those who tremble at any considerable departure from ancient usages; and for providing at the same time for the Church such a degree of influence in the National Councils, as will be requisite for its protection. If this can be satisfactorily effected, it will probably do more towards spiritualizing the Church, and advancing the interests of true religion, than any measure which has been adopted since the days of the Reformation.

'It would seem a great presumption, after the Parliamentary Peerage of the Prelates has been exercised for so many centuries, and after it has been considered or affirmed as lawful by such men as Hooker, and Gibson, and Warburton, to express any doubt as to its legality, *under the letter and spirit of the Christian dispensation.* It may, however, be most respectfully and most humbly submitted, by one who brings no other learning to the subject than a diligent perusal of the New Testament, whether the illustrio uspersons who have treated upon this subject have examined it so fully upon mere Christian and Evangelical principles, as the religious feelings of the common run of mankind have a right to expect. It has been ably argued on legal and constitutional grounds. It has been defended or eulogized as a matter of "ornament," or of "high antiquity," or as "consonant to right reason," or "as essential to an alliance between Church and State," or "upon the example of such Jewish precedents as Eli and Esdras." But it would have been more satisfactory, if the intention of the Divine Founder of the Church had been examined with reference to this specific question; and particularly as contained in his declarations, that His Kingdom was not of this world; and in his refusal to give sentence in a criminal cause of adultery, and in a civil one of dividing an inheritance. There is so much proneness in mankind to put softening comments on the strict letter of the Bible, and to persuade themselves that its more self-denying injunctions were addressed exclusively to the first promulgators of Christianity, and not intended as matter of perpetual obligation; that it is to be regretted, that it had not been shown that these doctrines were not of the essence of universal Christianity, and were not as much binding on the present Ministers of the Gospel as on the Apostles. For if they be of such extensive import as to be obligatory on the "descending ages" of the Church, what can be more clearly and emphatically a "Kingdom of this world," than the sitting in the supreme legislature and judicature of the realm; the possessing the power of making and repealing laws; of approving of peace or war; of imposing taxes; of deciding without appeal, in litigations concerning temporal inheritances; and the assertion, (though unaccompanied with the exercise), of the right of voting in cases of blood. And even if not in terms of violation of the letter of the New Testament, it may be submitted that it would have been a "more excellent way" to have followed the example of the Apostles; who, content with such things as were provided for them, sought neither personal aggrandizement nor civil power, but submitting themselves in all things to the Supreme Magistrate, relied on the piety and affection of their followers for worldly support.

'But leaving the high ground of religious obligation, let us consider how far the interests of Christianity are, in fact, promoted by the Prelates having seats in the House of Peers.'

'First: their force, even when united, which is not often the case, is numerically small. It would never be able to resist a very prevalent feeling in the great majority of the assembly. Nor would it produce a more considerable effect, even where numbers were more nearly balanced, in those cases where a strong opinion of the nation at large had been reiterated in the voice of numerous majorities of the House of Commons.

'In the next place, no one can have attended a debate in that assembly, when the passions of the combatants has been excited by that intense degree of party virulence and animosity, which prevails when measures of more than ordinary interest are discussed, without feeling that it is an arena where the Ministers of a religion of love and good-will to man, can scarcely with propriety be spectators. But if, as is sometimes the case, and most fatally for the interests of Christianity, they descend from the tone of plain and simple exposition of their sentiments, and become themselves the gladiators in the strife of bitterness and personality, a hateful spectacle of some of the worst passions of our nature is presented, and a scandal is given in the most conspicuous assembly in the realm.

'And as nothing has a more certain effect in securalizing the Church than the introduction of Politics into it, so nothing has a greater tendency to lower it in the estimation of the people. One reason why our Judges are so justly popular, is their very general separation from all party violence and political litigation. The admixture of the Ministers of Religion in politics, is bad every way. If, as is the natural inclination of religious men, of men looking beyond this present scene, and caring for nothing while they continue in it, but the maintenance of good government and order; they keep aloof from the transitory squabbles of party, and support the Administration of the day, they incur the charge of servility, and perhaps of tergiversation. If, on the other hand, they embark in a systematic course of opposition, they seem to be violating those commands which inculcate submission to the powers that be, and which declare resistance to such powers, to be resistance to the ordinance of God. If they find it their duty to withstand the loud and earnest desires of the great mass of the people, they are pursued by a "hunt of obloquy," which is of infinite evil, in all respects, and which turns into persecutors and revilers, those, who ought to "esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake."'—pp. 46—50,

These arguments are, in our humble judgment, conclusive of the question. It is not difficult to see that the recent celebrated display of the Bishop of Exeter in the House of Lords, when he received that still more memorable castigation from Lord Grey, was vividly in the author's recollection when speaking of 'gladiators in the strife of bitterness and personality.' By way of substituting a certain degree of church influence for the extinction of the episcopal bench in the House of Lords, the author proposes the revival of the convocation upon an improved principle. Let them have it by all means. We are pretty sure that their convocation would not last five years. How indeed could it last, seeing that there is no autho-

rity whatever in the church for the decision of any disputed question?

Upon the question of tithes, Lord Henley is nearly silent. He merely advises that they should be commuted. The whole of the crown patronage he recommends to be vested in ten unpaid commissioners. Such are the heads of his lordship's plan of church reform. They are for the most part excellent so far as they go, and that is one of the reasons why they have not, in our opinion, the slightest chance of being adopted *in time* by the heads of the establishment. They will raise a clamour against it, they will oppose it by all the agencies of private and public influence which they can command, and they will not turn from their insane career untill they pull down the whole fabric of the church about their ears, and then they will mourn their destiny among the ruins they shall have made. This is clearly their fate. They will not listen to the friendly voice of reason while yet they may, and they will undoubtedly precipitate themselves into the abyss which is at this moment yawning at their feet.

ART. IX.—*On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.* By Charles Babbage, Esq., A. M., Lucasian Professor of Lucasian Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, and Member of several Academies. 12mo. pp. 320. London: Knight. 1832.

OF the many publications which have recently issued from the press, calculated to give a popular and attractive form to the results of science, we look upon this little volume as by far the most valuable. Mr. Babbage's name is well known in connexion with the general subject which he has here undertaken to treat. But it will be difficult for the reader who does not possess the book itself, to understand the happy style, the judgment, and tact, by means of which the author has contrived to lend almost the charm of romance to the apparently dry and technical theme which he has chosen. The book itself seems to have grown out of a pursuit the most abstract, and the least romantic that can possibly be conceived. Mr. Babbage has been employed, for we know not how many years, in devising the construction of a "calculating engine"—an engine which of itself would give an answer to any arithmetical problem that could be proposed. We are not so presumptuous as to cry out that such a pursuit is as wild as that which led many men, a century or two ago, to spend their time and fortunes in a vain search for the philosopher's stone. That notable occupation, silly as it may have have been in itself, was nevertheless the origin of many of the leading discoveries which have been made in chemistry; and for our part we must say, that even if Mr. Babbage should fail in producing his "calculating engine," those labours can never be deemed as unavailing which have enabled him to

furnish the world, in so agreeable a form, with the exceedingly interesting volume now before us.

In the course of his investigations he found it necessary to examine most of the modern improvements, which have been made in machinery of every description in this country, and on the continent. Thus a great variety of curious processes and facts came under his attention, which he very correctly thought the public would take an interest in seeing collected together in a compendious shape. It was at first his intention to have arranged them in separate lectures, which he meant to deliver at Cambridge. For some reason not explained he altered that intention, and preferred his present plan. At the same time he states, that a considerable portion of the work has already appeared among the preliminary chapters of the mechanical part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, where indeed it had already attracted our notice.

It is no part of the author's design to 'offer a complete enumeration of all the mechanical principles which regulate the application of machinery to arts and manufactures!' he rather sought to present to the reader those which struck him as the most important, either for understanding the actions of machines, or for enabling the memory to classify and arrange the facts connected with their employment; to novelty, generally speaking, he makes no pretensions. He imagined for a while, that with respect to the "division of labour," a most curious topic, he might have some claims to the merit of originality. But he found that even upon that subject he had been anticipated by M. Gioja. He might have added one or two other names, and, in fact, the matter which he has collected in relation to this point, though byno means the least engaging, forms perhaps the least novel portion of his volume. This question, however, is one not worth a moment's consideration. The whole book will be, for the greater part, new to a majority of those who are likely to read it; and whether it be new or not, sure we are that the matter here set before them, has seldom, in any other hands, assumed so attractive a dress before. It will enable every person, whether versed in the sciences or not, to understand the processes of the various manufactures of which it treats, so far as their general principles and mutual relations are concerned. Information of this kind sits with peculiar grace upon the educated inhabitants of a country, which is indebted chiefly to its manufactures for the development of its greatness. And there is hardly a page of Mr. Babbage's volume which is not calculated to extend such information, and at the same time to afford the reader a sensible pleasure in attaining it.

The use of machinery and its advantages are perspicuously pointed out in the first chapter. The addition which it makes to human comfort can scarcely be adequately estimated. Of its powerful assistance in saving time and labour, the blasting of

rocks by means of gunpowder is an obvious example. Under this head the author has placed also a simple, but very effectual improvement which has been recently made in the mode of applying the diamond to the cutting of glass.

'The art of using the diamond for cutting glass has undergone within a few years a very important improvement. A glazier's apprentice, when using a diamond set in a conical ferrule, as was always the practice about twenty years since, found great difficulty in acquiring the art of using it with certainty, and at the end of a seven years' apprenticeship many were found but indifferently skilled in its employment. This arose from the difficulty of finding the precise angle at which the diamond cuts, and of grinding it along the glass at the proper inclination when that angle is found. Almost the whole of the time consumed, and of the glass destroyed in acquiring the art of cuttting glass, may now be saved by the use of an improved tool. The gem is set in a small piece of squared brass with its edge nearly parallel to one side of the square. A person skilled in its use now files away one side of the brass, until by trial he finds that the diamond will make a clear cut, when guided by keeping this edge pressed against a ruler. The diamond and its mounting are now attached to a stick, similar to a pencil, by means of a swivel, allowing a small angular motion. Thus the merest tyro at once applies the cutting edge at the proper angle, by pressing the side of the brass against a ruler; and even though the part he hold in his hand should deviate a little from the required angle, it communicates no irregularity to the position of the diamond, which rarely fails to do its office when thus employed.

'The relative hardness of the diamond, in different directions, is a singular fact. An experienced workman, on whose judgment I can rely, informed me that he had seen a diamond ground with diamond powder in a cast-iron mill for three hours without its being at all worn, but that, changing its direction with reference to the grinding surface, the same edge was ground down.'—pp. 9, 10.

The reader, perhaps, will not be prepared for the following specification of the purposes to which materials, generally looked upon as utterly useless, are skilfully applied.

'The skins used by the goldbeater are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash, that beautiful, yellow, crystalized salt, which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn out saucepans and tin ware of our kitchens when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts, loaded with old tin kettles and worn-out iron coal-scuttles traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish for the use of the trunkmaker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the town, who employ them, in conjuction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico-printers.'—p. 10.

The sections on the happy inventions and the varieties of tools

are very curious—especially those required in the manufacture of needles, nails, and other articles. How ingenious are the contrivances which have been devised by Mr. Brunel and other men of superior skill, for the purpose of enabling the blind and the lame to redeem themselves, if so disposed, from the consequences of their peculiar misfortunes! Thus machinery has been invented by means of which the blind may manufacture shoes, weave sash-lines, perform on musical instruments; and those deprived of a hand or a leg may, nevertheless, work without the disadvantages to which such privations might otherwise have subjected them. Some machines are calculated to produce power; others only assist us in transmitting force and executing work. Among the former, most persons would be at first inclined to place the steam-engine and the wind-mill. Yet it is worth our attention to observe, that in both these instances, as well as in others which might be mentioned, we in fact only avail ourselves of a power already supplied by nature.

'Of those machines by which we produce power, it may be observed, that although they are to us immense acquisitions, yet in regard to two of the sources of this power,—the force of wind and of water,—we merely make use of bodies in a state of motion by nature; we change the directions of their movement in order to render them subservient to our purposes, but we neither add to nor diminish the quantity of motion in existence. When we expose the sails of a windmill obliquely to the gale, we check the velocity of a small portion of the atmosphere, and convert its own rectilinear motion into one of rotation in the sails; we thus change the direction of force, but we create no power. The same may be observed with regard to the sails of a vessel; the quantity of motion given by them is precisely the same as that which is destroyed in the atmosphere. If we avail ourselves of a descending stream to turn a water-wheel, we are appropriating a power which nature may appear at first sight to be uselessly and irrecoverably wasting, but which upon due examination we shall find she is even repairing by other processes. The fluid which is falling from a higher to a lower level, carries with it the velocity due to its revolution with the earth at a greater distance from its centre. It will therefore accelerate, although to an almost infinitesimal extent, the earth's daily rotation. The sum of all these increments of velocity, arising from the descent of all the falling waters on the earth's surface, would in time become perceptible, did not nature by the process of evaporation convey the waters back to their sources; and thus again, by removing matter to a greater distance from the centre, destroy the velocity generated by its previous approach.

The force of vapours is another fertile source of moving power; but even in this case it cannot be maintained that power is created. Water is converted into elastic vapour by the combustion of fuel. The chemical changes which thus take place are constantly increasing the atmosphere by large quantities of carbonic acid and other gases noxious to animal life. The means by which nature decomposes or reconverts these elements into a solid form are not sufficiently known; but if the end could be accomplished by mechanical force, it is almost certain that the power necessary

to produce it would at least equal that which was generated by the original combustion. Man, therefore, does not create power; but, availing himself of his knowledge of nature's mysteries, he applies his talents to diverting a small and limited portion of her energies to his own wants; and whether he employs the regulated action of steam, or the more rapid and tremendous effects of gunpowder, he is only producing on a small scale compositions and decompositions which nature is incessantly at work in reversing, for the restoration of that equilibrium which we cannot doubt is constantly maintained throughout even the remotest limits of our system. The operations of man participate in the character of their author; they are diminutive but energetic during the short period of their existence; whilst those of nature, acting over vast spaces, and unlimited by time, are ever pursuing their silent and resistless career.

'In stating the broad principle, that all combinations of mechanical art can only augment the force communicated to the machine at the expense of the time employed in producing the effect, it might perhaps be imagined that the assistance derived from such contrivances is small. This is, however, by no means the case, since the almost unlimited variety they afford, enables us to exert to the greatest advantage whatever force we employ. There is, it is true, a limit beyond which it is impossible to reduce the power necessary to produce any given effect, but it very seldom happens that the methods first employed at all approach that limit. In dividing the knotted root of a tree for the purposes of fuel, how very different will be the time consumed, according to the nature of the tool made use of! The hatchet, or the adze, will divide it into small parts, but will consume a large portion of the workman's time. The saw will answer the same purposes more effectually and more quickly; this in its turn is superseded by the wedge, which rends it in a still shorter time. If the circumstances are favourable and the workman skilful, the time and expense may be still further reduced by the use of a small quantity of gunpowder exploded in holes judiciously placed in the block.'—pp. 16—18.

Not the least ingenious amongst our contrivances are those machines, the object of which is to regulate a power already set in motion; to reduce it as it were within the precincts of civilization, to prevent it from doing harm, and to render it efficient only for good. Thus the steam-engine, with all its colossal strength, is kept in the most perfect subjection by that beautiful contrivance, "the governor;" aptly so called, though but a child compared with the Cyclops. So, also, several happy contrivances have been hit upon for the purpose of affording a regular supply of coals to the fires, which are placed under the steam-engine boilers. This is done by means of a hopper; and so admirably does it answer its purpose, that in many instances the supply is almost imperceptible, though sufficient; and the smoke is wholly consumed in the fire itself. Of the advantages sometimes to be acquired from increasing the velocity, in the application of tools, the following examples may be mentioned.

'In turning from the smaller instruments in frequent use to the larger and more important machines, the economy arising from the increase of

velocity becomes more striking. In converting cast into wrought iron, a mass of metal of about a hundred weight is heated almost to a white heat, and placed under a heavy hammer moved by water or steam power. This is raised by a projection on a revolving axis; and if the hammer derived its momentum only from the space through which it fell, it would require a considerably greater time to give a blow. But as it is important that the softened mass of red-hot iron should receive as many blows as possible before it cools, the form of the cone or projection on the axis is such, that the hammer, instead of being lifted to a small height, is thrown up with a jerk, and almost the instant after it strikes against a large beam which acts as a powerful spring, and drives it down on the iron with such velocity, that by these means about double the number of strokes can be made in a given time. In the smaller tilt-hammers this is carried still farther; by striking the tail of the tilt-hammer forcibly against a small steel anvil, it rebounds with such velocity, that from three to five hundred strokes are made in a minute.

'In the manufacture of scythes, the length of the blade renders it necessary that the workman should move readily, so as to bring every part on the anvil in quick succession. This is effected by placing him in a seat suspended by ropes from the ceiling: so that he is enabled with little bodily exertion, by pressing his feet against the block which supports the anvil, to vary his distance to any required extent. In the manufacture of anchors, an art in which this contrivance is of still greater importance, it has only been recently applied.'—pp. 26, 27.

We wind up our watches in half a minute, and set it in motion by means of the various wheels which they contain; the effect of that momentary labour is diffused over the whole of the ensuing twenty-four hours. The jack by which our meat is roasted is another familiar instance of labour saved by extending the duration of the action of forces. The jack is wound up in a minute or two, and by its assistance the spit is turned until the meat is done, the cook being thus enabled to bestow her undivided attention upon the other various duties to which it may be called in that important hour which precedes dinner! A small portable moving power upon the principle of the jack is often applied by experimental philosophers and chemists, in order to leave their hands at liberty when they wish to have a disk of metal, or a cylinder of any kind kept for a while in motion. A similar machine is used in what are called self-playing organs and pianos.

It has been the successful endeavour of those persons, to whom we are indebted for many of the modern improvements, to abridge as much as possible the time which nature would require to complete certain processes. In tanning and bleaching, a very considerable saving of time has thus been effected.

'The process of tanning will furnish us with a striking illustration of the power of machinery in accelerating certain processes in which natural operations have a principal effect. The object of this art is to combine a certain principle called *tanning*, with every particle of the skin to be tanned. This in the ordinary process is accomplished by allowing the skins to soak in pits containing a solution of tanning matter; they remain

in the pits, six, twelve, or eighteen months, and in some instances, if the hides are very thick, they are exposed to the operation for two years, or even during a longer period. This length of time is apparently required in order to allow the tanning matter to penetrate into the interior of a thick hide. The improved process consists in soaking the hides with the solution of tan in close vessels, and then exhausting the air. The consequence of this is to withdraw any air which might be contained in the pores of the hides, and to employ the pressure of the atmosphere to aid capillory attraction, in forcing the tan into the interior of the skins. The effect of the additional force thus brought into action, can be equal only to one atmosphere, but a further improvement has been made: the vessel containing the hides, is, after exhaustation, filled up with a solution of tan; a small additional quantity is then injected with a forcing pump. By these means any degree of pressure may be given which the containing vessel is capable of supporting; and it has been found that by employing such a method, the thickest hides may be tanned in six weeks or two months.

'The same process of injection might be employed to impregnate timber with tar, or any other substance adapted to preserve it from decay; and if it were not too expensive, the deal floors of houses might thus be impregnated with alumine or other substances, which would render them much less liable to be accidentally set on fire. Some idea of the quantity of matter which can be injected into wood, by great pressure, may be formed from considering the fact stated by Mr. Scoresby respecting an accident which occurred to a boat of one of our whaling ships. The line of the harpoon being fastened to it, the whale, in this instance, dived directly down, and carried the boat along with him. On returning to the surface the animal was killed, but the boat instead of rising was found suspended beneath the whale by the rope of the harpoon; and on drawing it up, every part of the wood was found to be so completely saturated with water, as to sink immediately to the bottom.

'The operation of bleaching linen in the open air, is one for which considerable time is necessary: and although it does not require much labour, yet, from the risk of danger and of robbery, from long exposure, a mode of shortening the process was highly desirable. The method now practised, although not mechanical, is such a remarkable instance of the application of science to the practical purposes of manufactures, that in mentioning the advantages derived from shortening natural operations, it would have been scarcely pardonable to have omitted all allusion to the beautiful application of chlorine, in combination with lime, to the art of bleaching.'—pp. 30—32.

The results of the power obtained from steam are so commonly understood, that we need not dwell upon them. Some of the machines for registering operations are worthy of notice. There are some manufactures, cheap calicoes for instance, which if they were measured according to the common way, by the hand, the process would take away a considerable portion of the profit. By a machine contrived for the purpose, the goods are measured as they pass rapidly through the hands of the operator, and all chance of mistake is avoided. Some watchmen are themselves watched by an

ingenious *tell-tale*. The man is directed to pull a string situated in a particular part of his beat once in every hour. If he pulls it oftener than once in the hour, or if he do not pull it at all in the hour, he is equally sure of being betrayed. In economising materials great improvements have been effected. Wood was first divided by the hatchet and wedge, next by the saw. Mr. Brunel has invented a system of blades, by which timber of value is divided into thin shavings; thus in veneering the whole piece is now rendered available. In printing, also, a similar principle of economy has been successfully aimed at.

'The rapid improvements which have taken place in the Printing Press during the last twenty years, afford another instance of saving in the materials consumed, which is interesting from its connection with literature, and valuable because admitted and well ascertained by measurement. In the old method of inking type by large hemispherical balls, stuffed and covered with leather, the printer after taking a small portion of ink from the ink-block, was continually rolling them in various directions against each other, in order that a thin layer of ink might be uniformly spread over their surface. This he again transferred to the type by a kind of rolling action. In such a process, even admitting considerable skill in the operator, it could not fail to happen, that a large quantity of ink should get near the edges of the balls, which not being transferred to the type, became hard and useless, and was taken off in the form of a thick black crust. Another inconvenience also arose,—the quantity of ink spread on the block not being regulated by measure, and the number and direction of the transits of the inking-balls over each other depending on the will of the operator, and being irregular, it was impossible to place on the type a uniform layer of ink of exactly the quantity sufficient for the impression. The introduction of cylindrical rollers of an elastic substance, formed by the mixture of glue and treacle, superseded the inking balls, and produced considerable saving in the consumption of ink;—but the most perfect economy was only to be produced by mechanism. When printing presses, moved by the power of steam, were introduced, the action of these rollers were found well adapted to the performance of the machine; and a reservoir of ink was formed, from which one roller regularly abstracted a small quantity at each impression. From three to five other rollers spread this portion uniformly over a slab (by most ingenious contrivances, varied almost in each kind of press), and another travelling roller, having fed itself on the slab, passed, and repassed over the type just before it gave the impression to the paper.

'The following is an account of the results of an accurate experiment upon the effect of a process thus described, made at one of the largest printing establishments in the metropolis.*

'Two hundred reams of paper were printed off, the old method of inking with balls being employed; two hundred reams of the same paper and for the same book, were then printed off in the presses which inked their own type. *The consumption of ink by the machine was to that by the balls,*

'* This experiment was made at the establishment of Mr. Clowes, in Stamford Street.'

as four to nine, or rather less than one half. In order to show that this plan of inking puts the proper quantity of ink upon the type, we must prove, first, that it is not too little; this would soon have been discovered from the complaints of the public and the booksellers; and secondly,—that it is not too much. This latter point is satisfactorily established by a reference to the frequency of the change of what is called the set-off sheet in the old method. A few hours after one side of a sheet of paper has been printed upon, the ink is sufficiently dry to allow it to receive the impression upon the other; and as considerable pressure is made use of, the tympan on which the side first printed is laid, is guarded from soiling it by a sheet of paper called the *set-off sheet.* This paper receives in succession every sheet of the work to be printed, and acquires from them more or less of the ink, according to their dryness, or the quantity upon them. It was necessary in the former process, after about a hundred impressions, to change the *set-off sheet*, which in that time became too much soiled for further use. In the new method of printing by machinery, no *set-off sheet* is used, but a blanket is employed as its substitute; this does not require changing above once in five thousand impressions; and instances have occurred of its remaining sufficiently clean for twenty thousand. Here then is a proof, that the quantity of superfluous ink put upon the paper in machine printing, is so small, that if multiplied by five thousand, and in some instances even by twenty thousand, it is only sufficient to render useless a single piece of clean cloth*.'—pp. 45—47.

We have the following accounts of the modern arts of letter copying, and printing on china.

'In one of the modes of performing this process, a sheet of very thin paper is damped, and placed upon the writing to be copied. The two papers are then passed through a rolling press, and a portion of the ink from one paper is then transferred to the other. The writing is of course reversed by this process; but the paper to which it is transferred being thin, it is visible on the other side in an uninverted position. Another common mode of copying letters is, by placing a sheet of paper covered on both sides with a substance prepared from lampblack, between a sheet of thin paper, and the paper on which the letter to be despatched is to be written. If the upper or thin sheet be written upon with any hard pointed substance, the words written with this style will be impressed from the black paper upon both those adjoining it. The translucency of the upper sheet which is retained by the writer, is in this instance necessary to render legible the writing which is on the back of the paper. Both these arts are very limited in their extent, two or three being the utmost numbers of repetition they allow.

'The other is an art of copying which is carried to a very great extent. As the surfaces to which the impression is to be conveyed are often curved, and sometimes even fluted, the ink, or paint, is first transferred from the copper to some flexible substance, such as paper, or an elastic compound of glue and treacle. It is almost immediately conveyed from this to the unbaked biscuit, to which it more readily adheres.'—pp. 57, 58.

* 'In the very best kind of printing it is necessary, in the old method, to change the set-off sheet once in twelve times. In printing the same work by machinery, the *blanket* is changed once in two thousand.'

We agree with Mr. Babbage in thinking that the art of lithographic printing has not been as yet brought near to the degree of perfection of which it would seem to be susceptible. Every body is acquainted with the process—the direct offspring of chemistry. The picture or writing intended to be multiplied is drawn on stone of a slightly porous nature; the ink employed for this purpose is so very greasy, that when water is poured on the stone it does not even wet the lines drawn upon the stone. Water having been poured upon the stone, a roller covered with printing ink is passed over it, and as the ink is also very oily, it adheres only to those parts of the stone on which the lines had been drawn. A sheet of paper pressed on the stone is thus impressed with a perfect copy of the original. May not human ingenuity yet devise some plan, by means of which the lithographic impressions of pictures may be as well defined and as brilliant as those taken from steel plates? Might not the printing of books and newspapers be greatly expedited by a more perfect system of lithography? The author's remarks upon this subject are well worth attention.

'There is one application of lithographic printing which does not appear to have received sufficient attention, and perhaps farther experiments are necessary to bring it to perfection. It is the reprinting of works which have just arrived from other countries. A few years ago, one of the Paris newspapers was reprinted at Brussels as soon as it arrived, by means of lithography. Whilst the ink is yet fresh this may easily be accomplished: it is only necessary to place one copy of the newspaper on a lithographic stone, and by means of great pressure applied to it in a rolling press, a sufficient quantity of the printing ink will be transferred to the stone. By similar means the other side of the newspaper may be copied on another stone, and these stones will then furnish impressions in the usual way. If printing from stone could be reduced to the same price per thousand as that from moveable type, this process might be adopted with great advantage for the supply of works for the use of distant countries possessing the same language. For a single copy of the work might be printed off with *transfer ink*, which is better adapted to this purpose; and then an English work for example might be published in America from stone, whilst the original, printed from moveable types, made its appearance on the same day in England.

'It is much to be wished that such a method were applicable to the reprinting of fac-similes of old and scarce books. This, however, would require the sacrifice of two copies, since a leaf must be destroyed for each page. Such a method of reproducing a small impression of an old work is peculiarly applicable to mathematical tables, the setting up of which in type is always expensive, and liable to error; but how long ink will retain its power of being transferred to stone from paper on which it has been printed, must be determined by experiment. The destruction of the greasy or oily portion of the ink in the character of old books, seems to present the greatest impediment:—if one constituent only of the ink were removed by time, it might perhaps be hoped, that chemical means would ultimately be discovered for restoring it; but if this be unsuccessful, an attempt might be made to discover some substance, having a strong affinity for the carbon

of the ink which remains on the paper, and very little for the paper itself.' *—pp. 58—60.

Copying by casting is but another mode of printing. Mr. Babbage mentions a very beautiful contrivance for copying leaves in bronze, for which the arts are indebted to Mr. Chantrey's genius.

'A very beautiful mode of representing small branches of the most delicate vegetable productions in bronze, has been employed by Mr. Chantrey. A small strip of a fir tree, a branch of holly, a curled leaf of brocoli, or any other vegetable production, is suspended by one end in a small cylinder of paper, which is placed for support within a similarly formed tin case; the finest river salt carefully separated from all the coarser particles, and mixed with water so as to have the consistency of cream, is poured into the paper cylinder portions at a time, carefully shaking the plant a little after each addition, in order that its leaves may be covered, and that no bubbles of air may be left. The plant and its mould are now allowed to dry, and the yielding nature of the paper allows the loamy coating to shrink from the outside. When this is dry, it is surrounded by a coarser substance; and finally we have the twig with all its leaves imbedded in a perfect mould. This mould is carefully dried, and then gradually heated to a red heat. At the end of some of the leaves or shoots, wires have been left to afford air-holes by their removal, and in this state of strong ignition a stream of air is directed into the hole formed by the end of the branch. The consequence is, that the mould and leaves which had been turned into charcoal by the fire, are now converted into carbonic acid by the current of air, and after some time the whole of the solid matter of which the plant consisted is completely removed, leaving a hollow mould, bearing on its interior all the minutest traces of its late vegetable occupant. When this process is completed, the mould being still kept at nearly a red heat, receives the fluid metal, which, by its weight, either drives the very small quantity of air which at that high temperature remains behind, out through the air-holes, or compresses it into the pores of the very porous substance of which the mould is formed.'—pp. 62, 63.

Very few snuff-takers suspect, perhaps, that the ornaments on their boxes which resemble carvings, are nothing more than imitations—in fact are stamped or printed on wood. The wood is softened by long boiling in water, and whilst in this state it is forced into iron or steel moulds, on which the requisite patterns are cut, and there kept under a great pressure until they are dry. But perhaps the application of pressure in printing was never carried to greater perfection, than in those attempts which Mr. Perkins made to produce a bank note incapable of being forged.

'This is one of the most beautiful instances of the art of copying carried to an almost unlimited extent; and the delicacy with which it can be executed, and the precision with which the finest traces of the graving tool can be transferred from steel to copper, or even from hard steel to soft steel, is most unexpected. We are indebted to Mr. Perkins for most of the contrivances which have brought this art at once almost to perfec-

'* I possess a lithographic reprint of one page of a table, which appears, from the form of the type, to have been several years old.'

tion. An engraving is first made upon soft steel, which is hardened by a peculiar process without in the least injuring its delicacy. A cylinder of soft steel pressed with great force against the hardened steel engraving, is now made to roll slowly backward and forward over it; thus receiving the design but in relief. This is in its turn hardened without injury; and if it be slowly rolled to and fro with strong pressure, on successive plates of copper, it will imprint on a thousand of them a perfect fac-simile of the original steel engraving from which it resulted. Thus the number of copies producible from the same design is multiplied a thousand folds. But even this is very far short of the limits to which this process may be extended. The hardened steel roller, bearing the design upon it in relief, may be employed to make a few of its first impressions upon plates of *soft steel*, and these being hardened become the representatives of the original engraving, and may in their turn be made the parents of other rollers, each generating copper plates like their prototype. The possible extent to which fac-similes of one original engraving may thus be multiplied, almost confounds the imagination, and appears to be for all practical purposes unlimited. There are two principles which peculiarly fit this art for rendering the forgery of bank notes, (to prevent which it was purposed by Mr. Perkins) a matter of great difficulty. The first is the perfect identity of every impression with every other, so that any variation in the minutest line would at once cause detection. The other principle is, that the plates from which all the impressions are derived may be formed by the united labours of artists most eminent in their several departments; and as only one original of each design is necessary, the expense, even of the most elaborate engraving, will be trifling compared with the multitude of copies produced from it.

'It must however be admitted, that the principle of copying itself, furnishes an expedient for imitating any engraving or printed pattern however complicated; and that it presents a difficulty which none of the schemes devised for the prevention of forgery appear to have yet effectually met. In attempting to imitate the most perfect bank note, the first process would be to place it with the printed side downwards upon a stone or other substance, on which, by passing it through a rolling press it might be firmly fixed. The next object would be to discover some solvent which should dissolve the paper, but neither affect the printing ink nor injure the stone or substance on which it is impressed. Water does not seem to do this effectually, and perhaps weak alkaline or acid solutions would be tried. If, however, this could be fully accomplished, and if the stone or other substance used had those properties which enable us to print from it, then innumerable fac-similes of the note might be made, and the imitation would be complete. Porcelain biscuit, which has recently been used with a black lead pencil for memorandum books, seems in some measure adapted for such trials, since its porosity may be diminshed to any extent by diminishing the dilution of the glazing applied to it.'—pp. 70—72.

Still more surprising is an art for printing from one copper-plate several copies, each varying from the other in the size of the impression, yet each, even the smallest, retaining every part of the original to the most minute line.

'Some very singular specimens of an art of copying not yet made public,

were brought from Paris a few years since. A watchmaker in that city, of the name of Gonord, had contrived a method by which he could take from the same copper-plate impressions of different sizes, either larger or smaller, than the original design. Having procured four impressions of a parrot surrounded by a circle, executed in this manner, I showed them to the late Mr. Lowry, an artist equally distinguished by his skill and for the many mechanical contrivances with which he enriched his art. The relative dimensions of the several impressions were 5-5, 6-3, 8-4, 15-0, so that the largest was nearly three times the linear size of the smallest; and Mr. Lowry assured me that he was unable to detect any lines in one which had not corresponding lines in the others. There appeared to be a difference in quantity of ink, but none in the traces of the engraving; and, from the general appearance, it was conjectured that the largest but one was the original impression from the copper-plate. The processes by which this singular operation was executed have not been published; but two conjectures were formed at the time which merit notice. It was supposed that the artist was in possession of some method of transferring the ink from the lines of a copper-plate to the surface of some fluid, and of re-transferring the impression from the fluid to paper. If this could be accomplished, the print would be of exactly the same size as the copper from which it was derived; but if the fluid were contained in a vessel having the form of an inverted cone, with a small aperture at the bottom, the liquid might be lowered or raised in the vessel by gradual abstraction or addition through the apex of the cone; in this case the surface to which the printing ink adhered would diminish or enlarge, and in this altered state the impression might be re-transferred to paper. It must be admitted that this conjectural explanation is liable to very considerable difficulties; for although the converse operation of taking an impression from a liquid surface has a parallel in the art of marbling paper, the possibility of transferring the ink from the copper to the fluid requires to be proved. Another and more plausible explanation is founded on the elastic nature of the compound of glue and treacle, a substance already in use in transferring engravings to earthenware. It is conjectured that an impression from the copper-plate is taken upon a large sheet of this composition; that this sheet is then stretched in both directions, and that the ink thus expanded is transferred to paper. If the copy is required to be smaller than the original, the elastic substance must first be stretched and then receive the impression from the copper-plate: on removing the tension it will contract, and thus reduce the size of the design. It is possible that one transfer may not in all cases suffice; as the extensibility of the composition of glue and treacle, although considerable, is still limited. Perhaps sheets of India rubber of uniform texture and thickness may be found to answer better than this composition, or possibly the ink might be transferred from the copper-plate to the surface of a bottle of this gum, which bottle might, after being expanded by forcing air into it, give up the enlarged impression to paper. As it would require considerable time to produce impressions in this manner, and there might arise some difficulty in making them all of precisely the same size, the process might be rendered more certain and expeditious, by performing that part of the operation which depends on the enlargement or diminution of the design only once; and instead of printing from the soft substance, transferring the design from it to stone: thus

a considerable portion of the work would be reduced to an art already well known—that of lithography. This idea receives some confirmation from the fact, that in another set of specimens, consisting of a map of St. Petersburg of several sizes, a very short line, evidently an accidental defect, occurs in all the impressions of one particular size, but not in any of a different size.' —pp. 83—85.

The title-page of Mr. Babbage's book is engraved, and it contains in the centre a head of Roger Bacon, which is itself a singularly beautiful illustration of what must be called an old art, though little known, that of printing from medals.

'An instrument was contrived a long time ago, and is described in the *Manuel de Tourneur*, by which copper-plate engravings are produced from medals and other objects in relief; the medal and the copper are fixed on two sliding plates at right angles to each other, so connected, that when the plate on which the medal is fixed is raised vertically by a screw, the slide holding the copper-plate is advanced by an equal quantity in the horizontal direction. The medal is fixed on the vertical slide with its face opposite the copper-plate and a little above it.

'A bar terminating at one end in a tracing point, and at the other by a short arm, at right angles to the bar, and holding a diamond point, is placed horizontally above the copper, so that the tracing point shall touch the medal to which the bar is perpendicular, and the diamond point shall touch the copper-plate to which the arm is perpendicular.

'Under this arrangement, if the bar is moved always parallel to itself, and consequently to the copper while the tracing point is kept in contact with the medal, then if the tracing point pass over a flat part of the medal, the diamond point will draw a straight line of equal length upon the copper; but, if the tracing point pass over any projecting part of the medal, the deviation from the straight line by the diamond point will be exactly equal to the elevation of the corresponding point of the medal above the rest of the surface. Thus, by the transit of this tracing point over any segment of the medal, the diamond will draw upon the copper a section of the medal through that plane.

'A screw is attached to the apparatus, so that if the medal be raised a very small quantity by the screw, the copper-plate will be advanced by the same quantity, and thus a new line of section may be drawn; and by continuing this process, the series of sectional lines on the copper produce the representation of the medal on the plane; the outline and the form of the figure arising from the sinuosities of the lines, and from their greater or less proximity. The effect of this kind of engraving is very striking; and in some specimens gives a high degree of apparent relief. It has been practised on plate glass, and is then additionally curious, from the circumstance of the fine lines traced by the diamond being invisible, except in certain lights.

'From this description it will be seen that the engraving on the copper must be distorted, that is to say, that the apparent projection on the copper will not be the same as that which arises from a perpendicular projection of each point of the medal upon a plane parallel to itself. Consequently, the position of the prominent parts will be more altered than that of the less elevated; and the greater the relief of the medal,

the more distorted will be its engraved representation. Mr. John Bate, son of Mr. Bate, of the Poultry, has contrived an improved machine, for which he has taken a patent, in which this source of distortion is remedied. The head on the title-page of the present volume is copied from a medal of Roger Bacon, which forms one of a series of medals of eminent men, struck at the royal mint at Munich, and is the first of the published productions of this new art.

'The inconvenience which arises from too high a relief in the medal, or in the bust, might be remedied by some mechanical contrivance, by which the deviation of the diamond point from the right line (which it would describe when the tracing point traverses a plane) is made proportional; not to the elevation of the corresponding point above the plane of the medal, but above some other parallel plane removed to a fit distance behind it. Thus busts and statues might be reduced to any required degree of relief.'—pp. 85—87.

Among the useless productions created by the application of ingenuity, we must rank the cobweb lace which was manufactured some time ago by caterpillars, under the superintendance of an officer of engineers at Munich. He effected his object in this way. He first made a paste of the leaves upon which the caterpillars were accustomed to feed, and he spread it in a thin layer over a stone or other flat substance, of the size of the veil which he wished to produce. He then traced in lines of oil the figures which he wished to be left open, and placed a number of the caterpillars at the bottom of the stone. The insects rapidly spun their way up to the top, devouring the paste, and avoiding the oil, and thus a web was spread over the stone, exactly corresponding with the pattern already designed. The lightness of these veils is almost incredible, and they possessed greater strength than one would expect to find in such a fragile material.

Under the head of the 'division of labour,' the author gives the whole history of the art of pin making; and as it affords a remarkable instance of the saving of time, which is effected by the application of that principle, we shall follow him through it somewhat in detail. In the first place, the manufacturer purchases a quantity of brass wire in coils, which he winds off into smaller coils; it is then drawn through holes in steel plates, which holes are of the sizes required for different classes of pins. It is then cleaned by a particular process, and straightened.

'A man next takes about three hundred of these straightened pieces in a parcel, and putting them into a gauge, cuts off from one end, by means of a pair of shears moved by his foot, a portion equal in length to rather more than six pins. He continues this operation until the entire parcel is reduced into similar pieces. The next step is to sharpen the ends: for this purpose the operator sits before a steel mill, which is kept rapidly revolving; and taking up a parcel between the finger and thumb of each hand, he passes the ends before the mill, taking care with his fingers and thumbs to make each wire slowly revolve upon its axis. The mill consists of a cylinder about six inches in diameter, and two and a half inches

broad, faced with steel, which is cut in the same manner as a file. Another cylinder is fixed on the same axis at a few inches distant; the file on the edge of which is of a finer kind, and is used for finishing off the points. Having thus pointed all the pieces at one end, he reverses them, and performs the same process on the other. This process requires considerable skill, but is not unhealthy; whilst the similar process in needle-making is remarkably destructive of health. The pieces now pointed at both ends are next placed in gauges, and the pointed ends are cut off by means of shears to the proper length of which the pins are to be made. The remaining portions of the wire are now equal to about four pins in length, and are again pointed at each end, and their ends again cut off. This process is repeated a third time, and the small portion of wire left in the middle is thrown amongst the waste to be melted along with the dust arising from the sharpening. It is usual for a man, his wife, and child, to join in performing these processes; and they are paid at the rate of five farthings per pound. They can point from thirty-four to thirty-six and a half pounds per day, and gain from 6*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.*, which may be apportioned thus:—5*s.* 6*d.* the man, 1*s.* to the woman, 6*d.* to the boy or girl.

'The next process is making the heads. For this purpose, a boy takes a piece of wire, of the same diameter as the pin to be headed, which he fixes on an axis that can be made to revolve rapidly by means of a wheel and a strap connected with it. This wire is called the mould. He then takes a smaller wire, which having passed through an eye in a small tool held in his left hand, he fixes close to the bottom of the mould. The mould is now made to revolve rapidly by means of the right hand, and the smaller wire coils round it until it has covered the whole length of the mould. The boy now cuts the end of the spiral connected with the foot of the mould, and draws it off. When a sufficient quantity of heading is thus made, a man takes from thirteen to twenty spirals in his hand between his thumb and three outer fingers; these he places in such a manner that two turns of the spiral shall be beyond the upper edge of a pair of shears, and with the fore finger of the same hand he feels these two projecting turns. With his right hand he closes the shears; and the two turns of the spiral being cut off, drop into a basin. The position of the fore finger prevents the heads from flying about when cut off. The workmen who cut the heads are usually paid at the rate of 2½*d.* to 3*d.* per pound for large, but a higher price is given for the smaller heading: out of this they pay the boy who spires the spiral; he receives from 4*d.* to 6*d.* a day. A good workman can cut from six to about thirty pounds of heading per day, according to its size.

'The process of fixing the head on the body of the pin is usually executed by women and children. Each operator sits before a small steel stake, having a cavity, into which one half of the intended head will fit; immediately above is a steel die, having a corresponding cavity for the other half of the head: this latter die can be raised by a pedal moved by the foot. The cavities in the centre of these dies are connected with the edge by a small groove, to admit the body of the pin, which is thus prevented from being flattened by the blow of the die. The operator with his left hand dips the pointed end of the body of a pin into a tray of heads; having passed the point through one of them, he carries it along to the other end with the fore finger. He now takes the pin in his right hand,

and places the head in the cavity of the stake, and lifting the die with his foot, allows it to fall on the head. This blow tightens the head on the shank, which is then turned round, and the head receives three or four blows on different parts of its circumference. The women and children who fix the heads are paid at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* for every twenty thousand. A skilful operator can with great exertion do twenty thousand per day, but from ten to fifteen thousand is the usual quantity; children head a much smaller number, varying of course with the degree of their skill. The weight of the hammer is from seven to ten pounds, and it falls through a very small space, perhaps from one to two inches. About one per cent. are spoiled in the process; these are picked out afterwards by women, and are reserved with the waste from other processes for the melting-pot. The form of the dies in which the heads are struck is varied according to the fashion of the time; but the repeated blows to which it is subject renders it necessary that it should be repaired after it has been used for about thirty pounds of pins.

'The pins are now fit to be trimmed, a process which is usually executed by a man, assisted by his wife, or by a lad. The quantity of pins operated upon at this stage is usually fifty-six pounds. They are first placed in a pickle, in order to remove any grease or dirt from their surface, and also to render that surface rough, which facilitates the adherence of the tin with which they are to be covered. They are then placed in a boiler full of solution of tartar in water, in which they are mixed with a quantity of tin in small grains. They are generally kept boiling for about two hours and a half, and are then removed into a tub of water, into which some bran has been thrown; this is for the purpose of washing them. They are then taken out, and being placed in wooden trays, are well shaken in dry bran: this removes any water adhering to them; and by giving the wooden tray a peculiar kind of motion, the pins are thrown up, and the bran gradually flies off, and leaves them behind in the tray. The man who pickles and trims the pins usually gets one penny per pound for the work, and employs himself, during the boiling of one batch of pins, with drying those previously tinned. He can earn about 9*s.* per day, but out of this he pays about 3*s.* for his assistant.

'The arranging of pins side by side in paper is generally performed by women. The pins come from the last process in wooden bowls, with the points projecting in all directions. A woman takes up some, and places them on the teeth of a comb, whilst, by a few shakes some of the pins fall back into the bowl, and the rest being caught by their heads, are detained between the teeth of the comb. Having thus arranged them in a parallel direction, she fixes the requisite number between two pieces of iron, having twenty-five small grooves at equal distances; and having previously doubled the paper, she presses it against the points of the pins until they have pressed through the two folds which are to retain them. The pins are then relieved from the grasp of the tool, and the process repeated with others. A woman gains about 1*s.* 6*d.* per day by papering, but children are sometimes employed who earn from 6*d.* per day and upwards.'—pp. 140—145.

Such is the history of that small article, which we treat with so much unmerited contempt, as often as we say that such a thing "is not worth a pin!" It is a very curious proof of the extent to which

division of labour has taken place in mechanics, that in the manufacture of that admirable little instrument, a watch, no fewer than one hundred and two distinct branches of art are employed. It is, perhaps, still surprising, that 'the watch-finisher, whose business is to put together the scattered parts, is the only one out of the hundred and two persons who can work in any other department than his own!'

Mr. Babbage has some excellent reflections upon the important enterprise of commencing a manufactory, and the difficulties attending the contriving machinery for new inventions, which we recommend to the attention of those persons whom they may concern. He gives also a discriminating and masterly view of the circumstances under which the application of machinery must be useful, and of those in which it may be unprofitable and injurious. He shews that one of the greatest triumphs in the application of machinery is to be seen in the printing of the leading newspapers, especially "The Times," whose establishment, indeed, he justly ranks amongst our national curiosities.

Under the title of 'combination of masters against the public', Mr. Babbage enters into an elaborate dissertation upon the bookselling trade; the subject of which is to shew that the leading booksellers insist upon a scale of profit, which is a great deal too high, as compared with the gains of the author. He makes open war against those individuals in the trade, including we believe a great majority of the booksellers of London, who have entered into a combination against Mr. Pickering, because that gentleman would not agree to some of the rules which they have established. It is undoubtedly true that the apparent profits of booksellers, as stated by Mr. Babbage, are enormously high; but he takes little or no account of the heavy stock which they are obliged to keep on hand; of the many disappointments which they experience in the sale of books, and of the great expenses, which of necessity attend their establishment. For our own part we, who have some experience in the paths of literature, are strongly impressed with the notion, that authors of activity and judgment have little to complain of, so far as the booksellers are concerned. They are generally treated with justice, and often with liberality, both in the Row and Albemarle Street. We strongly suspect, that in putting forward his statement, Mr. Babbage has been rendered the instrument of some other trading party, who would have no objection to see an association formed, under the pretext of opposing the London booksellers, but in reality for the purpose of securing to themselves inordinate gains. Indeed Mr. Babbage has proposed a counter-association of authors with the view of throwing the men of the Row completely out of the market. They would have their affairs governed by a committee; they would send in all their manuscripts intended for publication to their committee; and the committee would have for their agent 'some person well skilled in the printing and book-

selling trade, and establish him in some central situation as their agent.' Now the cloven foot appears. We imagine that we could give a pretty good guess at the name of this said agent.

But this is not all. The art of puffing has, as every body knows, been carried to an extreme point in this country, and many works of no value have undoubtedly been raised to a temporary reputation by the assistance of a number of critics who are supposed, whether justly or not, to be under the influence of the publishers whose works were so unworthily eulogized. This is very true, and we have the proud consciousness of reflecting upon the repeated, and not altogether unsuccessful exertions which we have made from time to time, in order to expose to public scorn the system which Mr. Babbage here denounces. But what is his plan for putting down the system effectually? He proposes that his association of authors should combine to get up an impartial review of their own. The manner in which this idea is thrown out deserves some notice, as it has all the appearance of a trading cunning about it. 'Possibly,' he says in apparently doubtful and hesitating language,—'*Possibly*, one of the consequences resulting from such an association, would be the establishment of a good and impartial Review.' But in the very next page we have a note couched in the following words:—'At the moment when this opinion as to the necessity for a new review was passing through the press, I was informed that the *elements* of such an undertaking were already organized!' Thus the bare possibility stated in page 269 is unmasked as a fact in page 270.

And may we ask Mr. Babbage whether it is within the range of moral possibility, that a number of authors combined for trading purposes in the manner which he has proposed, could produce an *impartial* Review? Each of the contributors to such a work, would, upon the hypothesis, have some work of his own, either published, or in the press, or in manuscript, or in embryo in his own mind, and of course would be happy to have it praised in the association Review. But in order to secure that praise from a member of the body, would he not be tempted to bestow compliments upon the works of those who might probably have it in their power to return the compliment? The practice of puffing is bad enough as it is carried on at present; but would it not be raised to a still higher pitch of perfection under the influence of such an association as that which Mr. Babbage has suggested?

We pass over his remarks on the effect of the taxes upon literature, as we have already alluded to the same subject in the present number of our journal. It is a striking proof of the necessity which exists for a change, that so many minds have of late applied their thoughts to the devising of a remedy for this grievance.

We copy the conclusion of the volume with great pleasure. It is as just in sentiment as it is chaste and eloquent in language.

'In whatever light we examine the triumphs and achievements of our

species over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder. But if science has called into real existence the visions of the poet—if the accumulating knowledge of ages has blunted the sharpest and distanced the loftiest of the shafts of the satirist—the philosopher has conferred on the moralist an obligation of surpassing weight. In unveiling to him the living miracles which teem in rich exuberance around the minutest atom, as well as throughout the largest masses of ever-active matter, he has placed before him resistless evidence of immeasurable design. Surrounded by every form of animate and inanimate existence, the sun of science has yet penetrated but through the outer fold of nature's majestic robe; but if the philosopher were required to separate from amongst those countless evidences of creative power, one being, the master-piece of its skill; and from that being to select one gift, the choicest of all the attributes of life; turning within his own breast, and conscious of those powers which have subjugated to his race the external world, and of those higher powers by which he has subjugated to himself that creative faculty which aids his faltering conceptions of a Deity,—the humble worshipper at the altar of truth would pronounce that being—man; that endowment—human reason.

'But however large the interval that separates the lowest from the highest of those sentient beings which inhabit our planet, all the results of observation, enlightened by all the reasonings of the philosopher, combine to render it probable, that in the vast extent of creation, the proudest attribute of our race is but, perchance, the lowest step in the gradation of intellectual existence. For since every portion of our own material globe, and every animated being it supports, afford, on more scrutinizing inquiry, more perfect evidence of design, it would indeed be most unphilosophical to believe, that those sister spheres, glowing with light and heat radiant from the same central source—or the members of those kindred systems almost lost in the remoteness of space, and perceptible only from the countless multitude of their congregated globes—should each be no more than a floating chaos of unformed matter,—or, being all the work of the same almighty Architect, that no living eye should be gladdened by their forms of beauty, that no intellectual being should expand its faculties in deciphering their laws.'—pp. 319—320.

We have intentionally omitted to notice some wild speculations in which the author indulges in the course of his work, upon the subject of his calculating engine, and upon the conveyance of letters through the metropolis and the country, by means of wires suspended from steeple to steeple. When the mind once takes wing in the region of invention, we who are left still upon the earth are apt to feel astonished at the boldness, and what we would call, the rashness of those Icarian adventurers who soar so high above our heads. But every man has his weak side, and we must allow him to ride upon his hobby occasionally. There is however, much truth in the remarks which Mr. Babbage makes upon the mode, in which letters still continue to be conveyed from the metropolis to the country by means of mail coaches. Why are not light carriages used for the purpose, which should carry no passengers, and no weight, except the guard and the

post bag? If this system were adopted, a great number of periodical works might be forwarded by mails which are not now allowed to go through the Post-office, and the communications would be greatly accelerated between all parts of the United Kingdom.

ART. X—1. ***The Adventures of Barney Mahoney.*** By T. Crofton Croker. 8vo. pp. 299. London: Fisher and Co. 1832.

2. ***Fitz-George; a Novel.*** In three volumes. 8vo. London: Wilson. 1832.

3. ***The Doomed.*** In three vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

IF the reader desire to banish the spleen and all recollection of it from his bosom for a month or two, let us commend him to Barney Mahoney. He will find in it an inexhaustible fund of laughter—not of gentle dimpling smiles, the puny indications of transitory merriment, but of downright laughter—laughter that will throw open all the doors of his heart, and make him laugh again and again at the bare remembrance of his first wild bursts of uncontrollable gaiety. Barney is certainly the oddest of all odd fishes, the very pink and pattern of a cabin-born Irishman. The genuine mother-wit of the fellow, his boundless resources, his fertility of invention, his national and family pride, and bothering eloquence, are all in the true vein of the Hibernian character. Rude in his tongue, almost savage in his aspect, he yet finds out the way of winning every body in his favour. In the hands of Power we fancy that Barney might be transplanted to the stage with unrivalled success.

We are introduced to him in the cabin of his parents in the famous city of Cork—and such a cabin! It is sketched to the life. The broken plates, the trenchers, pots, and stools, the tubs, the pigs, the cock-loft, the smoky dinginess of the whole interior, are before us, disposed with the masterly skill of a Wilkie. A "lucky storm" drove into it for refuge, a Mr. Stapleton, of the London house of Stapleton, Goodlad, & Co.—he beholds the misery of its tenants—the inimitable patience with which they endure privations that in England would make the father of a family mad, or urge him to the highway—the patience?—nay the cheerfulness, the happy resignation, with which the inmates, numerous and healthy, lived almost upon nothing, and still went on from day to day with the same imperturbable contentedness. The picture, though in a novel, will be found realized throughout every part of Ireland, and its truth is calculated to excite our warmest sympathies in favour of a people, who require only a more domestic government to be raised to a condition of general prosperity.

Enviable is Mr. Crofton Croker's felicity in depicting the portraits of his humbler countrymen. But he has shown almost equal

power in exhibiting the Patois language and manners of the "Englishers," as Barney calls them. This is a fair set off in favour of the lower Irish, who with all their peculiarities of expression and manners, possess many fine qualities of head and heart, fitting them almost for any species of occupation into which it may be their fortune to be thrown. Treat them with considerate kindness, and they will prove faithful to the last. "I can turn my hand to any thing," is a phrase which with them literally means as much as it conveys; they possess the physical strength and the inward will to render themselves useful wherever they happen to be placed, and their honesty is proverbial. Barney Mahoney is a type of the whole labouring population. His wit, it is true, is so prolific, that it now and then leads him into fanciful representations, which do not always strictly harmonize with the fact—in other words he is a little too fond of *fibs*. This perhaps is but too common an error amongst his countrymen, arising less from a want of moral feeling than from the ardour of their imagination, which hurries them beyond the world of reality.

Mr. Stapleton, taking compassion on the numerous family of the Mahoneys, offers to take Barney into his service—an offer which is most gladly accepted by the parents, who looked upon the "storm" as a lucky one indeed. We could not desire a more genuine portrait of an Irish father or mother, than that which the author has here given of Barney's progenitors. Listen to the duet of advice which they pour into his ear upon the occasion.

'"Now, Barney, aboughil yees hear to me, an' be a good b'y, darlint, and don't give way to low company and bad coorses, but ever an' always keep stiddy an' handy; and who knows, but in time, you may come to be valley de sham to some great lord or other? An' d'ye hear me a vick? Remimber de brothers and sisthers ye lave behind yees, an' niver miss to do them a like good turn, if it comes in yeer way, d'ye se Barney; an' honor yer mother an' me; an' mind what de prist sed last Sunday, to keep yer hands from pickin' an' stalin'; an', above all, keep clear o' de English girls, Barney, or yees is as good as ruined, so you is,"

'"An' Barney, my heart!" interposed the mother, "remimber de honor o' de family, an' don't do nothin' to disgrace us, and keep yer own counsel 'avourneen, for there's many 'll ax questions of yees only to jeer, an' put their comehether upon you, darlint; an' keep a civil tongue, an' a cool answer for all questions; an' doan't be flourishin' de shilela de way de b'ys does here, for de English doesn't understand dem ways, an' you'd may be get throuble thro' it, so you would."'—pp. 13, 14.

Barney is shipped for London, where he arrives safe, dressed—or rather half dressed in the frize cloth of his country; but in order to give his new fellow-servants a grand idea of his family, he musters up a fine story about a great chest of clothes which he lost at sea! He horrifies the lady's maid by his uncouth language; but, by his activity and shrewdness, he soon renders himself quite a favourite in the merchant's family, which exhibits another domestic

picture extremely well drawn, and presenting a complete contrast in every respect to the Irish cabin. In obedience to the parental injunction given to him, Barney does not forget his brothers and sisters; and so, when pretty well settled in his new place, hearing, or pretending to have heard of some vacancy in the Excise department, he straight resolves on asking the situation for his brother, from Lord Cork—a personage whom he had never seen before; but who, he was sure, from his title, must be a fellow townsman of his. The interview is in itself a comedy.

'When our adventurer judged that the accident of the ball dress (as related in the last chapter) had sufficiently faded from the recollection of his mistress, he took an opportunity of requesting leave of absence in order to put in force a certain project he had long entertained, and which had for its object the providing for his brother Patrick. He remembered the injunctions of his father on his head; and though Barney might justly be styled a lad of "easy principles," yet he certainly had at heart the fancied "honour of the family." He had heard that a place in the Excise was in the gift of Lord Cork. Of course to be had for the asking. Those who are acquainted with the awe in which an Irish peasant holds an exciseman, will understand the extent of Barney's ambition, when he determined to apply for the place in question. Requesting an audience of Mrs Stapleton, he began:

'"If you plase, ma'am, I'd be glad I could be spared an hour or two dis mornin', if you plase?"

'"What do you want to do, Barney?"

'"'Tis to go see Lord Cork, ma'am, I'm wantin'?"

'"To see Lord Cork, Barney? What can you possibly have to do with Lord Cork! Do you know his Lordship?"

'"I do not ma'am; but he's a townsman o' mine, an' its in regard of a small fever I tought to ask, for a strip of a b'y, a brother o' me own, an' its in his power to do it; so, in coorse, its askin' nothin' out o' de way at all at all."

'"Rather a hasty conclusion that, Barney. However, go, if you consider your claims on his Lordship's time give you a chance of being admitted," said Mrs Stapleton.

'"Oh! no fear in life. Won't I get to de spache of him; an' why would'nt I, bein' his townsman an' all?"

'Away went Barney Mahoney, nothing daunted, on a mission, that to an English lad of his standing, would have appeared an undertaking replete with difficulties. And back he returned, with a smiling countenance.

'"Well, Barney," said his mistress, "how have you succeeded? Did you find the house."

'"Oh, I did, ma'am; an ilegant house it is, shoorely all out; an' I raps at de doore single, as you bid me when I'm be meself; an' a great big man, wid a red face, an' a green baizy apron on him, opens it, wid a broom in his hand, for 'twas a sweepin' out de hall he was; an' thinks I to myself, ye'es make an iligant housemaid, any way; but they've sthrange ways here in England, thinks I. So, I ses nothin', bud scraped me shoes at de iron strap like, be de doore, an 'Is Lord Cork' widin?' ses I.

'"'Widdin,' says he, (mimickin' de way de English does, but its nat'ral to 'em I s'pose.) 'You don't suppose, Misther Free an' Asy,' ses he, 'that a nobleman 'ud be *widout* at this time o' de mornin,' he ses.

'"'Tis all right, thin,' ses I, 'for I wants to see his Lordship.'

'"'You do?' ses he, and he puts down his broom, an' goes and sits himself down in a leather closet-like, fixed in de middle of de hall, an' 'Pray, me fine fellow,' sés he, 'how long may you have bin cot? I mane, how long have you been in Hingland?'

'"'Not long enough to wear out me manners,' ses I; 'so if its any way consarnin' you know, its five months since I left de bewtiful city of Cork.'

'"'And what may have brought you to London,' ses he.

'"'Me bis'ness,' ses I.

'"'Then yer bis'ness may take you back there,' ses he, mockin' again; 'for its nayther yer Hirish brogue,' he ses, 'nor yer impudence, i'll carry you through to my Lord.' His Lord! de vagabond, sweepin' blagguard! takin' de bread out o' some poor girl of a housemaid's mout', that's wantin' it may be. So just then there comes trow de hall a woman I knoed very well in Cork, by rason of her mother's cousin's sister was a kind of relation to me uncle at Cove's first wife, an' its cook in de family she is; and, 'Barney Mahoney,' ses she, 'is that you at all at all.'

'"'Shoore 'tis meself an' none else;' ses I; 'why wouldn't it; an' I've bis'ness wid Lord Cork, an' this housemaid in breeches,' I ses, 'won't let me to de speeche of him, so he wont.'

'"'Come wid me,' ses she. 'I don't wish to bring nobody into trouble, Mr. Porter,' she ses to him in de green apron, 'so I'll take me counthreeman down de airy steps, for I'd soonder get meself disgrace, nor see a townsman turned from de doore.'

'"'Take him where you like,' grumbled de porter, 'but through my premises he don't pass; a himpident, Hirish jackanapes. I can't think why me lord don't have Hinglish servants about him, not I.'

'"Well; down some steps we went, an' trou' long dark passages, an' at last we stopped at a doore, an' Mrs. Garatty, (that's my mother's cousin's sisther's relation,) she tapped at de doore, an' 'Come in,' ses a voice; an' we went into a nice parlour all carpetted over, an' a lady ('seemin'ly) sittin' at a table, full of crocks of jams an' jellies, an' she paper-in-'em-up; 'an' Mrs. Uniacke' ses Mrs. Garatty,' here's a counthreeman o' yours an' mine, wantin' to see me lord; if you'd help him to a ——— retinue, or some word like that', she sed, 'we'd both feel obliged.' So wi' that, I up an' tould 'em what it was I was seekin'; an' afther waitin' sum time, Mrs. Uniacke consitherin', she tould me, if I'd behave genteel, an' say me Lord Always, she'd take me up her own self to his lordship.

'"Its a quare name, (ses I to meself,) but p'raps 'tis his Christian name it is. So when she'd finished de sweetmates, she tuk off her apron, an' 'Now' ses she, 'come along wi' me.'

'"Well, we went up many flights of stone steps, and trou' a little doore, an' out upon sich a grand stair-case! Oh, my! it bate all I ever see; an' ses I, 'Dublin itself can't aqual this.' But I'd no time to look amost, 'cos Mrs. Uniacke pointed to a doore. 'That's me lord's dressin'-room,' ses she, 'do you stay here while I spake to de valet.'

'"Then de valet come out, and as luck would have it, he was a County

Limerick man, an' afther a little parlyin', 'Come here, young man,' he ses, 'I'll show you de way.'

'"At last I got into de room, an' there was Lord Cork clanin himself, an'——

'"Dressing, you mean, Barney."

'"No, indeed, ma'am, 'tis his teeth he was brushin'; an' 'Well,' ses he, 'who are you?' So I tould him my name was Barney Mahoney, a County Cork man, an' how I'd got a sarvice in London, an' how a brother o' mine (that's Pathrick you know, ma'am,) not come over yet, was in want of promotion, in regard of a place he'd be gettin' as I hard he might, be a sthroke o' de pen from his lordship, in de Excise.

'"'An' ses he, 'who sent you? an' how came you to ixpect I'd do it? —spittin' betune whiles in de basin.

'"'An,' ses I, 'nobody sent me but meself, me Lord Always,' (for I remembered me of what Mrs. Uniacke had tould me, in respect of mentionin' his name, ma'am.)

'"'But what are his claims, me good lad,' ses he?

'"'Shoore, an' is'n't wantin' it claim enuff? ses I, for I tuk heart, seein' he spoke so gentle.

'"Be this time his mout was finished, an' de valet began curlin' his hair, givin' us de manes to discoorse more comfortable.

'"'I must hear a little more about you,' ses his lordship, 'before I give you an answer.'

'"'Be all manner o' manes, me Lord Always,' ses I; 'shoore that's bud fair any way. I cum o' dacent pepel,' I ses, 'for me mother's gran'father was a Callaghan, an' own blood relation to Lord Lismore himself.' 'Very good,' ses me lord.' 'An' me fadher was foster-brother to sportin' Squire Barry, of Rathcormick, that kept de hounds, an' he went abroad to forrin parts to see de world, an' got a place in de army, an' wud' a' riz' there's little doubt; bud 'twas de smell o' de pipe-clay for clanin' de coutrements he niver cud abide, it disagreed wid his stummick intirely; an' his kernel sed it was not convaniant to keep him in de regiment, so he ped his passage home to Cork, gintale; bud he seen a deal o' de world any way, for he went trou' London, an' to de King's pallis, an'——'

'"'Well, well, that's enuff about him,' ses me lord. 'He settled in Cork, I suppose, and, like other poor Irishmen, raised a family about him he had no means of supporting, and now wishes to dispose of half a score b'ys.'

'"'That's just it to a hair,' ses I.

'"'An' what are the qualifications of this brother of yours, supposin' I'd get him de place?' ses me lord.

'"'Faix den 'tis he's qualified for that or any thing else intirely. Were'nt we all brought up gintale, an' used to go to Justin Delany's, de one-eyed schoolmaster in Blackpool, an' got redin' an' ritin' for a fipenny a week; an' whin we'd take a coorse o' manners two pence a week more; for a half-quarter or so, when we'd be in most want of de polish; an' niver let do nothin' dirty, so we wasn't, in de way o' work, more than may be mixin' a hod o' mortar, or carryin' a load o' bricks for de masons, whin me fadher 'ud have no lanin' to his profession of a Monday mornin' sometimes.'

'"'Then you earned nothing yourselves.'

'"' Oh! we did of an odd time. We were'nt above goin' an errand, or holdin' a jintleman's horse, or such a thing. 'Twas few things indeed Pathrick an' meself could 'nt turn our hands to, in de way of airnin' an honest an' gintale fi'penny.'

'"' Cork is a fine city, eh?'

'"' 'Tis you an' I may say that,' ses I, 'not bud I'm ownin' London's a fine place too, only I don't see a street to plase me like de Grand Parade, wid king George a hossback at one end of it. An' where is de likes of an illigant walk of a summer's evening to Sundy's Well, or out be de Watercourse, or—'

'"' Sandy's what?' ses me lord.

'"' Sundy's Well shoore, plase yer honour me Lord Always; yees knoes Sundy's Well, an' de way up to it be Wise's distillery an' de North Mall; or be de Dyke with two bewtiful rows of trees, an' de iron gates on ache side of it, an' across the ferry to the tay house?'

'"' I can't say I ever heard the names before,' ses me lord; an' one rason may be never was in Cork in my life.'

'"Never was in Cork, Ma'am, only hearken to that. Bud there! its the blissed fruits o' the Union, they tell me;—I 've hard dem as understood it, say, 'we 've been a neglected an' divided counthree since ever de Union.' More's de pity! However, he 's 'an illigant jintleman all out; so he is, if he nivir did see his native place; which it might be no fault of his afther all, if he happened to be born in a forrin land. A man can't always be born where he likes."

'" Very true, Barney. But how ended your interview?"

'" Ah! that's de word shoore enuff, an' not 'retinue,' as I sed awhile agone. Why, ma'am, we had a deal more discourse, an' he axed me a power o' questions, an' I tould him how I was tuk from home be Mr. Stapleton, to be made into a vally de sham, an' was risin' fast I sed, an' cud go of errands all one as if 'twas in Cork I was; an' at long an' last he tould me to write over an' bid me brother cum at wonst, an' he'd see an' settle him whin he'd consider what he'd be fit for. An' I think I gave his lordship's honour intire satisfaction, for I hard him laughin' mighty hearty all de way I cum doun stairs; so I look upon it Pathrick's bis'ness is as good as dun."'—*Adventures of Barney Mahoney*, pp. 57—67.

The heroine of the piece, Fanny, the only daughter of Barney's master, is a very interesting girl, and indeed, limited as the work is to one small volume, we are astonished at the number of miscellaneous characters, English and Scotch, who are introduced into it by the author, without at all crowding his scene. Each plays his part with effect, and we might take the volume as a fair and faithful representation of the by-play of life, which one may see every day in London, or at the watering-places to which London resorts. As a specimen of the author's general powers we may quote a passage in Fanny's life at Hastings, where she is under the care of Mrs. Temple —a woman of the old school.

'They had not been many days settled in their new abode, before they had noticed and mentioned in the course of conversation, a somewhat [illegible]-ble pair, seemingly father and son, who never failed meeting them [illegible]ly walks; and by a certain air of half consciousness, and more

than half inclination, to claim acquaintance, induced the general question,—"Who can those two men be? they know us, I am sure; and the old man in particular, looks so earnestly at Fanny, that he certainly some day will speak to her." And so he did, to her astonishment, and apparently to his own self-gratulation, in having achieved a task so long felt to be difficult.

'The horrified Mrs. Temple could scarcely command her temper at the temerity of an accolâde so contrary to all rule; and, judging from the appearance of the gentleman, so little to be desired. It is true she had hitherto met with no friend, and had made no acquaintances, her object being to admit only such as were decidedly eligible. Now the air, the manner,, the very garb of this old man betokened anything but refinement. There was a careless air in the cut of his snuff-brown suit that said—I do not aim or wish to be mistaken for a gentleman; I am, or at least was, a trader, and I do not care who knows it. I have brought up my son here with the first nobles in the land; and perhaps I can count guineas with them too, and not be ashamed to say how I came by them.

'The son had the look of a man of education perhaps, but not of high birth; the fear of his father's affected carelessness hung over him like a cloud; out of his society he passed as an agreeable sort of person enough; but in it there was a perpetual dread of some ill-bred sally, or coarse expression from his father, coming to reflect ridicule on him. Yet did he bear all this, and with the patience of a martyr, for he was the only, and he knew himself to be the adored son of his father, and *he* was a widower.

'To blow off the London smoke, to see a little of life, and, some day or other, to pick up a wife for Tom, were the avowed objects of the old man's annual visit to the coast. He was inwardly proud of the youth; had given him an University education; and, farther, had the satisfaction of seeing him "a well-grown, well-formed, and not ill-looking fellow." But although he would miss no opportunity in company of slily bringing forward Tom's shining points, yet, if the youth ventured to differ with him, or to evince superior knowledge to his own, on any subject, the testy old man would reprimand him with an air of severity, a stranger to them would have set down as nothing short of hatred to his unfortunate son.

"In addition to this irritability of disposition, he possessed a tiresomely slow utterance of words, and invariably (no uncommon case by the way) began each sentence at least three times; and, when decidedly *irate*, stammered in a trifling degree. Such, to the best of our powers of description, was old Mr. Barton, formerly dry-salter in the city of London, well-known upon 'Change, and sometime Alderman of Portsoken; a circumstance which may account for his tenacious patronage of that forsaken beverage, port wine, and of which he felt it a matter of especial duty to swallow three bottles daily.

'Planting himself firmly before Miss Stapleton (his inquiries at the library having directed him in the approach), he commenced as follows: (Mrs. Temple starting sideways to the utmost verge of the path, resolved at least not to be drawn into the conversation, until she should have ascertained who the "ill-bred old fellow could be.")

'The son on one arm, and a cotton umbrella tucked under the other, he began—

' " I believe—I believe, ma'am, your name is Stapleton ?"

' " It is," replied Fanny, looking surprised.

' " You—you live—you live in Finsbury Square. I know your father very well; leastways, I did know him when I was in business in Larrance-Pountney Lane. His ware'us jined own's; we was back to back: and an upright downstraight honest Englishman he is as ever broke bread; and that being the case, I shall—I shall be—I shall be glad to make your acquaintance, Miss; and this—this is—this is my son Tom! Don't be pinching my arm, you villain; I know what you mean well enough; I know better—I will speak to her, so be quiet—and he's had—he's had a college education;" he continued, turning again to the perplexed Fanny, who, somewhat bewildered between her recollection of the known principles of Mrs. Temple and her own good-nature, which could not refuse to listen, especially to one who knew and praised her father, stood with a countenance as indefinite as that of Garrick when assailed by Tragedy and Comedy. " My son—my son here, Miss Stapleton, will be proud to make acquaintance with you, and escort you about, or go on the water and that—or to the Lover's Seat, or whatever you like, Miss, whenever you or these ladies are in want of a beau."

' " You are very good, sir," Fanny was beginning; when Mrs. Temple, unable to bear more, exclaimed, " My dear Miss Stapleton, we must hasten home; there is a heavy shower coming on, I am sure."

' " Bless your heart—no such—no such thing, Madam," cried the impenetrable Mr. Barton: but Mrs. Temple persisted in flight, and arrived at home breathless, where, throwing herself into a chair, she almost screamed, " Can it be? Have I actually had such words addressed to me by a smoke-dried citizen! Bless my heart, indeed! and from the lips of a drysalter of Larrance something Lane. Oh, when shall I ever feel purified from such impertinent freedom?"

' Fanny, having proceeded to her room, was spared witnessing this scene; and therefore the less surprised on the following day, notwithstanding Mrs. Temple's unequivocal horror at the unceremonious approaches of the dry-salter, when she made it her first business to " step to the library," by way of discovering if Mr. Barton was a person it was indispensable to cut, or a mere eccentric. There she learned that he was a man of immense fortune and economical habits, careless of appearances; and with only this son Tom to inherit his thousands.

" The die was cast. Tom was very producible in the absence of his father. Vulgarity often passed under the name of oddity, and it would be easy to avoid the father in London. Tom was exceedingly well-worth looking after, and Tom she resolved to angle for. She could easily have a fourth daughter brought forward, if the three expected London lovers fulfilled her anticipations.

" Fanny did to be sure open her eyes a little wider than usual on beholding Mrs. Temple's smiling recognition of the Barton's; but she placed the affair to the account of kindness towards herself, and sought for no deeper motive. " We are not long arrived here, Mr. Barton," said the lady, graciously, " and have not yet discovered the amusements of the place; perhaps you can enlighten us on the subject. How do you pass your mornings?"

" ' Oh—oh, I—oh, I have my breakfast—I have my breakfast. No,

sometimes I bathe—sometimes I bathe first, and then—then I read—then I read the papers—and then I shave."

' " The barbarian !"

' " What say, Ma'am ?"

' " Nothing. Pray, Sir, proceed."

' " Then, Ma'am, I—then Ma'am, I and Tom—Tom and I- we go into the market, and see if—see if there's—see if there's any thing we fancy for dinner ; then we make a stroll ; that's the way we sometimes meets you, Ma'am, and these young ladies, and that fills up till dinner time. Tom, what's o'clock ?" he inquired, " for my appetite says near three."

' " You take rather a late luncheon," pursued Mrs. Temple, who determined to ascertain his movements, that she might be qualified to avoid him on occasions.

" ' I—I never—I never take luncheon at all," continued the dry-salter, " I dine—I dine—I dine at three, its the proper hour. How can—how can a man—how can a man dine later and have time to take his three bottles quietly. Three o'clock—three o'clock is the best hour for dinner. Its the only—its the only sensible—its the only sensible hour ; and who ever dines later is a—who ever dines later is a fool, and a booby, and a jackanapes. Now, here is my son Tom, here, pretends to say—to say it cuts up his day ; and I know not—I know not what fantastical folly, as if his—his old father didn't know better than him ; but he—he thinks—he thinks himself, forsooth, so clever, because he'd a college edication, and knows a—knows an elephant from a co-co-co, cock-lobster."

' A cock-lobster was the favourite simile of old Barton. Whenever his son displayed his learning, the elephant and cock-lobster rose up in judgment on his father's tongue. If he passed an opinion, he was told he knew no more of the matter than a cock-lobster. If he looked disturbed or annoyed, he was compared to the obnoxious fish aforesaid ; and if the word came forth stammeringly, with co-co-co-co, then was Tom Barton certain his honoured father was in a rage. On this occasion he had sinned, in not instantaneously replying to the old man's question, respecting the hour, and he hastened " to the rescue," in hopes of preventing further exposure of his father's temper.'—*The Adventures of Barney Mahoney*, pp. 157—164.

In many parts of this choice volume, Mr. Crofton Croker has exhibited a higher range of comic talent than we had given him credit for. No living writer can rival him in pourtraying his own countrymen.

The novel of ' Fitz George ' is by no means destitute of talent. It is written throughout in a correct and polished style, though without any of the energy of passion, or the graces of fancy. The object of the author is to give a domestic view of the life and character of the late king, a subject that, had he known it intimately, might have furnished him with many extraordinary scenes. But he appears to possess no further information concerning the personal habits of George IV. than any person may gather from the public history of that sovereign's reign.

Those who have read " Salathiel," " The Undying One," or

species over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder. But if science has called into real existence the visions of the poet—if the accumulating knowledge of ages has blunted the sharpest and distanced the loftiest of the shafts of the satirist—the philosopher has conferred on the moralist an obligation of surpassing weight. In unveiling to him the living miracles which teem in rich exuberance around the minutest atom, as well as throughout the largest masses of ever-active matter, he has placed before him resistless evidence of immeasurable design. Surrounded by every form of animate and inanimate existence, the sun of science has yet penetrated but through the outer fold of nature's majestic robe; but if the philosopher were required to separate from amongst those countless evidences of creative power, one being, the master-piece of its skill; and from that being to select one gift, the choicest of all the attributes of life; turning within his own breast, and conscious of those powers which have subjugated to his race the external world, and of those higher powers by which he has subjugated to himself that creative faculty which aids his faltering conceptions of a Deity,—the humble worshipper at the altar of truth would pronounce that being—man; that endowment—human reason.

'But however large the interval that separates the lowest from the highest of those sentient beings which inhabit our planet, all the results of observation, enlightened by all the reasonings of the philosopher, combine to render it probable, that in the vast extent of creation, the proudest attribute of our race is but, perchance, the lowest step in the gradation of intellectual existence. For since every portion of our own material globe, and every animated being it supports, afford, on more scrutinizing inquiry, more perfect evidence of design, it would indeed be most unphilosophical to believe, that those sister spheres, glowing with light and heat radiant from the same central source—or the members of those kindred systems almost lost in the remoteness of space, and perceptible only from the countless multitude of their congregated globes—should each be no more than a floating chaos of unformed matter,—or, being all the work of the same almighty Architect, that no living eye should be gladdened by their forms of beauty, that no intellectual being should expand its faculties in deciphering their laws.'—pp. 319—320.

We have intentionally omitted to notice some wild speculations in which the author indulges in the course of his work, upon the subject of his calculating engine, and upon the conveyance of letters through the metropolis and the country, by means of wires suspended from steeple to steeple. When the mind once takes wing in the region of invention, we who are left still upon the earth are apt to feel astonished at the boldness, and what we would call, the rashness of those Icarian adventurers who soar so high above our heads. But every man has his weak side, and we must allow him to ride upon his hobby occasionally. There is however, much truth in the remarks which Mr. Babbage makes upon the mode, in which letters still continue to be conveyed from the metropolis to the country by means of mail coaches. Why are not light carriages used for the purpose, which should carry no passengers, and no weight, except the guard and the

post bag? If this system were adopted, a great number of periodical works might be forwarded by mails which are not now allowed to go through the Post-office, and the communications would be greatly accelerated between all parts of the United Kingdom.

ART. X—1. *The Adventures of Barney Mahoney.* By T. Crofton Croker. 8vo. pp. 299. London: Fisher and Co. 1832.

2. *Fitz-George; a Novel.* In three volumes. 8vo. London: Wilson. 1832.

3. *The Doomed.* In three vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

IF the reader desire to banish the spleen and all recollection of it from his bosom for a month or two, let us commend him to Barney Mahoney. He will find in it an inexhaustible fund of laughter—not of gentle dimpling smiles, the puny indications of transitory merriment, but of downright laughter—laughter that will throw open all the doors of his heart, and make him laugh again and again at the bare remembrance of his first wild bursts of uncontrollable gaiety. Barney is certainly the oddest of all odd fishes, the very pink and pattern of a cabin-born Irishman. The genuine mother-wit of the fellow, his boundless resources, his fertility of invention, his national and family pride, and bothering eloquence, are all in the true vein of the Hibernian character. Rude in his tongue, almost savage in his aspect, he yet finds out the way of winning every body in his favour. In the hands of Power we fancy that Barney might be transplanted to the stage with unrivalled success.

We are introduced to him in the cabin of his parents in the famous city of Cork—and such a cabin! It is sketched to the life. The broken plates, the trenchers, pots, and stools, the tubs, the pigs, the cock-loft, the smoky dinginess of the whole interior, are before us, disposed with the masterly skill of a Wilkie. A "lucky storm" drove into it for refuge, a Mr. Stapleton, of the London house of Stapleton, Goodlad, & Co.—he beholds the misery of its tenants—the inimitable patience with which they endure privations that in England would make the father of a family mad, or urge him to the highway—the patience?—nay the cheerfulness, the happy resignation, with which the inmates, numerous and healthy, lived almost upon nothing, and still went on from day to day with the same imperturbable contentedness. The picture, though in a novel, will be found realized throughout every part of Ireland, and its truth is calculated to excite our warmest sympathies in favour of a people, who require only a more domestic government to be raised to a condition of general prosperity.

Enviable is Mr. Crofton Croker's felicity in depicting the portraits of his humbler countrymen. But he has shown almost equal

power in exhibiting the Patois language and manners of the "Englishers," as Barney calls them. This is a fair set off in favour of the lower Irish, who with all their peculiarities of expression and manners, possess many fine qualities of head and heart, fitting them almost for any species of occupation into which it may be their fortune to be thrown. Treat them with considerate kindness, and they will prove faithful to the last. "I can turn my hand to any thing," is a phrase which with them literally means as much as it conveys; they possess the physical strength and the inward will to render themselves useful wherever they happen to be placed, and their honesty is proverbial. Barney Mahoney is a type of the whole labouring population. His wit, it is true, is so prolific, that it now and then leads him into fanciful representations, which do not always strictly harmonize with the fact—in other words he is a little too fond of *fibs*. This perhaps is but too common an error amongst his countrymen, arising less from a want of moral feeling than from the ardour of their imagination, which hurries them beyond the world of reality.

Mr. Stapleton, taking compassion on the numerous family of the Mahoneys, offers to take Barney into his service—an offer which is most gladly accepted by the parents, who looked upon the "storm" as a lucky one indeed. We could not desire a more genuine portrait of an Irish father or mother, than that which the author has here given of Barney's progenitors. Listen to the duet of advice which they pour into his ear upon the occasion.

'"Now, Barney, aboughil yees hear to me, an' be a good b'y, darlint, and don't give way to low company and bad coorses, but ever an' always keep stiddy an' handy; and who knows, but in time, you may come to be valley de sham to some great lord or other? An' d'ye hear me a vick? Remimber de brothers and sisthers ye lave behind yees, an' niver miss to do them a like good turn, if it comes in yeer way, d'ye se Barney; an' honor yer mother an' me; an' mind what de prist sed last Sunday, to keep yer hands from pickin' an' stalin'; an', above all, keep clear o' de English girls, Barney, or yees is as good as ruined, so you is,"

'"An' Barney, my heart!" interposed the mother, "remimber de honor o' de family, an' don't do nothin' to disgrace us, and keep yer own counsel 'avourneen, for there's many 'll ax questions of yees only to jeer, an' put their comehether upon you, darlint; an' keep a civil tongue, an' a cool answer for all questions; an' doan't be flourishin' de shilela de way de b'ys does here, for de English doesn't understand dem ways, an' you'd may be get throuble thro' it, so you would."'—pp. 13, 14.

Barney is shipped for London, where he arrives safe, dressed—or rather half dressed in the frize cloth of his country; but in order to give his new fellow-servants a grand idea of his family, he musters up a fine story about a great chest of clothes which he lost at sea! He horrifies the lady's maid by his uncouth language; but, by his activity and shrewdness, he soon renders himself quite a favourite in the merchant's family, which exhibits another domestic

picture extremely well drawn, and presenting a complete contrast in every respect to the Irish cabin. In obedience to the parental injunction given to him, Barney does not forget his brothers and sisters; and so, when pretty well settled in his new place, hearing, or pretending to have heard of some vacancy in the Excise department, he straight resolves on asking the situation for his brother, from Lord Cork—a personage whom he had never seen before; but who, he was sure, from his title, must be a fellow townsman of his. The interview is in itself a comedy.

'When our adventurer judged that the accident of the ball dress (as related in the last chapter) had sufficiently faded from the recollection of his mistress, he took an opportunity of requesting leave of absence in order to put in force a certain project he had long entertained, and which had for its object the providing for his brother Patrick. He remembered the injunctions of his father on his head; and though Barney might justly be styled a lad of "easy principles," yet he certainly had at heart the fancied "honour of the family." He had heard that a place in the Excise was in the gift of Lord Cork. Of course to be had for the asking. Those who are acquainted with the awe in which an Irish peasant holds an exciseman, will understand the extent of Barney's ambition, when he determined to apply for the place in question. Requesting an audience of Mrs Stapleton, he began:

'"If you plase, ma'am, I'd be glad I could be spared an hour or two dis mornin', if you plase?"

'"What do you want to do, Barney?"

'"'Tis to go see Lord Cork, ma'am, I'm wantin'?"

'"To see Lord Cork, Barney? What can you possibly have to do with Lord Cork! Do you know his Lordship?"

'"I do not ma'am; but he's a townsman o' mine, an' its in regard of a small fever I tought to ask, for a strip of a b'y, a brother o' me own, an' its in his power to do it; so, in coorse, its askin' nothin' out o' de way at all at all."

'"Rather a hasty conclusion that, Barney. However, go, if you consider your claims on his Lordship's time give you a chance of being admitted," said Mrs Stapleton.

'"Oh! no fear in life. Won't I get to de spache of him; an' why would'nt I, bein' his townsman an' all?"

'Away went Barney Mahoney, nothing daunted, on a mission, that to an English lad of his standing, would have appeared an undertaking replete with difficulties. And back he returned, with a smiling countenance.

'"Well, Barney," said his mistress, "how have you succeeded? Did you find the house."

'"Oh, I did, ma'am; an ilegant house it is, shoorely all out; an' I raps at de doore single, as you bid me when I'm be meself; an' a great big man, wid a red face, an' a green baizy apron on him, opens it, wid a broom in his hand, for 'twas a sweepin' out de hall he was; an' thinks I to myself, ye'es make an iligant housemaid, any way; but they've sthrange ways here in England, thinks I. So, I ses nothin', bud scraped me shoes at de iron strap like, be de doore, an 'Is Lord Cork' widin?' ses I.

persons will, we apprehend, be induced to seek for further information concerning them in the work before us. It is the compilation, we understand, of a learned barrister, but though sufficiently accurate in all the legal points, we must say that it is not a very felicitous specimen of English style. We open a page at random, and find in it the following improper phraseology:—'The court *being* thus *sat*, and silence enjoined,' &c. We need hardly add that the volume is altogether drawn up on high Tory principles, and that the author, of course, represents Charles as a martyr, and the regicides as the most wicked of men.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Divination by Plants.—A species of divination was anciently practised by means of plants, especially of sage and fig leaves. The persons who wished to know their fortunes wrote their own names and their questions on leaves, which were exposed to the wind; and as many of the letters as remained in their own places were taken up, joined together, and considered as an answer to the question.

Birmingham Railway.—The proposed railway from London to Birmingham, for the completion of which a bill is at present before Parliament, will be 112½ miles in length. There will be ten tunnels; but, with the exception of two, none of them will exceed a third of a mile—a distance which a railway coach will shoot in somewhat less than a minute. The entire cost will not exceed 2,400,000*l.*; the returns calculated on amount to 671,000*l.* The shares subscribed for, on which a deposit of five per cent. has been paid, amount to 1,900,000. The entire distance to Birmingham will be accomplished in five hours and a half; it now occupies twelve hours.

An improved Piano-forte.—Mr. Allen, of Catherine-street, Strand, has recently made several improvements in the construction of piano-fortes. One of these is, that he has the whole of the strings of the instrument strained on an iron frame, quite distinct from the wood work, from which the iron frame, together with the strings, can be readily detached. The consequence of this is that Mr. Allen's piano-fortes will keep in tune in changes of weather, and even of climate, much better than those of the ordinary construction. Another advantage gained by Mr. Allen is, that, by means of his iron frames, he can make his piano-fortes of any shape that may be required, and he has one which is equal in power to a grand piano-forte, in the form of a circular loo-table, a shape which would be found convenient by persons whose drawing-rooms are not suited to the ordinary form of a grand piano-forte.

The Moravians.—According to a late statement of the Moravians, the total number of the brethren scattered over the whole earth, amounts to no more than about 16,000; nevertheless, they keep up 127 missionary establishments among the heathens, at an expense of more than 9,000*l.* per annum.

Mortality among the Great.—Within the last month or six weeks, a remarkable number of eminent men have been taken from the cir-

cles of the living—Cuvier, Remusath, Perier, Lamarque, in France; Sir William Grant, Sir James Mackintosh, Jeremy Bentham, and Charles Butler, Esq., in England. We fear that to these distinguished names, that of Sir Walter Scott must very soon be added.

New Machine.—Mr. C. D. Sillery lately read a paper to the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, on a new engine invented by himself, which he terms the "Hydraulic Self-acting Engine." It works by the pressure of the atmosphere, and possesses a power equal to six times that of the steam engine! Another remarkable character of this powerful engine is, that it neither requires fire, wind, nor water; and when once going, works without any assistance whatever.

Eton Montem.—This triennial scene of costly and scholastic fun took place last month, with the customary ceremonials. Their Majesties were present, and were every where greeted by the multitude with the loudest plaudits. The *salt money* amounted to nearly 1,000*l.*!

Sir Walter Scott.—We regret to learn that this eminent writer and admirable man has not returned with any renewed vigour of constitution, or any chance of gratifying the world with further displays of his genius. He is, indeed, much worse in health than when he set out, and serious apprehensions are entertained of his recovery. In passing down the Rhine, he suffered by another stroke of paralysis, and had it not been for the presence of mind of his servant in bleeding him, he could not have survived the attack. He has now, we are informed, lost the use of one side, and is not likely to recover it. He has been attended by physicians ever since his return.

Horticulture.—The practice which is adopted at the Botanical Garden in Geneva, might be imitated with great advantage amongst ourselves. De Candolle has introduced the custom of distributing presents of plants and shrubs among two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens every year, and has, in this simple way, excited a degree of attention on their parts to the general culture of their gardens, which has been attended with the most beneficial effects.

New Manufacture.—A new and beautiful manufacture has just been produced at Halifax. It is a damask, of which the ground-work is silk, and the figure in worsted. The effect is almost as good as that of silk damask wholly, yet the price is not more than one half.

Cast-Iron Roofs.—Sheet-iron coverings are now universally made use of in all new buildings in Petersburg, Moscow, &c. In case of fire no harm can happen to such a house from sparks falling on the roof. The sheets are painted on both sides once, and when fixed on the roof a second coat is given. The common is red, but green paint, it is said, will stand twice the time. Small bits or ears are introduced into the tops to nail them to the laths. The cost is about 3*d.* per foot.

Dicovery of Ancient Coins.—Some men, in the act of digging a vault in the churchyard of Pluckley, in the county of Kent, discovered a most valuable treasure, consisting of gold and silver coins to the value of nearly 150*l.* The dates of many of them cannot be decyphered; but there are no less than five gold coins of Augustus Cæsar, so that we may suppose they have been resting in their "hallowed abode" many hundred years.

Micali is preparing a continuation of his valuable "Italia avanti

il dominio de' Romani;" and it will be illustrated by an atlas of one hundred and twenty folio plates and upwards, which are now in the hands of Lascinio and other eminent engravers. Pistolesi's admirable work, the "Vaticano descritto ed illustrato," of which twenty numbers are already published, has received an additional stimulus from the munificence of the present pontiff, who has subscribed for two hundred copies.

Rome.—A triangular marble pedestal has been found in making the excavations in the Forum. It is ornamented with Bacchantes, and, with a bust also in marble, is the only produce, as yet, of these labours, which are rather languidly carried on.

National Gallery.—It affords us the greatest pleasure to learn that measures are now in progress for the erection, on a suitable plan, of a National Gallery. It is understood that the King has sanctioned the erection of a splendid structure in Pall Mall East, capable of containing a National Gallery and accommodating the whole establishment of the Royal Academy. The design, it seems, is already prepared by Mr. Wilkins.

Anchors.—The cost of anchors for the public service is immense: to supply the navy once only, requires a sum above 500,000*l.* Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of metal is wasted in the forging; and the cost of such an anchor is 400*l.*

Irish Agitation.—The avidity with which newspapers are read in Ireland, and the great circulation which some of the most popular journals must command in that country, may be inferred from the fact, that we have now before us "The Weekly Freeman's Journal" of the 23rd of June, which, though sold for sevenpence, consists of ten closely-printed pages, or fifty columes, nearly as large as the Times. They are filled with anti-tithe meetings, and Parliamentary debates on Irish subjects: many of the speeches in Parliament being specially reported.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1832.

ART. I.—*The Sacred History of the World, as displayed in the Creation and subsequent events to the Deluge: attempted to be philosophically considered: in a series of Letters to a Son. Second edition.* By Sharon Turner, F. S. A., &c. 8vo. pp. 523. London: Longman & Co.

AMONG the many works which Mr. Turner has presented to the world, there is none which we have read with so much satisfaction, or, if we may say so, with a more thorough consciousness of improvement, than the volume now before us. Many of the topics which are treated in it have been handled by other writers, with skill not perhaps inferior to that of Mr. Turner, but no author has given so complete a view of the general subject, or has discussed it with so much effect as he has done. Undoubtedly he came to it with great advantages in his favour. Very little improvement has been made in the science of astronomy within the last fifty years; but scarcely a year of that period has elapsed, particularly since the peace, which has not added very considerably to our stores of zoological and geological information. Whatever speculations are now made upon those branches of knowledge, may be based upon a large mass of facts, of an authentic nature, which have been collected, with a scrupulous regard to precision, by different observers. The philosopher who now chooses to take those facts, and build a theory of his own upon them, has at least the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever may be the merit of his superstructure, his foundation, at all events, is composed of excellent materials.

The object which Mr. Turner has, in his own modest phraseology, attempted to accomplish, is one calculated to excite the highest and noblest reflections of which the human mind is susceptible. He has endeavoured to discover the intellectual design and Divine economy of the world we inhabit; and, while avoiding every thing like pedantry on the one hand, and superficiality on the other, to render the style of his thought and language as simple and as

popular as possible. We regret to say, that in the latter respect he has not uniformly succeeded. The plan of the work was, possibly, suggested by Paley's admirable sketch of Natural Theology. The reader who has first perused that production, will feel a deeper interest in the volume now before us. It has not been written, as the author assures us, with any view to reputation in this world; indeed, we fully coincide with him in the propriety of the observation, that, upon such a subject, mere human fame ought not for a moment to be thought of: at the same time, we are much mistaken if this volume be not likely to reflect additional lustre on the rank which Mr. Turner has already acquired in the literary world.

We need hardly premise that the author takes the Scriptures as the great authority for all his reasonings upon the creation. There is certainly no other that can be depended on for a moment. With the sacred Testament for our guide, we may go on in the course of our inquiries with a firm step: we find every thing consistent, intelligible, harmonious; but if we prefer—as philosophers in this and all other countries are too fond of preferring—our own fancies for the inspirations of the Divinity, we involve ourselves in a labyrinth of confusion, obscurity, and discord. Under the guidance of this Light, the author begins his labours by reviewing the history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, considering the facts, as he proceeds, 'with a due recollection of the reasoned science, and of the varied knowledge and enlightened investigations of the times we live in;' and with a view 'to harmonize the recorded circumstances with philosophical judgment.' 'No arrogant assumption,' he adds, 'is intended by this epithet: it is a word which is used to denote an inquiry into the principles of what we discuss, according to those of our just knowledge on all natural phenomena; a mental investigation, that searches for intelligible causes and agencies consistent with those with which we are already acquainted, and which seem to be most certain. It is an endeavour to illustrate by reason, what we believe upon proper authority. I have always found my own belief most steady, whenever I traced it to be in coincidence with my other knowledge.'

After stating and illustrating the scriptural history of the creation of the earth, the waters, and the light, the author proceeds to the formation of our planetary system; and here the investigations of science enable him to state, as a matter of great and striking probability, that our earth, the sun, the moon, and the other planets, were all created at about the same period, or, at all events, that they were placed at the same period in their present relative positions. We see that they preserve those positions by their mutual action on each other. Their co-existence is a necessity imposed upon them by the Deity. 'The presence of each is essential to the system which they constitute—the sun to them, they to the sun, and all to each other; and this circumstance is a strong indication that their formation was simultaneous, and, there-

fore, that the sun did not precede our earth in his formation, but was made as that was framing, just as Moses has narrated.' It is also consistent with philosophy to infer, that all those planets are inhabited, which revolve round their own axis as our globe does. Our periodical revolution is completed in twenty-four hours, and thus our time is regularly divided, for purposes known only to the Creator, but which, from practice, we know to be conducive to our alternations of labour and repose. Mercury, Venus, and Mars, have, from the same cause, diurnal periods of time of nearly the same duration as our own; and hence we might be justified in inferring, that they are inhabited by beings not very different from ourselves. Jupiter is one thousand times larger than our earth, yet its diurnal revolution round its own axis is completed in little more than twelve hours. From this fact we might be justified in inferring that that planet is also inhabited, but by a race different in some respects from ourselves, inasmuch as they require repose every six hours. The analogy between Mars and our earth is particularly striking. "The obliquity of their respective ecliptics," says Herschel, "is not very different; their diurnal motion (though Mars is not half the diameter of our earth) is nearly the same; of all the superior planets, the distance of Mars from the sun is by far the nearest alike to that of our earth." He then mentions as facts ascertained by his observation, that Mars has, like our earth, its frozen regions covered "with mountains of ice and snow, and that its compression at the poles is much greater than that of our globe." It would seem that Moses, in speaking of the creation of the stars, alluded only to the planets which are connected with our system, and not to the fixed stars, of which it is supposed that there are not fewer than one thousand millions in the higher regions of the firmament. Herschel asserts that he succeeded, by means of his telescope, in measuring three of the fixed stars, one of which, Capella, he estimated to be twenty million times larger than the volume of the sun. It raises our thoughts to sublimity to suppose that if, as an able writer suggests, "an observer could be transplanted to the remotest star visible in his telescope, he would probably see extending before him in the same direction, a firmament equally rich and splendid as that which he beholds from our own insignificant planet." The fixed stars, then, we may infer, though many of them are visible to us, belong not to our astronomical system; they are not among those which were created for the purpose of ruling our day and night. They probably form parts of other systems of existence, with which at present we have no relation. But though they may not appertain to our system, they have been manifestly intended, in being rendered visible to us, as objects of our contemplation, calculated to expand our ideas, and to intimate to us the stupendous extent of the Creator's operations. They enable us to see infinity, as it were, with the naked eye; for we can calculate that there are many of them distant from us millions of

millions of millions of our miles! These beautiful orbs, distant though they be from our sphere, yet shine with a light so like that of the planets, and harmonize so manifestly with our solar system, that, though they apparently form no part of it, they afford the most convincing evidence of the power of one Supreme Being, and of the unity of his design, in creating the universe. Thus we have a mighty volume frequently unfolded before our eyes, in which we may read the happy destiny that awaits us, if we shall only exert ourselves to deserve it. Man alone, of all the other creatures around him, is framed to look upon the heavens; and the objects that are there displayed clearly predict to him the immortality of his soul, and invite him, by their glorious effulgence, to purify it for nobler enjoyments than he can ever possess in his present habitation. Looking abroad, even at the small portion of the universe which we are permitted to gaze upon from this watch-tower of ours, placed upon the confines of eternity, we cannot err so long as we thus render philosophy the handmaid of religion. Indeed, without some scientific acquirements, as Mr. Turner judiciously remarks, it is scarcely possible to comprehend, to their full extent, the wonders by which we are encircled.

'The facts of nature are sometimes so surprising as to be incredible to any but a scientific mind. One of these is the circumstance, that those fixed stars, in their immense remoteness from us, which occasions their parallax to be insensible, should yet be visible to our eye-sight, especially when the portion of their light which reaches us is so inconceivably small. That light, the most atenuated fluid we know, whose particles have the incomprehensible minuteness which was mentioned in the former letter, should travel in undeviating straight lines through so many inexpressible millions of miles, and reach our comparatively petty globe, and enter every eye upon the surface which looks towards them,—is one of the miracles of our created nature. But this effect becomes the more surprising, when philosophers of great caution, and high reputation, present to us their computations of the comparative smallness of the degree of the luminous fluid which from them affects our visual organs.

'The great host of heaven, technically called the fixed stars, have other analogies to our system, which confirm the belief that they originate from the same creative power, though in a different, and to us unknown chronology; but which makes the epithet of fixity, in some degree, an erroneous denomination. Though appearing to our unassisted eye as single stars, some are not so, but are a combination of several. One has been ascertained to be a sextuple star, or six associated together; two others are quadruple, or groups of four: several are triple; and still more are double. This resembles our earth and the moon, and the other planets with their satellites. This similitude is increased by our finding that they revolve round each other, or round a common centre, as we and our companion move round the sun. Another analogy may be traced in the colours of some; for one of the stars is white; Aldebaran is a glowing purple; Scorpio is red, like our Mars. It also appears in the changes and in the brilliance of many, which is a variation that has been remarked in some of

our planets. There is also the grand and analogous circumstance, that as all the planets move from west to east in their rotations and orbits, so the whole body of the stars appear to have a general movement in the same direction, which some have computed to be completed in 25,000 years.'—pp. 43—45.

How trivial, how contemptible, do the most important works, the most triumphant conquests, the most agitating debates of men appear, when compared for a moment with such objects as these! How eminently foolish must we not be, to allow petty cares and anxieties to distress our minds, when we may give them wings, as it were, and permit them to range through those bright regions, where feeling becomes happiness, and thought sublimity!

Science has not yet made made any satisfactory discoveries with respect to the substance of the sun. That of the moon has been better ascertained.

'The substance of the MOON is more known to us than that of the brighter luminary. Its volume is forty-nine times less than the volume of the earth. There is ground for supposing that all is solid at its surface, for it appears in powerful telescopes as an arid mass, on which some have thought they could perceive the effects, and even the explosions, of volcanoes. There are mountains on the surface of the moon, which rise to nearly the height of three miles, and it has been inferred, that it has deep cavities like the basins of our seas. Caspian lakes have been supposed in it. But it has either no atmosphere, or it is of such extreme rarity, as to exceed the nearest vacuum we can produce by our best constructed air pumps; so that no terrestrial animal could breathe alive upon its surface. If, then, it be inhabited, it is not by beings who have bodies like either men or any of our animated race. The lunar population must be of a far more aërial nature than our present selves, or our most delicate fellow creatures. Only sylphs, spirits, or angels, suit such an etherial medium. It has a great numer of invariable spots, which proves that the moon always presents to us the same hemisphere, and revolves on its axis in a period equal to that of its revolution round the earth. Its dark and bright parts have given rise to the idea, that it has seas, islands, and continents; but it is now doubted whether it has any water at all; and it has been supposed, that, if it had any oceans, the superior attraction of the earth, especially when in conjunction with the sun, would draw the aqueous fluid into a deluge over a large part of its surface. The light of the moon is at least 300,000 times more feeble than that of the sun. From this inferiority, the lunar rays, when collected in the most powerful mirrors, produce no sensible effect on the themometer. Indeed, they seem to have a cold-producing agency, according to the experience of practical men, though philosophers have not yet ascertained the fact by their direct experiments. That they have a peculiar and unsalutary influence on the animal frame, appears to have been actually experienced by some of our countrymen. Other nations declare the same. Its peculiar effects have been so often observed in mental derangement, that this malady has been named lunacy from them, and medical men experienced in such cases have assured me, that in many there is a visible excitement at the changes of this luminary. Atmospherical changes from it have been also asserted. We learn from Plutarch, that the ancients believed the moon to produce many singular results

which he enumerates. Hence, however beautiful and interesting the moonlight scenery of both heaven and earth is felt to be by all, it will always be wise to recollect, that the night is our natural and appointed season of retirement and repose.'—pp. 47—50.

It was a remarkable conjecture of the scientific Bode, that the several planetary orbits have a progression in their magnitude; and as this law was in his time supposed to be interrupted between Mars and Jupiter, he boldly inferred that a planet was wanting in that interval, which probably had once existed there, and had perished by some extraordinary convulsion in that region of the heavens. No more striking evidence can be given of the certainty with which science sometimes treads the infinite space, than the singular fact that four Asteroids have since been discovered in the very space which he, from the imperfection of his telescope, had imagined to be vacant, and that their orbits conform in dimension to the law which he laid down. It is conjectured that those asteroids are the fragments of a single planet, which formerly occupied the same position. What a proof, is this discovery, of the unity and harmony of the general design of the creation!

Though science has, with wonderful accuracy, calculated the revolutions of comets, yet it is still at fault with regard to the purposes which those brilliant occasional visitors perform in the economy of the universe. The comet of 1682, which re-appeared in 1759, must have described, in the interval, an orbit like an ellipsis, answering to a revolution of 27,937 days. It will be with us again, therefore, in the November of 1835. Thus having gone from our heavens to a distance twice as far as the Georgium Sidus, which is calculated to be at the distance of eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun;—that is to say, having travelled about five thousand, four hundred millions of miles from the sun of our system, it is now rushing towards us with the greatest rapidity, having probably shown itself to myriads of worlds, and of intelligent beings in the course of the journey. If we may assume this to be the fact, need we ask the purpose of comets? Are they not the messengers of the creator to his creatures, informing them of what we at least among those creatures have no language to express, as to the marvellous extent of space, and as to the perfect harmony in which the universe is sustained by his inconceivable power? May they not be links in the electric chain of attraction, by which all the countless orbs in space are kept in their relative positions, and impelled through their prescribed orbits? But this part of the subject is above our comprehension. Mr. Turner dwells upon it with great eloquence. His calculations of distances differ in some respects from those which we have mentioned; but we may present them to the reader, as well calculated to raise our admiration to the highest degree to which the mind of man can ascend.

'One of the grandest circumstances to which the contemplation of the heavenly bodies that form our system attaches the attention, is the surprising

distances at which they are placed, and the stupendous amount of space which they occupy by their circuits. Our earth is above ninety millions of miles from the sun; Saturn is above eight hundred more millions farther off; and the next and most remote that we know, which is connected with us, URANUS, is twice that mighty distance. The fact is sublime, and vast beyond the power of our words to express or of our ideas to conceive. This last planet of our system rolls in an elliptical circle, of which 1788 millions of miles is the diameter; and therefore circumscribes an area of 5000 millions of miles. Our system occupies this amazing portion of space; and yet is but one small compartment of the indescribable universe. Immense as is an area of 5000 millions of miles, yet it is but a very little section of the incomprehensible whole. Above 100,000 stars, apparently suns like ours, shine above us; and to each of these that analogy would lead us to assign a similar appropriation of space; but of such a marvellous expansion of extent and being, although visibly real, from the existence of the lucid orbs that testify its certainty to us, the mind with all its efforts can form no distinct idea. Thought lapses into nothingness whenever it attempts to do so, and yet astonishing as this is, it becomes more wonderful from the fact, that the distance is so immense from us before those other myriads begin, that no fixed star can be made to give a parallax by the most powerful instruments. The remoteness therefore of the nearest beyond the orbit of Uranus, must be what, from the poverty of earthly language, we must be content to call immeasurable.

'This is indeed a marvellous mystery. It compels us to call creation an infinite immensity. It aggrandizes the Creator into a sublimity that would render it the most presumptuous folly for us to imagine that He could think of or care for us, if He had not expressly revealed to us His condescending regard, and His invitation and command that we should attach ourselves to Him. But this awful greatness makes that revelation the more inestimable to us; for, without such a charter, without such personal authorization for our affectionate adoration and grateful duty, what could our reason suggest to us, while it contemplated a majesty so tremendous, but a tremulous dread and silent despair!. ..... Another consideration is astounding: when we gaze in a clear evening on the bright Jupiter, we are seeing an object that is 487 millions of miles from us. But when we look at the bright Orion, or the Great Bear, we are beholding substances which are myriads of times that remoteness from us. ..... The idea frequently overwhelms me, as I stand and view them, and I think that I, a petty human being, have the faculty, and can exercise the power of looking through millions of miles of extended space, and that I am at this moment actually doing so—and that such an amazing expanse is pervious to my eye, and perceptible to my conscious and, in comparison, insignificant soul. But miraculousness is the true character of created nature.'—pp. 60—62.

Here we behold again, under Mr. Turner's able guidance, science walking hand in hand with religion, and lifting the soul to the most glorious contemplations. Nor need we hesitate to conjecture, small as our planet, insignificant as it must appear to the other nobler worlds with which it is connected in the universal system, yet that we, the creatures who are placed upon it, and who know

that we are the objects of Divine benevolence and care, may have destinies hereafter in common with those who dwell in the myriads of stars that shine throughout all space. 'At present,' says the author, 'we move through the heavens in our individual solitude, as if we had no affinity together—we mutually gaze at each other, and wonder at an association so inconsequential; but it is not improbable that future ages may unfold some grand result, and scenes, that will make our relationship a sublime reality.'

It is sufficient to read of these things to conclude at once that so many objects, moving through space with such perfect and uninterrupted harmony for so many years, must be the work of an Almighty Power. It must be the same Power, for a less perfect one would be inadequate to the purpose, which continues to preserve what it had once formed and placed in their respective positions. But it is not only in the loftier regions of creation that we must acknowledge the perpetual presence and power of the Almighty: it is visible wherever we are, or wherever we cast our eyes. It is conspicuous in the vegetable kingdom, in the lily and the rose, as well as in the brilliant host of heaven. We have upon the surface of our earth upwards of 80,000 different species of vegetable productions, all formed out of the same elementary particles. It is a very curious confirmation of the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation, which places the creation of vegetables subsequent to the creation of light, and anterior to the creation of the sun, that science now admits light to be an ethereal fluid universally diffused, and not an emanation from the sun. Thus the very objection which the sceptics have made against the Mosaic history of the creation,—which they represented as an absurdity, seeing that it supposes light to have preceded the existence of the body from which they supposed it to proceed, becomes in fact an unanswerable proof of the divine character of that production. It was not within the precincts of mere human knowledge, when Moses wrote, that the sun was not the visible fountain of light. Yet he states it otherwise. He makes the existence of light precede that of the sun, declaring that the former was created on the first day, and the latter on the fourth!

Those who have been much at sea require no reasoning to convince them of the fact, that light exists without the presence of any of the heavenly bodies. Some call this an electric light, and we have ourselves seen of a summer night the ocean edged all round the horizon by a luminous zone, although not a star was to be seen in the sky. How does the diamond, how do other precious stones, exhibit light, unless it be from their peculiar capacity to imbibe and retain the luminous fluid? The diamond sparkles in the sun. This is analogous to the effect which the presence of that body produces upon the luminous fluid that is universally diffused: it seems to give the fluid a brighter and more active existence, but not to produce it. Light, it is well known, may be analysed by the

prism, and separated into its component colours. It is found absorbed in dead fish. It is extracted by the friction of the vessel from the waves of the sea, and clings to it like drops of water. It is condensed in the clouds by the electric heat, and poured like rain, in some climates, upon the earth or ocean below. Light may be struck out of flints, or out of two pieces of wood rubbed against each other. The liquids of nitrous gas and oil of turpentine burst into a flame on being mixed, without the aid of fire. Dip a piece of iron wire into oxygen gas, and the same effect is produced. The fungus called Rhizomorpha grows in dark mines, to which the rays of the sun never penetrated; the roofs, walls, and pillars of some coal mines near Dresden are covered with it, and the light which it yields is so strong as almost to dazzle the eye, giving those places the air of an enchanted castle. The volcanoes, which emit torrents of light, teach us that it is to be found in the very bosom of the earth. What are all the crystals that are discovered in or upon the earth, but depositories of the luminous fluid? Thus it is evident that light exists independently of the sun, although the presence of that body, by some agency of its prodigious heat, renders the fluid brighter, and thus gives us our sensation of day; and when the sun departs, the light becomes less bright, but not even in the darkest night is it altogether imperceptible.

Light is a component part of vegetables, giving them their respective tints, and is essential to their vigour. Their forms they have received from the same hand that gave them colour, and beauty, and endless variety. There are no productions that meet our eye which are more strongly calculated to remind us of the Deity than plants.

'Plants are distinguished for their multiplicity and variety; for that exuberance of imagination and taste which they display—and for that sense of elegance and beauty which their Maker must have had to have so formed and diversified them. They are entirely the creation of His choice—the inventions of His rich and beautiful fancy. Their attractive shapes and qualities, and the abundant gratifications and important uses which we and our fellow animals derive from them, explicitly show that kindness as well as goodness actuated his mind when he projected and made them. They have been all individually designed; and special thought must have been employed in each, both in fixing their specific differences of form and products, and in perceiving what particular combinations and variations of arrangement would effect in every one its appointed end and use.

'The vegetable kingdom expands everywhere before us an immense portraiture of the Divine Mind in its contriving skill, profuse imagintion, conceiving genius, and exquisite taste, as well as its interesting qualities of the most gracious benignity, and the most benevolent munificence. The various flowers we behold awaken these sentiments within us, and compel our reason to make these perceptions and this inference. They are the annual heralds and ever-returning pledges to us of his continuing beneficence, of his desire to please and to benefit us, and, therefore, of his parental and intellectual amiabilities. They come to us, together with the attendant seasons that nurse and evolve them, as the appointed

assurances that the world we inhabit is yet to be preserved, and the present course of things to go on. The thunder, the pestilence, and the tempest, awe and humble us into dismaying recollections of His tremendous omnipotence and possible visitations, and of our total inability to resist or avert them: but the beauty and benefactions of His vegetable creations—the flowers and the fruits more especially—remind and assure us of His unforgetting care—of His condescending sympathy—of His paternal attentions—and of the same affectionate benignity, still actuating His mind, which must have influenced it to design and execute such lovely and beneficent productions that display the minutest thought, most elaborate compositions, and so much personal kindness.'—pp. 91—92.

The copiousness of vegetable nature seems inexhaustible: its very general application to the purposes of human subsistence seems also to have been ascertained, by some curious experiments which have lately been made, and from the results of which it may be inferred that we need never be under any apprehension of a universal famine.

'But if human ingenuity has been hitherto dormant on the vital point of its bodily subsistence, it is now presenting us with indications that it will be indolent and inattentive no longer. Experiments are beginning on the long-neglected art of multiplying human food—and even of obtaining it from other vegetable matter, besides the farinaceous grains and roots of nature. A German is stated to have found out the means of converting sawdust into an eatable food. A medical gentleman, near Manchester, is making bread from turnips, carrots, parsnips, and beet; and a French miller has ground and worked straw and hay into nutritive bread, not inferior to that which the largest part of the continental multitude subsist on. If it were not for this information, we might think that these inventions would only bring us back to the state of ruder times, when human subsistence was of this coarser kind—enough to support what was then deemed comfortable life, but not to give it the pleasure and the improvement of superior food, for there is a food and a course of prudent diet, which is more favourable to the intellectual energies and to the moral sensibilities than any other. This seems to be in the golden mean, between deprivation and exuberance.

" Spare fast that with the Gods doth diet,"

was the experience and the encomium of our Milton; and a moderate use of selected and improved articles of sustenance may give the strongest wing to genius and the sweetest temper to the habitual spirits. But the most essential condition, in a daily enlarging population, is a sufficiency of that which will support bodily strength and nourish the vital principle. The simplest food will always do this; and if all vegetable produce can be made so to act, and yet be palatable, the inventor of such conversions will be a benefactor to mankind. Wheaten bread is a desirable enjoyment—but other vegetable food cannot be unpleasant, since our ancestors lived on barley cakes; the Russian still lives on his hard black rye bread; the Scotch love their gratifying oatmeal; and the Irishman his potatoes. The ancient Greeks about Hesiod's abode used mallows and the daffodil. Even acorn food is yet palatable to some people, who might have corn if they would cultivate it. Some nations can be content with far worse materials of

nutriment, and others resort to what we should most zealously reject. Now we find that even DRY BONES may be made serviceable as human food. But the number of new things made from vegetables only, in the last twelvemonth, not only amuse us as we read of them, but contribute to illustrate the utilities both for food and conveniences, that are yet additionally derivable from them. All these facts lead us to one and the same conclusion, that no population that will think and labour, however numerous, can ever starve from continued want, under the present system of vegetable nature. The great Author may choose, through his atmospherical agencies, to disappoint, by occasional vicissitudes, the expectations of his intellectual creatures, when they are forgetting the primeval cause and giver of all that they are enjoying—but these are only temporary and partial corrections. The principles of vegetable nature never alter—nor has their produce ever in any age universally failed. By commercial or benevolent intercourse we can therefore always assist each other's needs, when these assumed or permitted interruptions occur in any particular district or country, as we have done more than once to Ireland—and also to Hindostan. Their rice at times has failed in parts in the one, and their potatoes in the other—but the rest of the world were at the same time enjoying their usual plenty. Hence in no case have mankind, at any period, been under the danger of generally perishing for want of sustenance; nor under the universal laws of vegetable nature, as established at the creation, and still continuing, can such a catastrophe at any time occur.'—pp. 123—127.

Proceeding from inanimate (if so it may be properly termed) to animate nature, we find the sea filled with creatures which supply man with the most exquisite food. Many of these are beautifully formed, many display the most wonderful mechanism; some are grotesque in their appearance, others we should deem ugly. But here we are corrected by our author, who sensibly observes, that 'what we deem ugliness in nature, is very often rather contrast and peculiarity, than absolute defect.' 'We know nothing,' he adds, and the remark is well worth attention, 'of beauty and elegance, but from the figures, colours, movements, arrangements, and appearances of created things. These are purposely so constructed and diversified by their great author; and there is such a profusion of what excites feelings of pleasure and admiration within us, that we consider as inferior, and we deprecate or dislike, whatever is of a dissimilar or opposite character. If the more attractive objects had not been in existence and known to us, we should have admired and valued what now, from the comparison, is considered to be deformity, and becomes our aversion.' What a beautiful object is the silver trout, darting through a transparent stream! When we behold a gold fish in water, we almost believe that some of its scales are actually formed of the precious metal. The Paru of South America combines both colours, having a golden back and a silver belly. One fish has a semilunar spot of gold between the eyes; another is of a milk-white colour. It is peculiar to the shark to shine by night, a providential precaution, which enables man to

guard against the approach of so formidable an enemy. The king fish, the most splendid of those known in Europe, is of a beautiful green and red or purple colour, dotted with oval white spots. The variety of colouring in fishes is as endless as that of the plumage of birds. We extract the author's general observations upon the watery tribes.

'The just conclusion, from an extended and impartial review of the habits and appearance of this class of animals, seems to be, that fish have a general tranquillity of character and nature, combined with much agility of movement; and possess, for the most part, that peaceful comfort of life and feeling which gives the great charm to sentient existence in every form and region. Animated and pacific; many species fond of social combinations; the more insulated most commonly inoffensive to each other; those appointed to be the food of others, becoming so without contest or passion; each with few bodily wants or exciting gratifications—the great deep usually presents to our consideration an immense space of animal harmony and of temperate enjoyment. No life can be simpler than theirs—none seems more universally soothing and pleasurable. Pain has but little or brief residence among them; for even when absorbed by larger ones for nutriment, they are swallowed without laceration, and entombed in darkness and death before they are well conscious of their change of situation. Death therefore is to them, what the Druids in their mythological theories, sang it to be to man:

A change which can but for a moment last—
A point between the future and the past.

Thus they represent to the contemplative mind an actual image of placid happiness in life, and of unfelt departure from it.

'Such are Fish.—It is our advantage above them that we can add to their physical placidity the enjoyment of the moral principles; the mental sensibilities; occasional delights of exquisite joys; intellectual activities; the sublimer feelings of our higher destination; and the gratifying pleasures of social communication. All these occupy and attract us, and furnish many a banquet in the succession of our revolving years. Yet, amid life's varied streams and sources of transport and pain, often mingled and often alternating, we learn at last to prefer those milder and more certain or enduring pleasures which calmly soothe us, to the bustle, the labour, and the excitements that engage and animate our youth and maturer strength. Agitation and emotion at length lose their charm; they disturb more than they amuse us. As age advances to its sober evenings we perceive and appreciate the value of conscious life without pain; of sedate tranquillity; of reposing, yet not inactive thought; of sensibility without perturbation; of patient hope; of resting moveability; of sensations that please, but do not agitate; of intellectual rumination; and of those solemn aspirations of sacred foresight; of prospective gratitude, and of humble reliance on the great mediatorial Benefactor, which close our mortal days with true dignity, and make even dissolution an inestimable blessing.'—pp. 277—279.

Mr.[1] Turner next treats, with considerable learning, and, we may add, with a piety altogether free from cant, of the nature and

phenomena of the mental principle which appears in the fish order of animated beings, and after a brief review of the principal and inferior races, enumerates such indications of feeling and mind as observers have yet discovered in them. From these he proceeds to the bird creation; describes, with much felicity of style, their plumage and song, their power of flight, and their migrations, as far as the latter are known; their numbers and classes, their general character and mental faculties. The order of his work subsequently conducts him to the subject of quadrupeds, which he discusses in a masterly manner. The amphibious quadrupeds, the serpent tribes, and insects, also successively occupy his attention, all furnishing him with evidence, accumulating as he proceeds, of the ever active presence and power of the Creator. His observations on the fossil remains of animals tend to the same instructive purpose; and from the whole he concludes, that the principle of life is somewhat analagous to that of light; and that as the former is not an emanation from the sun, so neither is the latter dependent on our corporeal frames.

'Nothing seems more clear to our perception, when we allow no previous theory or prepossession to obscure its discernment, than the fact already alluded to, that life is not the material frame which it animates. From our consciousness of ourselves, from our observations of others, and from the phenomena which the living principle exhibits in all the departments of nature we have examined, this grand physiological truth emerges to our view. I feel it most satifactorily in myself; and the more strongly as my body becomes weaker, more infirm and inefficient, while my mind retains all its faculties, activities, and power of operation. What is thus true life, wherever we can adequately discriminate it, we may consider to be so in each of its forms and abodes, where we can less investigate it; and therefore in plants, as well as in animals, and in these as well as in man. Life I would therefore assume to be a principle in vegetation distinct from its material substance, and additional to it. But to live is to be. Life is being. Vegetables, from having it, are therefore human beings; living in those peculiar configurations which distinguish their different classes.

'But, by a living being, we usually mean a living personality of some sort or other; that which feels, and thinks, and wills. Are vegetables living beings of this description?

'All animals that feel have a nervous organization by which their sensations occur to them. Plants have a medulla or pith, which ramifies into their most important parts, and accompanies their most important functions, and which seems to be essentially operative in their growth and vigour; but pith is not nervous matter. On this there can be no mistake; the eye and touch, as well as the chemist's decomposition, prove their dissimilarity. Pith, therefore, cannot be attended with the same effects to vegetables which their nerves occasion to the animal classes. It is thus manifest at once that plants cannot possess nervous sensitivity.

'The principle of life within human beings, and apparently in most animals, is attended with the feeling of pain or pleasure; with the percep-

tion of external objects; and with a power of associating, remembering, comparing, and judging of the sensations and ideas which occur. Were plants created to have such sensibilities, or have they acquired them since their primitive formation? The first President of the Linnean Society, and chief founder of our botanical school, was inclined to allow them a sort of conscious sensitivity. Dr. Darwin, their elaborate poet and enthusiastic friend, went much farther, and gave them not only sensitivity and organs of sense, but also a passion of love, a common sensorium, dreams, ideas, and self-consciousness. The calmly reasoning Dr. Hartley thought that their sensations could not be disproved.

'We may unhesitatingly answer on this inquiry, that as plants have not nervous sensitivity, they cannot have the animal feeling of pleasure and pain; and as they have not the animal eye or ear, they cannot have his perceptions from what he sees and hears, and therefore not his ideas, nor any such intellectual materials as he has for his capacity to act upon. Whatever faculties they may have, they cannot have animal sensations, perceptions, ideas, images, or emotions.

'Yet a living being may be a living personality without these. All these arise to the animal, and to ourselves, from our nervous organizations, and principally from those of our eyes and ears. But without either of these the animal mind would be what it is, independent of these, and what it was before they accrued to it. So the vegetable mind, whatever it be, and whether its living principle deserves such a name as mind, or not, must be what it is, though it has none of the ideas or sensations of the animal. It will subsist with its own original and essential qualities and properties, such as they are, and whatever they may be found ultimately to be.

'But to have a personality of mind and character, plants must have the faculties of self-consciousness, moral sensitivity, moral perception, and moral volition. They must feel that they exist; they must be sensible of a difference in actions, as to their rightness or wrongness; they must be able to discern which is either of these; and they must spontaneously direct their will, and that by their conduct, according to their feelings of judgment.

'All moral beings must have sufficient liberty of agency on their moral perceptions and volitions, or they can do no moral actions, nor exhibit a moral character; and they must be in a society of other beings who will be affected by their conduct, or occasion their moral principles to be in application and operation. Plants have not this freedom of action, nor this social state. Each is insulated from the other without needing or giving any mutual assistance; neither acts on the other; and their living principle is in a fixed and rigid frame which it cannot move out of its rooted position. All its shoots and fibres are of the same character. It can fan the air with its leaves, but it is under the strictest confinement of material necessities, and can only be what it is, and lives as it does; acting in its interior functions, and vasculatory, but passive and inactive as to every other being in nature, except as it exhales its fragrance, and presents its flowers and fruits to all that approach. Thus plants have no actions towards others to perform, no duties and no social offices, have no moral choice to make, no moral knowledge to acquire, and no moral agency to exert. Plants therefore are not made or meant to be moral beings, and cannot from any of their qualities attain or exhibit a moral character.

Hence, their principle of life has not this species of personality; they are not moral persons; nor can their living principle love, dream, feel, or think, as animals do.

'But may not plants have that interior personality which arises from self-consciousness, though without any other intellectuality, and without any communication of the perception to others? They are not more fixed in their localities than the oyster, nor so denuded of vascular mechanism as the polype, nor more apparently insensate than the animal sponge. Can we grant to either of these a perspective consciousness of its own existence, and deny it to the vegetable? Perhaps not. We can only say that the sensitive consciousness of the plant, however analogous in the personal entity, must be very unlike in the sensation. It cannot be that nervous feeling which in animals accompanies their nervous organization. It must be in the plant, if it exist at all; and if any enjoyment follows from it, it must be of a kind peculiar to itself, and known only by itself; which no animal sensitivity resembles, and of which, therefore, we, from the want of an original sensation of it, can form no image or idea. That it has very active energy is evident from its power of forming the substance of its own body out of the unlike elements of nature.'—pp. 467—473.

This reasoning becomes more important, as well as more interesting, when applied to animals. In those individuals of the creation, the principle of life displays itself differently from the mode in which it is seen to show itself in plants; but is it not the same principle? The colour of the emerald differs from that of the ruby, but are not both colours the result of the fluid light which both contain? However this may be, it is clear at all events that it is the same common principle of life and mind which animates all the lower animals. It is a curious fact, recently discovered, that the animal principle of life can retain its energy, though buried for thousands of years. On cutting through the diluvial deposits, containing ridges of hard gravel, through which the Erie canal was made, the workmen found buried forty feet deep in the deposit, living molluscous animals! "Several of the shells," says Dr. Silliman, in his American Journal, "are now before me. The deposit is diluvial. Those animals must have been there from the Deluge; for the earth in which they were is too compact for them to have been produced by a succession of generations." That they were living and in good order too, is proved from the fact, that the workmen fried and eat them in great numbers. They must therefore have been upwards of three thousand years old, and a great part of that time they must have lived wholly excluded from air and light. This, however, is but a small part of the field of magnificent thought to which the author conducts his readers, while commenting on the principle of life.

'As I think on the vast amount of individual beings which our earth contains, my reason is led, among other possible causes and uses of them, to regard them as so many depositaries of the immaterial living principle. As soon as this was created, it had to be placed in a position that suited it, but it never appears to us without a material investment; nor do we know

that it can exist consciously and livingly without one, an organized form of some sort or other; and if it is to be preserved in a sentient state, an animal configuration of some species seems to be, as far as the observable phenomena which attend it justify an inference, its proper and most fitted residence. Magnitude, we have already seen, is indifferent to it. It is as active, as sensorial, as vital and intellectual in the ant as in the elephant, and therefore all animal bodies—the minutest as well as the greatest—may be its appointed and most beneficial receptacles.

'But as such a multiplicity of living beings in our world is far more exuberant than any occasions for it on this earth appear to require, the thought is sometimes led to the recollection that the globe we inhabit is not the only orb of life and substance in creation. We are but one of many worlds, and of these there are a few separated from the innumerable others, which are immediately and distinctly associated with us in one planetary system, and which revolve as we do around one common sun. The peculiar seclusion of these from all the rest, and the appointment of these only to be together, and their manifest combination into one system, of being apart from every other, and divided in a space from every other by more myriads of millions of miles than we can calculate—are clear and certain indications that we have some important relations with each other, which have not yet been ascertained. That we all recede from the solar centre, and yet gravitate to it according to our masses and projectile impulsion, is only one truth—one of our connecting similarities. This fact manifests some general concern with him, and apparently much more than the mere reception of his agencies of heat and light, as they are confessedly very small, comparatively, to the planets beyond the orbit of Mars. But the reason in weighing all the probabilities of the case inclines to the conclusion, that we and our fellow planets have more references to each other than are yet known; and consequently that our earth is existing for some purpose in which they are interested, as they have also circumstances in their subsistence or destinations which as materially concern us. Here the imagination, having no descried data to lay as the foundation for any real superstructure, can only again indulge in conjectural possibilities. One of these would be that our earth may be the nursery of the immaterial principle; that it is here brought into its first state of being in animal forms, with a profusion that seems to us unexplainably lavish, in order that it may be elsewhere used in some advanced or ulterior condition, and in other modes of material existence. There is a very large part of our massy and animated globe, which has no relation to its human population. The supposition, therefore, seems not irrational, that it may have some unexplored relations with those orbs which have been made expressly to be our fellow planets, and with which astronomy teaches that our earth has always been associated, peculiarly and exclusively from the immense multitude of the other radiant spheres that nightly deck the unbounded space above us. But here the mind must pause. It has no authority to inculcate any speculation on this point as a fact. It is justified in conceiving the connexion to be an indication of relations, but what these relations specifically are can only be at present dreams of the fancy, and a temporary hypothesis.'—pp. 482--484.

But in truth we need ascend to mystic speculations, in order to

discover the presence and power of a God everywhere above, around, and beneath us. He has disclosed his mind to us in a variety of modes. The whole creation is a living, moving picture of the sublimity of his thoughts, the benevolence of his intentions towards mankind, and, above all, the infinity of his power. His mind appears in the volume of nature as clearly revealed, as the intellect of an author appears in a book which he has written. We are obliged, from having no better symbols, to disclose our ideas in lines and circles, which we have agreed to be the representatives of the words which we speak. But the Deity writes in the lightning and the storm; his wrath we hear in the thunder and the earthquake; but we may also read his bounteous care in the golden harvests that wave in our autumnal fields, in the beauteous flowers and plants that decorate the face of the earth, in the song of the bird that charms our ear, and the starry host of heaven, that never fails to delight the eye. Every thing that He has done for us indicates, as clearly as language can tell it, that the principle of life which we here enjoy is to endure in other worlds, and that we are to take rank amongst other beings, who are also the objects of His care and love.

'The soul of man, indeed, exhibits a greatness, a strength, a penetration, an expansibility, and a creative power, which urge us to inquire if any other being, except the Divine source of all that exists, is superior to what the human spirit now is in its essential nature, and will become in its most perfect state. It is not easy to suppose that any can be superior to that species of being which the Deity deliberately and purposely made to be the image and likeness of himself, and whose vital spirit was his own breath. What created nature can transcend such a foundation and origin?

'Seraphic beings may differ in qualities and knowledge. They must do so if their form and sphere be dissimilar to our own. Our knowledge is derived from our senses and external world, as theirs we may assume to occur to them from their faculties and their locality. All knowledge gives power in its possessor, according to its nature; the power that follows from possessing it, and from acting with it, and upon its suggestions and by its guidance. This power it produces in the persons that attain it beyond what others have who are deficient in it. A man who has acquired the knowledge of ship-building, of metallurgy, or of watch-making, has a power which I have not—he can make a ship, iron metal, and instruments, or a watch; as another who has acquired weaving knowledge, can fabricate cloth or cotton dresses, and other artists a portrait, a bust, or musical concerto, and a thousand other conveniences of domestic and social life.

'We have no personal knowledge that there are any beings in existence besides ourselves; but there is no reason for our denying or disbelieving that there are any. We have no personal knowledge of the marine animals that are now living at the bottom of the ocean; but we may be certain that myriads or millions of animated forms are there. We know nothing of the tribes that are occupying the centre of Africa,—the undiscovered islands and the unvisited regions of our earth,—but we can rationally, positively, infer that these places contain human beings, as well as many

birds, quadrupeds, and insects. We know that the localities for their habitation are subsisting, and we add the deduction of their existence from the analogies of our experience of the rest of our globe, with which we are more acquainted. We make the same kind of conclusion from the radiant orbs we see above us. The planets which move, like ourselves, round the sun and the stationary stars, which seem like suns themselves, are sensible proofs, that material worlds exist, on which sentient or intelligent beings may live as we do here; and it is more reasonable to suppose that they are occupied by such, than that they are mere brute substances, vacant of all life and feeling. No educated mind, therefore, can doubt that the universe is replenished with as many spheres of animated beings as there are radiant or reflecting orbs fitted for their abodes. But it does not at all follow, from the certainty of their existence, that they are, in spirit and intellect, and therefore in the power which results from mental capacity, of a superior order to ourselves.

'But the inhabitants of the planetary and starry worlds, and of all etherial regions, amid or beyond them, must differ from us in knowledge, and in that possess the superiority which any knowledge gives to those who are without it. If their worlds of residence were exactly like our earth, they could have no other materials of knowledge than those which we are enjoying, and would thereby only be on equality with us; but if the composition, the structure, the laws, qualities, agencies, and relations of their places of residence, differ from ours, the knowledge of each order of being must be proportionably dissimilar. Yet dissimilitude is not in itself essential to superiority. Each world would be superior to the other in its own peculiar knowledge which differed from that of the other, and of which the latter was deficient; but neither might be unequal in the ability to attain it, in the same state and circumstances. Thus we possess the advantage of knowing the laws, and phenomena, and qualities of our terrestrial habitation, which living creatures and angels who do not live among us, but reside under a different economy of persons and things, have not attained; and they would transcend us in the knowledge and use of all that was peculiar to themselves. They could not form our manufactures, until they acquired our sensations, and learnt, like us, to do so. Nor could we imitate them without education, perceptions, and exertions correspondently appropriate.'—pp. 499—502.

We observe, that it is Mr. Turner's intention to pursue the important theme which he has commenced in this work through that series of events and operations, which form what may be shortly called the history of human transactions. We doubt whether, with his peculiar notions on some parts of that history, he will succeed so well in the second, as he undoubtedly has done in the first part of his plan. We, however, most sincerely wish him health of body and mind to execute the whole of his design. We look upon that part of it already executed as one of the most entertaining and instructive volumes in our language.

ART. II.—*The Music of Nature; or an Attempt to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the Art of Singing, Speaking, and Performing upon Musical Instruments, is derived from the sounds of the Animated World. With curious and interesting Illustrations.* By William Gardener. 8vo. pp. 530. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

MR. GARDENER has found out a very captivating title for his book; but certainly a work that less corresponds with its title, it has never been our fortune to peruse. From the promise held out in that title, we were fully justified in expecting that the sounds usually heard in the natural world, the songs of the various birds, the murmurs of falling water, of the wind in its different degrees of velocity, and of the animals to whom vocal powers are given, would have been in the first place collected and arranged upon some system; and that in the second place, the relation of those sounds to 'the passionate and pleasing' passages produced by artificial skill would have been developed in a satisfactory manner. But the author, after bestowing some pains upon the first part of his task, seems altogether to have forgotten the second part. He has collected with some labour, and represented with considerable accuracy, the accustomed notes of birds, the noises of insects, and other sounds which may be said to be natural, but he has not attempted to shew any analogy between those sounds, and the artificial expression which we produce, when we desire to excite strong, or merely agreeable emotions.

The title is therefore altogether a misnomer. Instead of being a treatise upon 'The Music of Nature,' it is for the most part a dissertation upon the music of art, upon the powers of the human voice, upon the various instruments from which sweet sounds may be elicited, and upon the peculiar excellences of those persons who have obtained distinction as vocal or instrumental performers. And if it had been so entitled as to present the reader at the first glance with a fair index to its contents, we have little doubt that it would have had a better chance of popularity. Those who have much acquaintance with the art of music at all, must be well aware that the skill of man has alone gathered together those tones which are most pleasing to the human ear; and that however delightful the notes of the blackbird, the canary, the thrush, the linnet, the lark, or even the nightingale, may be, they are not music, nor even the materials of music, in the prevailing sense of the word. Nature herself has enabled us to excel her untutored songsters, in the same way as she has assisted us by transplanting and cultivating her wild flowers, to bestow upon them a richness of tint, and a degree of variety and beauty, which they never could possess in the hedges where she originally strewed them.

But though his title be wrong, his work is still worthy of being read; it is founded on good principles, and calculated to diffuse a sound taste in musical composition and execution. He begins

with a chapter on the structure of the ear, in which he mentions several instances of the extreme acuteness to which that organ may attain, by habitual application. Thus miners, in boring for coal, can frequently tell by the sound the exact nature of the substances which they are penetrating. 'A friend of the writer's,' he states, 'has declared that he could readily perceive the motion of a flea, when on his nightcap, by the sound emitted by the machinery of his leaping powers.' A similar instance of quickness of hearing is given by Kirby and Spence, in their work on insects, in which they say that they know of no other insect, "the tread of which is accompanied by sound, except indeed the flea, whose steps a lady assured them she always hears when it passes over her nightcap, and that it clacks as if it was walking upon pattens!" The atmosphere is the common medium through which sound is conveyed, but recent experiments have shown, that there are other bodies through which it may be transmitted with greater expedition. If a string of packthread be attached to the stem of a tuning fork, and the other end of the thread be wrapt round the little finger, and placed in the chamber of the ear, the sound of the fork, when made to vibrate, will be heard at the end of the thread, though two hundred yards distant, while it is altogether imperceptible to a bystander. It has been suggested, that telegraphs, or, more properly speaking, *telephones*, might be invented upon this principle. The author states that some such instruments have been already perfected, and are about to be exhibited, but we have as yet heard nothing of them.

It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamour of the multitude, but most distinctly the organs, and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin—a real Amati—be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much the louder of the two: but the sweet brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance to which the other cannot reach. The amateurs always went into the gallery to hear the cremona of Barthelemon, when he led at the Opera. Dr. Young, on the authority of Derhan, states that at Gibraltar the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact, that the human voice may be heard to a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in an open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice at a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means it reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the lion could not penetrate so far. 'This property of musical sound in the human voice,' says the author, 'is strikingly shown in the cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely

performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same service had been read, the sound would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir.' Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourses in the House of Commons to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard; "his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing that great orator; "when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound; the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole House sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

Kean, the loss of whose powers as the first tragedian of his day, must be imputed to his unrestrained love of dissipation, possessed a voice in the highest degree musical. Every one who has witnessed his celebrated scene with Lady Anne, will remember the peculiarly touching and persuasive notes which he elicits on that occasion from the natural harmonies of his vocal organs. Thus also in Othello, how pathetic were the tones in which he bewailed his fate, when the treacherous Iago had fully instilled the poison of jealousy into his ear! Again, what a savage piercing voice was there when he exclaimed, as Shylock, "Oh! if I can catch him once upon the hip"! Mr. Gardener very accurately describes Kean's unrivalled powers in giving vocal expression to anger, when he observes that 'his tones of furious passion are deep seated in the chest, like those of the lion and tiger; and it is his mastery over these instinctive tones by which he so powerfully moves his audience. At times he vomits a torrent of words in a breath, yet avails himself of all the advantages of deliberation. His pauses give a grandeur to his performance, and speak more than words themselves.' Kemble's voice was bad: that of Macready is still worse. Miss Fanny Kemble's voice is so deficient in volume, that let her talents for acting be ever so great, she cannot succeed in gaining a complete mastery over her audience. Liston's voice possesses a greater range than that of any performer upon the stage. It is, in fact, as the author expresses it, to the junction of his magnificent voice with the mean and senseless characters which he personates, that we must attribute the irresistible drollery of his performances.

The art of singing is discussed in a separate chapter, in which, amongst other sensible rules, he inculcates the necessity of breath-

ing occasionally into sounds, a tone of passionate feeling. 'The singer,' he justly observes, 'who contemplates the sounds merely as they are marked out by the notes, who has not an internal sensation of what the author would express, may execute his task with musical exactness; but without this emotion, he will fail to affect his hearers, for it is an old observation, to produce a passion in others, we must first feel it ourselves.' Upon such occasions as these, we must have recourse to what are called the instinctive tones—those natural inflections of the voice, which scarcely require the assistance of language to render them expressive of the sentiment which we wish to convey, whether it be one of joy or sorrow. 'These passionate tones, which so powerfully lay hold of our affections, are for the most part formed in the chest, and are of that order termed the *voce de petto*. This is the case with those that express the sensations of sorrow, pity, love, and regret; while those of joy, rage, and exultation, are to be referred to the higher voice, the *voce de testa*, for we do not quarrel in the same tones that we love. The application of these instinctive tones may be compared to those colours in a picture by which the painter gives a warmth to his subject, and which may be termed the colouring of the musical art.'

The author has devoted several pages of his work to characteristic sketches of vocal performers, beginning with Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, who afterwards became Countess of Peterborough. We have next an account of Madame Mara, the first English soprano, who united passion to the power of song. Norris, Harrison, Saville, Mrs. Billington, James Bartleman, Vaughan, Knyvett, Braham, Catalani, Miss Stephens, Ronzi, Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Miss Fanny Ayton, and others are also mentioned, with the honours that are justly due to their distinguished powers. The author next treats of exclamations, laughter, human cries, and cries of animals, giving, as he proceeds, the notes of the sounds into which those various modifications of voice are resolved. In a chapter upon the violin, he gives the history of that instrument, as well as of those persons who have attained to eminent perfection in performing upon it. Among these, he assigns Paganini the first place, praising him in terms that to our sober judgment appear somewhat extravagant. 'With a weak organization,' he says, 'Paganini is one of the most forcible examples of the almost superhuman strength which results from the exaltation of mind produced by genius. When he seizes the violin, it seems that a star descends on him, and inspires him with fire from heaven. He instantly loses his weakness—a new existence opens to him; he is another creature; and during the musical action, his strength is more than quintupled!'

After detailing the songs of different birds, the author mentions the following curious anecdotes of cuckoos and parrots.

'This noted bird is a foreign musician, and, like many others, remarkable for his cunning as well as as his song. They lay their eggs in the

nests of other birds, which are no sooner hatched and fed than the young cuckoo, with lawless strength, bundles out his brother nestlings, and takes complete possession. Thus obtaining bed and board at other's cost, he stays and sings; and having passed the summer with us, bids John Bull adieu, and goes abroad.

'Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Braham's villa in Brompton. A lady who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, "Come, Braham, give us a song!" Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of "*God save the King*," in a clear warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The ease with which this bird was taught was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing "*Rule Britannia*," in a loud and intrepid tone, the chauntress fell on her knees before the bird, exclaiming in terms of delight her admiration of its talents.

'This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelly's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—"I never sing on a Sunday." "Never mind that, Poll, come, give us a song." "No, excuse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?" This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of "*God save the King*," words and music, without hesitation from the beginning to the end.'—pp. 234, 235.

Mr. Gardener's chapter on bells convinces us of the truth of a remark which we have often made to musicians, that too little use is made of that instrument in the composition and performance of pieces intended to be heard by large audiences. We fully coincide in his opinion, that by the hand of a composer they might be so constructed, as instead of the senseless jargon which we so often hear, to yield the most varied and agreeable melodies. It is calculated that eight bells of different notes would furnish forty thousand, three hundred and twenty different passages. Without going further than this, we see here at once an inexhaustible source of melody, which musicians still permit to remain comparatively uncultivated. In listening to the sound of bells in the open air, one is often surprised to hear them on the right hand side, when in fact they are rung on the left hand side. This curious phenomenon is the result of the power of echo, upon which the author makes some interesting observations.

'In the whole hemisphere of sounds there is no circumstance more strikingly curious than that of an echo. To hear one's own voice returned as if it were the voice of another, is perhaps more surprising than the reflection of one's self in a glass. Indeed there is so close a resemblance between the effects of light and sound, that we might almost suppose them governed by the same laws. Sound is not only reflected in the same

way, but it may also be converged into a point like light. An imperfect experiment of this kind may be tried upon Westminster bridge in the night-time. If a person whisper in one of the alcoves (the form of which produces the effect) he will be distinctly heard in the opposite one though at so great a distance; but a still more striking instance of a similar kind takes place in the whispering gallery that encircles the inside of the dome of St. Paul's.

'Echoes are produced by the voice falling upon a reflecting body—as a house, a hill, or a wood. These objects at seventy feet distance from the speaker, will distinctly return a monosyllable, and for every forty feet farther from the reflecting body, a syllable more. In Italy, where the atmosphere and the country are so favourable to echoes, you meet with many of extraordinary duration. Some repeat whole strains of music, which have given rise to those puerile repetitions or symphonies to be met with in early writers of that country. So perfect is the echo, that the ear is often deceived in not distinguishing the reflected sounds from those which are direct. In listening to the ringing of bells, when an object so intervenes as to cut off the direct rays, we hear the sounds as if they came from the other side of the street, and imagine the church to be in an opposte quarter. In whistling or calling to a dog, you find him so deceived by this circumstance as sometimes to run away from you. It is this reflex of sound that contributes so much to the musical excellence of a well-constructed room; and it is a mistaken notion that curvatures, circular walls, or arched roofs, add to its perfection. On the contrary, they injure the general effect by converging the rays of sound into large portions, and throwing them into particular parts of the room. The best figure for a concert room is a parallelogram or long square, in which the sounds are equally diffused. Our cathedrals partake of this form, and are the finest buildings in the country for the display of musical effects.'*

"The London cries" of the olden time are here set down, as a part we suppose of the 'Music of Nature.' More of those cries, however, remain to this day than the author seems to be aware of. Indeed, with the exception of the watchman's hourly call, which the new police have dispensed with, and the proclamations of the newspaper venders, which became so great a nuisance that they were forbidden, we may still hear in various parts of the metropolis most of the musical invitations to the purchase or sale of articles which were sung in the ears of our ancestors. They all are framed upon the principle that musical sounds penetrate farther with less

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* 'The writer was admitted to the rehearsal of the first grand performance in York Cathedral, 1823, composed of six hundred performers, when only five auditors were present. Upon the first burst of the voices and instruments on the words "*Glory be to God,*" the effect was more than the senses could bear, so much was the sound augmented by the vast space of this noble building; nor was it till those overpowering concussions ceased that the imagination could recover itself, when the retiring of the sounds could only be compared to the distant roll and convulsion of nature.'

effort to the voice that utters them, than sounds which are not regulated by any musical scale.

In his remarks upon the various instruments which musicians use, the author gives the preference, as who would not?—to the organ.

'Of all instruments this is the most noble, possessing powers of the greatest extent and variety. How the sober dignity of its tones harmonizes with the dark massive pile which we walk around and view with wonder! while gazing on the heavy towers on high, its hollow tones within speak of mass and vespers, long gone by, and all the train of superstitious chivalry. And as we pace the long drawn aisles of light and shade, where the glowing beams of tinted windows fall on the youthful fair, kneeling to ask heaven's grace, so beautifully expressed by the poet,—

Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

'How the heavenly tones in solemn grandeur roll along! It is only upon the continent that we can enjoy these sublime sensations. Holland, the Low Countries, and Germany, are spread over with these majestic instruments in profuse variety. At Haarlem there is one of stupendous size: the effect of which surpasses every thing the mind can conceive. They are sounds which seem to roll from the skies into the deep abyss of harmony. In the puritanical service of the Dutch, nothing but psalmody is ever performed. For the purpose of leading their immense congregations, of not less than three thousand voices singing in unison, these organs are furnished with an enormous pipe called the *vox humana*, which so predominates over the rolling thunder of the double diapasons, that you might conceive it to be the voice of a monster, concealed in this mountain of sounds. The grandeur of this organ is much augmented by the vastness of the church in which it stands. Higher than Westminster Abbey—it fills up the end of the large aisle, reaching from the ground to the roof, and from one side to the other, the pipes having the appearance of vast columns of silver. The extemporary flourishes which the organist introduces between the lines of the psalm can only be compared to a commotion of the elements, or the rolling of the surges upon the shore. The largest organs in England are but mere toys, compared to this magnificent instrument, which strikes the senses with awe and wonder. The writer, on Whitsunday, 1824, was in the organ-loft at Westminster Abbey, when the king and queen of Owhyee, Sandwich Isles, were introduced by the dean, and placed near himself in the choir. The king, a vulgar-looking man, perfectly black, dressed in a black coat, white waistcoat, and pea-green gloves, which were not long enough to conceal his sooty wrists, stood up the whole time of the service gazing with amazement at the roof. The queen, a tall, fine, masculine figure, was so struck upon the first burst of the organ, as to be thrown into extreme agitation, so much so, that she would have leaped out of the stall in which she was placed, had not her maid of honour (an English lady) prevented her by laying hands upon her. Every time the organ recommenced with its full volume of sound, this phrensy returned, and caused much confusion. During the sermon she settled down into something like composure, and at the conclusion was led

out by the dean and other dignitaries to view the edifice. Habited in a fashionable morning dress, her majesty was only distinguishable from her attendants by her gaunt and gigantic figure, and the sudden ejaculation of surprise which she was constantly making. The king, however, lost in mute attention, never lowered his eyes from the roof, but kept staggering about the church till he made his exit at the door.'—pp. 345—347.

It is supposed that one of the most perfect organs in this country, for equality of tone and richness of combination, is that of St. Martin's church, Leicester; it is the work of Snetzler, a German, who constructed a similar instrument for Halifax. The clarionet was formerly so difficult an instrument, that few persons could master it in less than twenty years, and even then only by incessant practice of at least six hours a day. Most of the difficulties are, however, now removed by having clarionets made in different keys. The trombone is the sackbut of the Scriptures. One of these instruments was discovered in Herculaneum, where it had lain for nearly two thousand years under the ashes; the lower part of it was made with bronze, and the upper with the mouth-piece of gold. It was presented by the King of Naples to George III., and from that model the modern trombone, used with so much effect in military bands, has been fashioned. The trumpet has been carried to the greatest perfection in Russia.

'There is a species of horn or trumpet music in Russia that surpasses every thing of its kind, and which can only be heard in the palace of the emperor at Moscow. A friend of the writer, M. Baillot, when at that court, was conducted by prince Potemkin into a long dark gallery, where, at a distance, was stationed this extraordinary band. The composer listened with astonishment, and was asked by the prince what he thought of it. "All that I know," replied the musician, "is, that it is like nothing on this earth. It is the music of another world, and I am utterly at a loss even to guess how it is produced." Lights were instantly brought, and there appeared two hundred soldiers, each with a trumpet or horn in his hand, varying in length from the size of an extinguisher—which they much resembled, to twenty feet in length. And what is most extraordinary, each performer upon his instrument made but a single note, all of which fell in succession so aptly, that the two hundred tones, in performing a symphony of Haydn's, had the effect of one grand instrument. The power of accent thus exerted by every person upon his individual note, gave a series of effects to the performance unattainable in any other way, and as endless as they were surprising.—p. 366.

The drum is also now used with great effect in concerted pieces. It was probably introduced for the first time at Leicester, in 1774, at the first grand musical festival that ever took place in England. On that occasion the drum attracted great attention, not only from its novel effect, but from its having been beaten by the Earl of Sandwich, by whom, in conjunction with Mr. Cradock of Gumley, the assemblage was convened. His lordship was so enamoured of drums, that he had one side of his music room at Hinchinbrook strained with parchment, for one of the oratorios which were performed

there: but such was the effect of the parchment when first suddenly struck, that the company were dreadfully alarmed, and several ladies went into fits. When played in pianissimo, the sound of the drum is peculiarly grateful, as it resembles a distant echo, and fills the mind with an idea of vastness. It is upon this principle that we feel excited by the sound of storms.

'Who has not felt the charms of a winter's evening, the cheerful fire, and warm hearth-rug, with curtains falling in ample draperies upon the floor, when the storm has been raging without? The whirling trees, the cries of the blast through the crannies of the hall, as if benighted wretches were imploring shelter? These are the sounds that touch the musician's ear. Sounds still more awful are the hollow murmurs of earthquakes, the thunder of volcanoes, and the roar of hurricanes. Happily we are not visited with these tremendous convulsions: yet we have them upon a smaller scale, sufficient to raise the sublimest sensations. Lying as we do in the midst of waters, the grandest exhibition with us is the sea in a storm. When at rest, like a monster asleep, it strikes us with awe by its vastness; but when roused into tempestuous fury, and swelling waves threaten to overwhelm the land, we may truly say, that in Britain Neptune has fixed his throne. Winstanley, in his description of the Eddystone lighthouse, has represented the sea as dashing a hundred feet above the top of that perilous structure. But the furious commotion of the northern sea far surpasses this in grandeur. A friend of the writer who was employed upon the trigonometrical survey in the Orkney Isles, describes the waves in that region during a storm to be of the most frightful vastness, striking the granite face of the perpendicular rocks with a force so tremendous as to carry the spray over the island for thirty miles, destroying the crops in the whole of the distance. It is this scenery in nature's theatre, accompanied by the roar of the elements, that so appals us, that we involuntarily turn away from the stupendous sight.

'In the storms on land trees are the grand instruments which augment the mighty roar. Their yells mixed up with the blast send forth the most terrific harmonies. Those who have traversed the black forests in Germany can have some idea of the horrid din of those domains. The common people hide themselves from the spirit of the woods, little reflecting that it is the lashing winds against the giant trunks of the forest which cause the dreadful howling they hear! Sir Thomas Lauder has given us some idea of these effects in the hurricanes of Scotland, 1829, when he describes the flood of Moray. There was something inexpressibly fearful and sublime in the roar of the torrents which filled the valley, and the fitful gusts of the north wind that groaned among the woods. The tall ornamental trees, one by one, had begun to yield; the noise was a distinct combination of two kinds of sound; one a uniform continued roar, the other like rapid discharges of many cannons at once. The first proceeded from the violence of the water; the other, which was heard through it, and as it were muffled by it, came from the enormous stones which the stream was hurling over its rocky bed. Above all this was heard the fiend-like shriek of the wind, yelling as if the demon of desolation had been riding upon its blast. The whole scene had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses. It was like some of those wild dramatic exhibitions where nature's

operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of the theatre, where mountains are thrown down by artificial storms. Never did the unsubstantiality of all earthly things come so perfectly home to my conviction. The hand of God appeared to be at work, and I felt that had he only pronounced his dread fiat, millions of such worlds as that we inhabit would cease to exist?' It is only in situations like these, where the sounds are reflected by surrounding hills, that we can at all feel a storm. In the polar regions, where no traces of vegetation appear upon that glassy surface, there is a complete absence of sound: as on the highest point of the Alps, a "*solemn silence reigns.*" But as the avalanches descend, their thunders roll through the vallies in awful grandeur.

'Perhaps of all noises which are augmented by continued reverberations, none are more appalling than the experiment of rolling a portion of rock into Heldon Hole, in Derbyshire. To stand on the brink of this fathomless gulph, and to hear the thundering mass fall from cavern to cavern, wakening the frightful echoes in the vast chambers below, fills the mind with terror and dismay. This noise, more terrible than the whirlpool of Charybdis, is, in some degree, imitated by Haydn, in a chorus in *Judah*, at the words "*the Lord devoureth them all.*" The sounds sinking into an abyss of harmony, are penned with an effect worthy of the great Beethoven himself.'—pp. 376—379.

To the wind we are indebted for the pleasing sounds of the Æolian harp, and even for the invention of the stringed harp played by the fingers. On the banks of the Nile a dead tortoise was found, of which nothing remained but the shell, and some dried sinews that were stretched across. The wind breathing over them drew forth sounds which a traveller, fabled to be Apollo, noticed, and for many ages afterwards the shell was deemed an essential part of the lyre. It was the original sounding board, for which we have substituted a more convenient material. The twang of the hunter's bow is said to have suggested the improvement of the string stretched over a larger space, and also to have suggested the form of the primitive harp. Nature has still many instruments of her own, the rocks, the trees, the waves of the ocean, from which she frequently elicits sounds, that while they delight the well informed, terrify the ignorant.

'Sailors are a most superstitious race, and have a secret dread of remarkable sounds heard at sea. At the Land's End, it is not uncommon to hear a mysterious sound off the coast previous to a storm, which fishermen are not willing to attribute to natural causes, but believe it to come from the spirit of the deep. This effect is obviously occasioned by the coming storm whistling through the crevices of the rocks that stand in the sea, and which skirt the Cornish coast; so much do the people consider this as ominous of shipwreck, that no one can be persuaded to venture out to sea while this warning voice is heard. In the northern seas, our sailors are alarmed by a singular musical effect, which is now well understood to proceed from the whale inhaling his breath. Similar sounds probably may be uttered by other monsters of the deep, upon which the ancients fallaciously founded their notions of sea nymphs and sirens.

The peasantry may be classed with the sailors; they have not yet lost

their faith in witchcraft and supernatural agency: yet such is the advance of knowledge in the manufacturing districts, where science is blended with every operation and every art, that these traits of ignorance no longer exist. The idea that fairies dance in the meadows on warm summer nights to *sweet music,* no doubt has arisen from the sound ascribed to the midnight dances of the ephemera, noticed at the 247th page; but to see these green little figures *flitting* to and fro, is a stretch of imagination that can only result from a state of fear and trepidation. Great stress is laid by the country people upon sounds heard in the night time, such as the croaking of the raven, or the thrilling note of the screech owl. These are always considered as bad omens, and a certain presage of disaster and death.

'The power of the imagination to re-produce sounds, when in a state between sleeping and waking, is a fact that no one can doubt. Who has not found himself suddenly aroused by a sound, or startled out of sleep by a well-known voice, when it is certain no sound had been uttered? These effects, like our dreams, are excited by causes extremely slight. By the lower order these sounds are considered as calls or warnings from invisible spirits.'—pp. 382, 383.

Echo is said to reflect sound upon the same, or nearly the same, principles that a mirror reflects light. By a similar analogy, and a very curious one it is, every sound is a combination of three different tones, as every ray of light is composed of seven different colours. Further, as there is a natural affinity between colours, by observing which the painter gives harmony to his picture, so there is a similar affinity between sounds, which is the true cause of musical harmony. The Chinese have not yet arrived at the art of giving perspective to their paintings; neither have they yet acquired the power of producing harmony in their music. Melody is defined to be 'a succession of sounds at harmonic distances;' in other words it is a form of harmony, its excellence being dependent on the order of the chords through which it is made to pass. This definition is vague and imperfect. Melody is in fact the sentiment of music: harmony is its style. We may write very correctly, and even produce gracefulness in our language: but unless it be informed by sentiment, it will not affect the feelings. In a word, harmony is the result of science, as style is of grammar: but melody in music, and sentiment in literature, are alike the results of inspiration. It is to inspiration that those nations which can boast of a national music are indebted for that highly ornamental possession. Whatever of that kind the Britons anciently possessed, would seem to have been driven into Wales. With the exception of a few glees, we have in fact nothing that now deserves the name of national music.

'If we can set up any claim to originality, it is in our glees and anthems. Dr. Percy, in his learned essay on the ancient minstrels, informs us that a class of these persons were called *glee-men,* who no doubt were the first who performed vocal music in parts. The earliest pieces of this kind upon record are by our madigral writers, and were probably founded

upon the taste of the Italian school. Compositions for the church were not set to English words until the time of Tallis, since which the anthem has been brought to the highest state of perfection by our countrymen, Croft, Green, and Boyce. The choicest pieces of these authors are to be found in the third volume of *Sacred Melodies*—these will remain for centuries the ornaments of the English church. It was not till about the year 1770, that glees became the taste in England, and formed a prominent part in the private concerts of the nobility. At this time the celebrated violinist, Giardini arrived in this country. Being on a visit to Lord Sandwich at Hinchingbrook, he felt so annoyed by the incessant round of glee singing that he pettishly said, "If dat be de moosic for de English, he compose de glees."

'About this period, the art of glee writing was much encouraged by the Catch Club, in which the royal dukes and some of the first nobility joined in giving every year a gold medal for the best comic and serious glee. This raised an emulous spirit amongst our composers, and produced the admirable pieces cited below, of Cooke, Danby, Paxton, and Webbe.* The latter greatly surpassed his competitors, and during his career gained every prize that was offered. Amongst his numerous compositions we may mention the following as being truly excellent.

'"A generous friendship no cold medium knows."
'"Come, live with me, and be my love."
'"If love and all the world were young."
'"Discord, dire sister of the slaughtering power."
'"The mighty conqueror."
'"Swiftly from the mountain's brow."
'"You gave me your heart t'other day."

'Mr. Webbe was a man of refined taste and genius, and probably wrote much of the poetry attached to his music. The following lines have never been acknowledged.

'"When winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep,
A stronger gale the troubled waves awakes,
The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
More dreadful still when furious storms arise,
The mountain billows bellow to the skies;
On liquid rocks the tott'ring vessels toss'd,
Unnumbered surges lash the foaming coast,

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* 'The following may be considered as *chefs d'œuvre* of the authors just named.

'Cooke. "How sleep the brave who sink to rest."
"In the merry month of May."
'Danby. "Awake, Æolian lyre."
"When Sappho tuned the raptur'd strain."
'Paxton. "How sweet, how fresh this vernal day?"
"Round the hapless Andre's urn."
'Calcott. "In the lonely vale of streams.'
"Peace to the souls of the heroes."

The raging waves excited by the blast
Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast.
When in instant, He who rules the floods,
Earth, air, and fire, Jehovah, God of Gods,
In pleasing accents speaks his sovereign will,
And bids the waters and the winds be still.
Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar,
Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
Now say what joy elates the sailor's breast
With prosp'rous gales so unexpected blest;
What ease, what transport, in each face is seen,
The heavens look bright, the air and sea serene!
For every plaint we hear a joyful strain,
To Him whose pow'r unbounded rules the main."

'The following, we believe, is from the pen of Ben Johnson:—

'"Hence all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's naught in this life so sweet,
If man were wise to seet't,
But only melancholy.
Oh! sweet melancholy,
Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound,
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing so dainty sweet as melancholy."

'The just expression with which the English language was set, placed the style of glee writing very much above the madrigals of Byrd, Wilbye, Bennet, and Weelks. Their pieces remain unrivalled specimens of canon and fugue, but miserable instances of that unison which should ever exist between the words and music. That which contributed to keep alive this taste for glees through a period of more than twenty years, was the united voices of Harrison, Knyvett, and Bartleman. Their performance was an instance of a beautiful blending of sounds never effected since their time. The pleasure derived, perhaps, was more the sensual gratification of tone upon the ear, than a display of musical skill. The author of the *Ramble in Germany*, describes this vocal richness on hearing a madrigal performed on a raft in the Danube. "They glided slowly by, in the cool refreshing air of the river; the stars were above their heads; there was repose and silence in the whole scene; they stood up, *singing by heart*, pouring out a rich and mellow harmony, without the trouble of *thinking* of parts, and giving up their souls to the quietness and shadows around them." The birds do this in "melodious plots of beeches green,"

and the Germans imitate them, devoting themselves to expression and character. During the period in which glees were so popular with us, Germany, though in the midst of war, was making the most rapid strides in the music of instruments. On the return of peace, the talented merchants of the metropolis brought us the important works of Haydn and Mozart. These gave a new turn to our musical ideas, and we awoke from the sleepy style of a past age. Amidst this influx of modern art, our glees have subsided by their gravity, and probably, will never rise into much notice again. Our anthems, however, are interwoven with the service of the Protestant church, and notwithstanding the profusion of splendid masses we receive from abroad, they will ever preserve the important rank which they hold in the department of devotional music.'—pp. 461—471.

The doctrine which the author propounds in the following passage, with respect to the salutary influence which the practice of singing exercises upon health, must be received with a few grains of allowance. We have known within our own experience, more than one case, where a delicate constitution was rendered much more feeble, by the party bursting a blood vessel while singing. There is no doubt that disease has been sometimes caused in the region of the throat, by continued vocal exertion. At the same time we can very well understand that the exercise of the organs by reading aloud, or by moderate exercise in vocal music, is eminently conducive to general health.

'Many writers have strongly insisted upon the danger of forcing the voice, in learning to sing, thinking it may be greatly injured, if not destroyed; but if we attend to facts we shall find this to be an erroneous opinion. It is a maxim which applies to the use of all our faculties, that so long as we do not weaken, we strengthen; and this fact is strikingly true as it regards the voice. If we listen to those whose business it is to cry their commodities in the streets, on comparing their strength of voice to our own, we shall be surprised to find what a force of intonation this daily practice produces. When did we ever hear of these itinerants, or public singers or speakers being compelled to give up their profession, in consequence of a loss of voice? On the contrary, this constant exertion strengthens the vocal organs, and is highly conducive to health. Many persons, in encouraging the development of musical talents in their children, have no other view than to add to the number of their accomplishments, and afford them a means of innocent amusement. It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, however, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of salubrious exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," remarks the Doctor, "which has been suggested to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one instance of spitting of blood amongst them. This I believe is in part

occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion; he informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing.* Dean Bayley, of the Chapel Royal, many years back advised persons who were learning to sing, as a means of strengthening the lungs, and acquiring a retentive breath, "to often run up some ascent, especially in the morning, leisurely at first, and accelerating the motion near the top, without suffering the lungs to play quick in the manner of panting." Having quoted this judicious writer, we are tempted to add the following remarks, addressed to professional singers. Next to this he says, "temperance, particularly in the use of malt liquors, is beneficial, avoiding all occasions of heats and sudden cooling, either by a cessation of motion or drinking any thing cold, in an overheated state of the body, which brings on hoarseness, coughs, and other impediments of singing and health. He, therefore, that would be prepared with a voice, and capacity of singing well, besides being in constant practice, must avoid all excess, as it is said, "he that striveth for the mastery must be temperate in all things, keeping nature cheerful and in constant good humour, which will sweeten life and extend its span." Persons may indulge with more safety at forty than at eighteen, when nature is in a state of growth and immaturity; though indeed we are assured from religion, from reason, and experience, that we can at no time yield to excess and indulgences with any safety to the health of the body and mind; and that to live soberly with the passions and appetites under due subjection, opens the best prospect of living in the present world, as well as in the next. Let it be thought right in me to step forth with these warnings, presenting, as it were, a chart of the coast, who have for many years traversed the ocean; who have seen, and do daily see, not without concern and admonition, many young proficients in music make a shameful and speedy end, who have promised fair in the beginning, and might have proceeded happily; but, setting off with overmuch sail and too strong a tide, suffered shipwreck in the channel, before they could well get out to sea." '—pp. 472—475.

In a chapter upon 'utterance,' Mr. Gardener very tastefully analyses its constituent parts; he remarks that our language especially, which needs all the graces of elocution to set it off, on account of its numerous consonants, is never heard to so much advantage as when pronounced by our well educated women. This

* 'In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children of two or three years of age, that could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs.'

may perhaps be partly owing to their acquaintance with the Italian, but it must be ascribed principally to their natural delicacy and clearness of articulation. The author next analyses the alphabet, and concludes with some observations upon Rhythm, which we recommend to the attention of our orators, and especially of our poets; the latter have as yet much to learn upon that subject.

ART. III.—*Personal Sketches of his own Times.* By Sir Jonah Barrington, author of the "History of the Irish Union," &c. &c. *In three volumes.* 8vo. *Volume III.* London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

THE two former volumes of these Sketches nearly broke our sides with laughter some five years ago. Never did a more amusing work come under our critical notice. It defied all sober examination. We remember that now and then a doubt arose in our interior mind as to the exact truth of some anecdotes which Sir Jonah related. Amongst other things, the story of Lord Rossmore's bansheen startled our credulity a little. But we do believe that the man would have made us believe any thing. He had so peculiar a way of telling a droll story particularly,—and his drollery was so pre-eminently Irish—the only real drollery we believe to be found in the world—that we were obliged to surrender our critical office altogether, while engaged in reading his strange reminiscences.

Sir Jonah lived in what he, at least, would call the good old times of Ireland, when the mass of the people knew little of their strength, and cared less about the enormous grievances which a remorseless government had imposed them. The Castle party, in other words, the Orangemen, most of them colonists from England or Scotland, gathered all the offices in the country, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, into their own hands; society was without those bitter altercations which have since arisen out of political causes, and there was in truth a great deal of happiness and fun going on in every part of the island. The times are indeed much changed, but changed manifestly with a tendency to great and decided improvements. The people were then tranquil in their slavery; they have since broken their chains, and are now engaged in the duty of removing with their own hands, the burthens placed upon them by the established church, itself the greatest grievance that ever afflicted any nation on the face of the earth. While occupied in this Augean labour, it is impossible that the Irish people can know much of tranquillity, or any other happiness than that which arises from the consciousness of doing their duty. May Heaven speed their cause, we say, and teach their rulers that a united community is not to be trampled upon with impunity.

It is certainly a most wonderful thing that our present government, attached, as it is well known to be, to the true principles of freedom, enlightened as it is upon all other subjects, should never-

theless follow in the wake of all preceding administrations with respect to Ireland, playing the giddy, the deaf, the blind tyrant there, as much as ever Sidmouth or Peel did, and conducting themselves with respect to its affairs as ignorantly and as feebly, as if they were a set of dolts, remarkable above all other men for downright stupidity. What does Mr. Stanley mean by forcing through Parliament laws for the regulation of tithes, when in point of fact tithes no longer exist, and never can again exist, under any form in Ireland? Any man would be laughed at who should be found engaged in planning out the appropriation and management of a large income out of landed estates, if those estates were nothing more than castles in the air. Thus Mr. Stanley has been for many weeks keeping up our legislators night after night, in framing rules for making tithes palateable under some shape or other to the people of Ireland, when it is as notorious as the light of the sun, that there are no tithes to be fashioned in any form whatever in that part of that united kingdom. The nuisance is abated, is completely destroyed; the bare memory of tithes no longer lives there—it is dead, buried, and rotted in its grave, and yet Mr. Stanley hopes to resuscitate it from the tomb. He might as well attempt to raise the dead!

The misfortune of all this folly is, that it has convinced the Irish people—already too prone to suspect an English administration—that they must take the amelioration of their country into their own hands. They are already acting with an inflexible and unanimous determination upon this principle; and we shall shortly see them possessed of a local legislature, and governed by persons in whom they repose confidence—by Irishmen, who know the wants of the country, and are resolved on removing every grievance which stands in the way of its prosperity. Its government is already, morally speaking, in the hands of Mr. O'Connell. Why should it not be officially placed in them? Were he made Lord Lieutenant, and were a local Parliament legally constituted, for the purpose of settling all questions of local interest, without interfering with the imperial functions of the United Legislature, we have no doubt that Ireland might look forward to a degree of happiness such as it has never yet known, and such as it never can know without some such change. Not only the tithes, but the established church, would be then abolished; every man would be at liberty to pay his own clergyman; the people would find that they had a national government; and peace and plenty would be the result. A standing army of soldiers and constables would then be dissolved. But though some such measure as this is inevitable, it will not be agreed to without a struggle, and even then it will be acquiesced in with a bad grace, which will only tend to keep alive, or perhaps to increase, the ancient animosity subsisting between the two countries. So attached do men become from habit to contrarieties, so unwilling are they to abandon their own notions for the plain and obvious path of

wisdom, that it may be truly said of the officers of the present Anglo-Irish government, that they have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, hands and feel not, feet and walk not. But the day is fast approaching, when they will be compelled to see, to hear, to feel, aye, and to walk too, unless they have the good sense to yield what they can no longer retain with advantage to themselves, or with any thing but grievous injury to the whole empire.

We began this article with a smile, but it has insensibly melted into a tear. The transition is Irish, and we suppose we caught the habit from Sir Jonah, or rather from his country, to which we are cordially attached. By the same rule, we may resume the merry mood again with the same facility, having given vent to some of the thoughts that laboured in our bosom for expression. We imagine that the reader will join with us, too, in a good hearty laugh at the following capital anecdote.

'Curran had told me with infinite humour of an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backward, would frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who *would never let the boys rob the orchard*; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran; "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat: but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonable good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire *centre of gravity*, and that I never should go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word, Curran," said I, "the mastiff may have left you your *centre*, but he could not have left much *gravity* behind him, among the bystanders."'—p. 27.

After this odd adventure, Curran had a decided antipathy to big dogs, the influence of which was the cause of another ludicrous occurrence, which Sir Jonah relates rather too much at length for our purpose. The pith of the affair is this. Curran, who was one of the most punctual men living, in performing all his time-engagements, was invited with Sir Jonah to dinner at a country house near Carlow, upon their return from the assizes. They arrived in due time; but Curran having omitted in the morning to spunge himself all over with cold water according to his usual habit, went to a bedroom for that purpose. The dinner-hour struck, and another hour passed, without the witty barrister making his appearance. Nobody could account for his absence, until the chamber-maid happening to go to the room into which she had introduced him, found him nearly naked standing in a corner, and the immense house-dog crouching at some little distance from him, apparently

ready to take another morceau from his centre of gravity, in case he moved one inch from the ground on which he was fixed, as pale, and nearly as lifeless, as a statue! The incident was often told by himself with a peculiar humour which rendered it a perfect treat.

The reader need not, perhaps, be told, that amongst its other various accomplishments, Ireland is not a little famous for its *duelry*, as some odd writer has expressed it. We believe that the savage habit has of late declined very considerably, owing to the admirable example which Mr. O'Connell has exhibited to his countrymen on this subject. It was his misfortune once—and no greater misfortune could happen to any person—to kill an unfortunate enthusiast, who goaded him to the field: but he has religiously repented of that deed, and has since undergone many mortifications, rather than expose himself again to the terrible danger of becoming a murderer. Sir Jonah, in his former volumes, told some very laughable anecdotes of Irish duelry. The volume now before us contains a narrative, given to him by the celebrated Galway Martin, *ex* M.P., an extremely kind-hearted man, in which that gentleman's rencontre with George Robert Fitzgerald, one of the most celebrated of Irish duellists, a fighter in fact by profession, is well related. It is a curious passage in the history of Irish manners.

'"George Robert Fitzgerald having a deadly hate to all the Brown family, but hating most Lord Altamont, rode up one morning from Turlow to Westport House, and asked to see the big wolf dog called the 'Prime Serjeant.' When the animal appeared he instantly shot it, and desired the servants to tell their master that 'until the noble peer became charitable to the wandering poor, whose broken meat was devoured by hungry wolf dogs, *he* would not allow any such to be kept.' He, however, left a note to say that he permitted Lady Anne, Lady Elizabeth, and Lady Charlotte Brown, each to keep one *lap-dog*.

'"Proud of this exploit, he rode into Lord Sligo's town of Westport, and proclaimed in the market-place that he had just shot the *Prime Serjeant* dead. The whole town was alarmed; an uproar arose: but after some debate among the wisest, or rather the stoutest people in the town, whether George Robert Fitzgerald ought not to be arrested, if possible for this deliberate murder of Counsellor Brown; he quieted all by saying 'I have shot a much worthier *animal*, the big watch-dog.*

'"I was at this time much attached to the family; and debating in m own mind how best to conduct myself towards my friends, I determine not to tell George Robert my opinion, as it would be in effect to declare that Lord Altamont wanted courage to defend his own honour. I therefore resolved on seeking some more plausible ground of quarrel, which soon presented itself, for at the summer assizes of Mayo, holden at

* 'The Prime Serjeant of the Irish bar was then Lord Sligo's brother—a huge, fat, dull fellow; but the great *lawyer* of the family. Prime Serjeant Brown was considered as an oracle by the whole county of Mayo; yet there could scarcely be found a man less calculated to *tell fortunes*. The watch-dog was named after him.'

Castlebar, Charles Lionel Fitzgerald prosecuted his elder brother George Robert for false imprisonment and savage conduct towards their father, upon whom George Robert had fastened a chain and drag!

'"The affair came on before Lord Carleton, and I volunteered in the only cause I ever pleaded.*

'"An affidavit was produced, stating that the father was *not* confined. I observed 'that Robert Fitzgerald had long notice of this cause coming on; and that the best answer would be the *attendance* of the father, when he was called as one of the magistrates in the commission for the county of Mayo.'

'"Remesius Lennon, a battered old counsellor, on the other side, observed that the father was one of the worst men living; and that it would be unjust to censure any son for confining such a public nuisance.

'"I opposed putting off the trial of George Robert, and concluded to this effect:—'Though believing that, in the course of a long life, this wretched father had committed many crimes, yet the greatest crime against society, and the greatest sin against Heaven that he ever perpetrated, was the having *begotten the traverser.*'

'"On this George Robert said, smiling, 'Martin, you look very healthy—you take good care of your *constitution*, but I tell you that you have this day taken very bad care of your *life.*'

'"The trial went on; and it was *proved*, among a great number of other barbarities, that the father *was* chained by his son George Robert to a drag, and at times to a muzzled bear; a respectable jury found the traverser guilty; and Lord Carleton sentenced him to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine to the King of five hundred pounds.

'"'Kissing,' at this time, went 'by favour;' and Mr. Conally, the brother-in-law of George Robert, obtained from the late Duke of Buckingham, then Lord Lieutenant, the pardon and release of Fitzgerald.

'"Some months after, I happened to pass through Castlebar, and learned that Mr. Fitzgerald was in the town. I had heard of his denunciations, but my determination was neither to *avoid* nor *seek* my antagonist. Desirous of ascertaining what I had to expect, I requested a friend to call on him, and, after conversation on some ordinary subject, to say that *I* had been in the town.

'"This was done, and George Robert answered 'that he hoped whenever we met, it would not be as *enemies.*'

'"My friend reported this; but on the whole, I thought it was as well not to seek any occasion of meeting a person who, I apprehended, might, so soon after our dispute, be induced to depart from his pacific resolution; I therefore proceeded on my journey to Dublin.

'"Mrs. Crawford I found had been engaged for a few nights at Crow-street theatre, and I determined to see her *Belvidera.* I had not long

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* 'Mr. Richard Martin had been called to the Irish bar, as the eldest sons of the most respectable families of Ireland then were, not, as might be supposed, to practise for others, but with a supposition that they would thereby be better enabled to defend their own *territories* from judgments, mortgages, custodiums, &c. &c., and to "stave off" vulgar demands which, if too speedily conceeded, might beget very serious inconveniences.'

taken my seat in the front row of the stage box when I heard a noisy precipitate step, and an order given, in a commanding tone, for the box to be opened. I turned and saw Mr. Fitzgerald, who took his place on the next row. His look indicated rage, and I therefore left my place in front and took my seat on the same row with him. He stared for a moment or two directly into my face, then turned away and laughed, on which I asked, 'Have you anything to say to *me*, Mr. Fitzgerald?'

'" He answered with a stern look of defiance—

'" 'Only to tell you that I followed you from Castlebar, to proclaim you the *bully* of the Altamonts.'

'" 'You have said enough, Mr. Fitzgerald; you no doubt expect to hear from me, and it shall be early in the morning.'

'" 'I shall hear from *you* to-morrow!' he repeated, contemptuously, making, as he spoke, a blow at me, and adding, 'this will refresh your memory.' He then pulled back his body from behind the curtain of the box, and instantly retreated towards the lobby.

'" My feet got entangled in the curtain, when I rushed out to follow my antagonist, and I fell upon the floor. The present Lord Houden, then Major Craddock, kindly lifted me up. When on my feet I sprang into the lobby, which was crowded almost to an overflow. I uttered all that rage could dictate, accused Fitzgerald of cowardice, and told him he had created the present *scene* in order that we should be both bound over to keep the peace.'

'" 'You have got a blow,' replied he: 'I desire to disgrace you, and when you are punished to my liking *that* way (and not before) you shall have the *satisfaction* of being shot or run through the body.'

'" Next day I met the late Lord Donoughmore, and he most kindly said, if I required it, he would deliver a message to Fitzgerald. I said, 'No, I could not think of embroiling any friend of mine with such a fellow; that I would wear my sword, and trust to my opportunities of meeting Fitzgerald.'

'" I watched his house closely for several days, but he did not appear. At this critical moment a Mr. George Lyster called upon me, and said he would take any message to Fitzgerald.

'" I answered, 'That of all things I most desired to meet him; that I found I could not unkennel the fox; and that I would thank whosoever should succeed in putting us face to face.' I was, however, cautious of employing Lyster, knowing him to be Fitzgerald's cousin, and supposing it possible he might have been employed by Fitzgerald himself: this induced me to try him, and to say 'As you have *offered* to go to this gentleman, I will thank you to appoint the *earliest moment* for a meeting.'

'" Mr. Lyster drew not back, he went to his cousin's house, and was ushered by one of the servants into the drawing-room. Mr. Fitzgerald shortly entered, and as soon as Mr. Lyster hinted his business, our hero desired the footman to send one of the valets. When the butler entered, Fitzgerald said, 'Francis, bring my cudgel with the green ribband.' When Fitzgerald got this weapon, he addressed his relative thus,—'How dare you bring a *message* to me? Hold out your finger with the diamond ring upon it!' Poor Lyster obeyed, ignorant of his design, and with one blow Fitzgerald broke the finger and the band of the ring, which fell on the floor. 'Now,' proceeded he, 'I order you to take up the ring and present it to me.' As if thunderstruck, Lyster obeyed. When Fitzgerald

got possession of the ring, he put it into paper, and returned it to Lyster, saying, 'Young fellow, take care of the ring! put it up very safe, and don't swear I robbed you of a present from some fair one!'

'"This dialogue (recounted to me by Lyster himself) was followed by several blows, which cut and battered the young man severely. At last he rushed to the window, drove his head through a pane of glass, and cried out for assistance. The police hearing the cry, soon assembled, and not finding any of the city magistrates, they having seized both parties, conducted them into the presence of Mr. Justice Robinson.

'"The judge first heard Lyster, and seeing him severely bruised, and supposing his skull might be fractured, declared that the prisoner could not be bailed.

'"Fitzgerald now, on the other hand, asked to have his examination entered against Lyster. He stated, that Lyster was his relative, and protected by him, and that I had *influenced* the young man to deliver a message from me. He said, 'that Mr. Lyster *had* delivered such a *message*; that he had answered mildly, that he would not fight Mr. Martin; whereon (says Fitzgerald) this young gentleman said, 'then you must fight *me!*' My answer was, that I would not fight *any man*; on which, continued George Robert, he made several blows of the cudgel I hold in my hand (his own) at me. I happened to be more dextrous than my assailant, and was fortunate enough to take the weapon out of his hands, and in my own defence was obliged to strike in turn, or I should have been murdered!"

'"The old judge, believing every word of so plausible a statement, said, 'I have heard enough, I commit Lyster for trial, and bind over Mr. Fitzgerald to prosecute; and I do so expressing my approbation of Mr. Fitzgerald's manly conduct in refusing to fight Mr. Martin, and thus appealing for redress to the laws of his country.'

'"Shortly after this curious scene I heard that Mr. Fitzgerald was at Castlebar, and had it intimated to him that I should be there. I travelled with Mr. Henry Flood in his carriage, and he kindly offered to be my friend, which I declined, fearing to have exposed him to some insult.

'"I had sent my duelling pistols by a fellow who got drunk on the road, and forgot his errand; so that I remained some hours at Lord Lucan's house, expecting in vain their arrival; during which period I heard that Mr. Fitzgerald was parading the town with a number of persons from Turlow, his own estate, famous for its mobs trained to every kind of outrage. I heard, too, that he said I waited for Lord Altamont's carriage, which, observed he, significantly, *would not arrive.* Here, I have to remark, that I had written a note to Lord Altamont, to say that I would gladly compound for a slight wound in this expected affair, and that I had requested his carriage might be in waiting for me at Castlebar, which is only eight miles from Westport. George Robert had heard this, and said to the mob—'Mr. Martin expects Altamont's carriage, but he may wait long enough; for though the horse is a brave animal, I fancy Altamont's are like the owner, and will not stand the smell of powder.'

'"These taunts reached me; and procuring a case of the common holster pistols my servant rode with, I determined to use them; but they were so stiff in the trigger, that I could hardly let them off. I fastened on my sword, and putting my hand under Dr. Merlin's arm, walked into the [illegible]nd soon saw Fitzgerald, followed by his mob. He, too, wore his

sword, and I instantly told him to draw. He answered, that he was lame, the pavement bad, and that he could not keep his footing; that I had Lord Lucan's mob on my side, and that, in short, he would not fight me.

' " I then said, ' You will find me in the barrack yard, where I shall remain.'

' " ' I shall be in no hurry, after having struck you for your pertness,' said he.

' " On this I flung a switch into his face, walked to the barracks, and got sentries posted with orders to keep out all persons, but Mr. Fitzgerald and his friend, whilst we should be fighting. He and Mr. Fenton soon appeared; he had a good case of pistols in his hand, while I had the wretched tools I named.

' " I stood against a projecting part of the barrack wall, and desired Mr. Fitzgerald to come as close as he pleased. He said, a cannon would not carry *so far*. I answered, I will soon cure that, for I will now march up until I lay my pistol to your face. I accordingly advanced until our pistols touched. We both fired; he missed me, but I hit him full in the breast, and he fell back, supporting himself by a projection of rock, and exclaiming ' Honour, Martin, honour!'

' " I said—' If you are not disabled, I will wait as long as you choose!'

' " At this moment he couched treacherously like a cat, presented, fired, and hit me. I returned the fire, and hit him; he again recovered, came up, and begged my pardon, asked me to shake hands, and said, ' Altamont has caused all this, and now would not send you his carriage; let us both kick him!'

' " Flood met me at the gate, and I leaned on him. I was taken to Dr. Lendsers' to have the wound dressed, but on the way desired my servant to go with my compliments, and enquire how Mr. Fitzgerald felt. Mr. Flood said, ' On no account make any inquiry, for if he lives you will have a second fight.' I was foolish, as will appear, and sent.

' " I had not been many moments in bed when my hero entered the room with a careful timid step. He said, ' Doctor, how do you find Mr. Martin?' I was quite surprised, but said, ' I am very well, and hope you are not badly hurt.'

' " He then addressed me, and observed, ' Dr. Merlin insulted me, and I consider him a bully and instrument of yours, and as such I will make *you* accountable!'

' " I answered—' If I account with you on a mutual understanding, that Dr. Merlin is beneath your notice, I shall have to fight him also for such an imputation; so put your renewed quarrel on some other ground. If you say you did not ask my pardon, I will fight you again; or if you say you are fond of such an *amusement*, I will fight until my eye-lids can no longer wag.'

' " Shall you be at Sligo,' was Mr. Fitzgerald's *reply*.

' " I said, it was not my present purpose, but if he *wished* it, I would be there, and that immediately.

' " He named the day, to which I assented. It was *reported*, but I cannot vouch for the fact, that a party was sent to intercept and murder me. Shortly after I reached Sligo, my opponent sent Sir M. Crofton, to say, that Mr. Fitzgerald did not require any further renewal of the quarrel; and thus the affair ended. My surprise at Fitzgerald's being

alive and well, after having received two shots from *horse-pistols* full upon him, was soon cleared up; he had *plated his body* so as to make it completely bullet proof. On receiving my fire, he fell from the force of the balls striking him direct, and touching his concealed armour. My wound was in the body.

'"The elegant and gentlemanly appearance of this man as contrasted with the savage treachery of his actions, was extremely curious, and without any parallel of which I am aware."'—pp. 136—147.

Strange to say, this gentleman was born to a splendid fortune, had received an excellent education, moved in the best society, was well informed, and had been a distinguished visitor at foreign courts. He was the nephew of the learned, ambitious, and magnificent Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry. His passion for fighting, for such it was, has been ascribed, probably with truth, to some disorder of the brain. When at home, at Turlow, he was always surrounded by a set of banditti, whom he hired for the purpose of protecting him from the pursuit of his creditors, and the vengeance of the law. These men were desperadoes of the first order; but when their master was imprisoned in Dublin, for a series of the most atrocious assaults upon his own father, it was thought that it might be no difficult matter to induce them to join the army. Our author had just then received a commission in the India Company's service, and he was persuaded by his friends to strike up for recruits in the neighbourhood of Turlow. So off he set, attended by his father's old huntsman, Mathew Querns, his pockets well lined with money for the occasion. We regret that we cannot give the whole story, which is well worth reading. We can only find room for the following sketch of a part of his journey.

'I was mounted on a large *white* horse called Friday, after Robinson Crusoe's *black* boy. A case of huge holster pistols jogged before me, and my cavalry coat-case behind, containing my toilette, flints, a bullet mould, my flute, my beating order, with—to amuse leisure hours—a song book, and the Sentimental Journey (then in high vogue, being totally new both in style and subject). Thus caparisoned and equipped, the late Mathew Querns and the present Sir Jonah Barrington set out, fifty years ago, for the purpose of enlisting robbers and outlaws in Mayo, to plunder Gentoos in the Carnatic, and establish the Christian religion in the plains of Hindoostan.

'At that period of my life, cold or fatigue was nothing when I had an object in view; and at the end of the third day's trotting, we arrived through deep snow, bog roads, and after some tumbles (miserably lined) at a little cabin at Hallymount, near the plains of Kilcommon, where many a bloody battle had been fought in former times; and as the ground was too rocky to dig graves, thousands of human skeletons had been covered up with stones—of which there is no scarcity in any, particularly that, part of Ireland. Our reception was curious; and as affording an excellent idea of the species of inns and inn-keepers then prevalent in Ireland, I shall sketch one of the oddest imaginable places of "entertainment

for man and horse,"—which notification was written in large letters over the door, and the house certainly did not belie it.

'The landlord was a fat, red-nosed, pot-belled, jovial fellow, the very emblem of good nature and hospitality; he greeted me cordially before he knew any thing about me, and said I should have the best his house afforded, together with a hearty welcome (the welcome of an innkeeper, indeed, is generally very sincere). He also told Mathew that he never suffered his bin of oats in the stable to be closed, always leaving it to gentlemen's beasts to eat at their own discretion, as he'd engage they would stop of themselves when they had got enough; and the more they eat at one meal, the less they would eat at the next; so he should be no loser.

'The inn consisted of cabins on the ground floor only, and a very good hard dry floor it certainly was. The furniture was in character; but my bed (if I were to judge from its bulk and softness) had the best feathers of five hundred geese, at least in it; the curtains had obviously once been the property of some greater personage than an inn-keeper, as the marks of embroidery remained (on crimson silk) which had been carefully picked out, I suppose to sell the silver. My host begged I would not trouble myself as to dinner, as he knew what was good for me after so bad a journey. He protested, that so far as poultry, game, and lobsters went, no man in Mayo could beat him; and that he had a vessel of Powldoody oysters, which was sent him by Squire Francis Macnamara, of Doolan, for old acquaintance sake.

'I promptly asked for a bottle of his best wine; but he told me he never sold a *single* bottle to a gentleman, and hoped I would have no objection to two. Of course, I acquiesced, though intending to dine alone, and only to drink the half of one. I was therefore surprised to see, shortly, a spruce young maid-servant lay out the table for six persons, with every thing in good order; and on dinner coming in, my landlord introduced his old wife, two smart pretty daughters, and his son, by no means a "promising boy." He uncorked both bottles at once, and no persons ever fared more sumptuously. The wine, he said, was the finest old claret of the "real smuggling," by Sir Neil O'Donnell's own cutter, called Paddy Whack, from the Isle of Man;—and Sir Neil (a baronet of Newport) never sent a bad hogshead to any of his *customers;* his honour's brandy, likewise, was not a jot worse than his claret, and always tasted best of a cold morning.

'We had got deep into our second bottle, of which the ladies took a glass each, while the young gentleman drank a bumper of brandy, when my host, who knew every body, and every thing local, gave me the life, adventures, and character of almost each person of note in that country, including numerous anecdotes of George Robert, which originated in and were confined to the neighbourhood. He laughed so heartily at his own stories, that it was impossible not to join him. Tea and hot cakes followed; a roast goose, brandy, punch, and old ale, made the supper, and I retired to bed heartily and careless.

'Next morning I was roused rather early by a very unexpected incident, namely, a hen, which, having got into my room, layed a couple of eggs at once on my coat which lay beside me, and then, as hens accustom themselves to do (and it is no bad practice), she gave as loud and protracted a notice of her *accouchement*, as her voice could furnish.

'I immediately rose, brought out my two eggs to our breakfast-table, and was expressing my surprise at the circumstance, when Miss Betty Jennings winked and whispered me that it was a standing joke of her fathers. The breakfast was nearly as good as the dinner had been the previous day; and on procuring my bill, I found I was charged eighteen-pence for dinner, eighteen-pence for claret, ten-pence for my horses, six-pence for my breakfast, and nothing for the rest; though Mathew Querns had got dead drunk, my horses were nearly bursting, and I was little better myself. My host told me, when a guest who would drink with him had a bottle of claret, he always indulged in one himself, and that if I had drunk two, he should have thought it mighty uncivil if he had not done the same. I left his house with an impression that he was the most extraordinary inn-keeper I had ever met with, and really bade adieu to himself and his daughters with regret.'—pp. 152—157.

Pursuing his way to Turlow, our young recruiting officer meets with the best luck; enlists no fewer than sixty men, and after having paid each of them a bounty, was marching triumphantly with his legion to Dublin, when unfortunately for him, he had to pass through the town of Castlebar, in which town, still more unfortunately for him, there happened to be a fair of linen yarn. The streets were crowded with cars laden with hanks of the yarn of different colours. His recruits of course got tipsy, and of course they mutinied. They swore that a step farther they would not go, and when the expectant nabob drew his sword upon them, the people in the fair, *fairly* surrounded him, and gave him such a pummelling, that he was almost pounded to a jelly. He was very glad to make his escape as quickly as he could, and thus ended his service in the army of the honourable company!

Talking of fairs, who has not been to Donnybrook fair, or at least who has not heard of it? Donnybrook is the Greenwich of Dublin, and in former times was the scene of boundless merriment. There was seen and sung "The sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green," in all its glory. Sir Jonah's sketch of this celebrated scene would divert a quaker.

'The common Irish are the most heroic horsemen I ever saw:—it was always one of their attributes. They ride on the horse's bare back with rapidity and resolution, and coming from fairs, I have often seen a couple or sometimes three fellows riding one bare-backed horse as hard as he could go, and safely—not one of whom, if they were on their own legs, could stand perpendicular half a minute.

'It is a mistake to suppose that Donnybrook was a remarkable place for *fighting*, or that much *blood* was ever drawn there. On the contrary, it was a place of good humour. Men to be sure were knocked down now and then, but there was no malice in it. A head was often cut, but quickly tied up again. The women first parted the combatants and then became mediators, and every fray which commenced with a knock down, generally ended by shaking hands and the parties getting dead drunk together.

'That brutal species of combat called *boxing* was never practised at our

fairs; and that savage nest and hot-bed of ruffians called "the ring," so shamefully tolerated in England, was unknown among the Emeralders. With the shillelah, indeed, they had great skill; but it was only like sword exercise, and did not appear savage. Nobody was disfigured thereby, or rendered fit for a doctor. I never saw a bone broken, or any dangerous contusion from what they called "*whacks*" of the shillelah (which was never too heavy): it was like fencing: a cut on the skull they thought no more of than we should of the prick of a needle: of course such accidents frequently occurred and (I believe very well for them) let out a little of their blood, but did not for a single moment interrupt the song, the dance, the frolicking, and good humour.'—pp. 241, 242.

But where is all the fighting?—the reader asks. Donnybrook fair without a fight, would not be a fair at all he thinks perhaps. Sir Jonah shall enlighten him a little on the subject.

'Take eight or ten long wattles, or any indefinite number, according to the length you wish your tent to be (whether two yards, or half a mile makes no difference as regards the architecture or construction). Wattles need not be provided by purchase and sale, but may be readily procured any dark night by cutting down a sufficient number of young trees in the demense or plantation of any gentleman in the neighbourhood—a prescriptive *privilege*, or rather *practice*, time immemorial throughout Ireland.

'Having procured the said wattles, *one way or other*, it is only necessary to stick them down in the sod in two rows, turning round the tops like a woodbine arbour in a lady's flower garden, tying the two ends together with neat ropes of hay, which any gentleman's farm yard can (during the night time as aforesaid) readily supply,—then fastening long wattles in like manner lengthways at the top, from one end to the other, to keep all tight together; and thus the "wooden walls" of Donnybrook are ready for roofing in; and as the building materials cost nothing but *danger*, the *expense* is very trivial.

'A tent fifty feet long may be easily built in about five minutes, unless the builders should adopt the old mode of *peeling* the wattles; and when once a wattle is stripped to its *buff*, he must be a wise landlord indeed who could swear to the identity of the timber—a species of evidence, nevertheless, which the Irish woodrangers are extremely expert at.* This precaution will not, however, be necessary for the Don Cossacks, who being educated as highway robbers by the Emperor of all the Russias, and acting in that capacity in every country, cannot, of course, be called to account for a due exercise of their vocation.

'The covering of the tents is now only requisite; this is usually done according to fancy; and being unacquainted with the taste of the Russian gentlemen on that head, I shall only mention the general mode of *clothing* the wattles used in my time—a mode that from its singularity had a far

* 'I recollect a man at the assizes of Maryborough swearing to the leg of his own goose, which was stolen, having found it in some *giblet broth* at the robber's cabin. The witness was obviously right; the web between the goose's toes being, he said, *snipped and cut* in a way he could perfectly identify.'

more imposing appearance than any encampment ever pitched by his Majesty's regular forces, horse, foot, or artillery. Every cabin, alehouse, and other habitation wherein quilts or bedclothes, were used, or could be procured by *civility* or *otherwise* (except *money*, which was not current for such purposes), was ransacked for apparel wherewith to cover the wattles. The favourite covering was *quilts*, as long as such were forthcoming; and when not, old winnowing sheets, sacks ripped open, rugs, blankets, &c. &c. Every thing, in fact, was expended in the *bed* line (few neighbours using that accommodation during the fair)—and recourse often had to women's apparel, as old petticoats, praskeens, &c. &c.

'The covering spread over the wattles as tightly and snugly as the materials would admit, all was secured by hay ropes and pegs. When completed, a very tall wattle with a dirty birch broom, the hairy end of an old sweeping brush, a cast off lantern of some watchman, rags of all colours made into streamers and fixed at the top by way of a sign, formed the invitation to *drinking*—and when eating was likewise to be had, a rusty tin saucepan, or a piece of a broken iron pot, was hung dangling in front, to crown the entrance and announce good cheer.

'The most amusing part of the coverings were the quilts, which were generally of patchwork, comprising scraps of all the hues in the rainbow—cut into every shape and size, patched on each other and quilted together.

'As to furniture, down the centre, doors, old or new (whichever were most handy to be *lifted*) were stretched from one end to the other, resting on hillocks of clay, dug from underneath, and so forming a capital table, with an agreeable variety both as to breadth and elevation. Similar constructions for benches were placed along the sides, but not so steady as the table; so that when the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow, he would fall off, and the whole row generally following his example, perhaps ten or even twenty gallant *shamrocks* were seen on their backs, kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing; while others still on their legs, were drinking and dancing, and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for the open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cudgelling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleaned out and prepared for a new company of the shillelah boys.

'The best tents that supplied "neat victuals," had a pot boiling outside on a turf fire, with good fat lumps of salt beef and cabbage, called "spooleens," always ready simmering for such customers as should like a *sliver*. The potatoes were plentiful, and salt Dublin-bay herrings also in abundance. There was besides a cold round or rump of beef at double price for the *quality* who came to see the *curiosities*.

'Except toys and trinkets for children, merchandise of any sort they seemed to have a contempt for; but these were bought up with great avidity; and in the evening, when the parents had given the *childer* a glass each of the *cratur* (as they call whisky) "to keep the cowld out of their little stomachs," every trumpet or drum, fiddle, whistle, or pop-gun, which the fond mothers had bestowed, was set sounding (all together) over the green, and chimed in with a dozen fiddlers, and as many pipers, jigging away for the dance—an amalgamation of sounds among the most extraordinary that ever *tickled* the ear of a musician. Every body, drunk or sober, took a share in the *long* dance, and I have seen a row of a hun-

dred couple labouring at their jig steps till they fell off actually breathless, and rather *wetter* than if they had been river deities of the Donnybrook.

'This, however, must be remarked as constituting a grand distinction between the beloved St. Bartholomew of the Cockneys, and the Emeralders' glory;—that at that the former, robbers, cheats, gamblers, and villains of every description collect, and are most active in their respective occupations: whilst at the latter no gambling of any sort existed; nor were thieves, pick-pockets, or swindlers often there; for a good reason—because there was no money worth stealing, and *plenty* of *emptiness* in the pockets of the amateurs. However, love reigned in all its glory, and Cupid expended every arrow his mother could make for him; but with this difference, that love is in general represented as discharging his shafts into people's hearts, whereas at Donnybrook he always aimed at their *heads*; and before it became quite dusk he never failed to be very successful in his archery. It was after sunset indeed that sweethearts made up their matches; and a priest (Father Kearney of Liffy street, a good *clergy*) told me that more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week *after* Donnybrook fair, than in any two months during the rest of the year; the month of June being warm and *snug* (as he termed it) smiled on every thing that was good, and helped the *liquor* in making arrangements; and with great animation he added, that it was a gratifying sight to see his young parishioners who had made up their matches at Donnybrook, coming there in a couple of years again, to buy whistles for their children.'—pp. 235—240.

So much for the humours of Donnybrook fair. There are, however, many other fairs in Ireland, which, even to the present moment, seldom pass off so innocently. Notwithstanding the unanimity that prevails amongst the people upon political subjects, and although the members of the different local factions would sooner cut off their right hands, than buy a cow which was seized for non-payment of tithe, yet when the same factions meet at a fair, their animosity becomes as active as ever, and they break each other's heads without the slightest remorse. Parishes are drawn up in array against parishes, of the same county. Sometimes one part of a parish fights against the other, by way of keeping their hand in; and if by some chance the fair should promise to end without a regular pitched battle, the blackguards of one street in the town will get up a combat against those of another. When national questions are at issue, these minor animosities merge in more extended parties, and the Catholic provinces of the south and west, that is to say Munster and Connaught, will arrange themselves with perfect unanimity against the settlers in the north, to whom they have not yet been reconciled.

'I do not think that the southern and the western Irish have, or ever will have, any ardent brotherly affection for their northen fellow-countrymen, (exclusive of differences in religion.) The former descended direct from the aboriginals of the land; the latter are deduced from the Scotch colonists, and those not of the very best occupations or character either.

'An anecdote told of Sir Hercules Langrish and Mr. Dundas, is illustrative of this observation, and was one of our standing jokes when Ireland existed as a nation.

'Mr. Dundas, himself a keen sarcastic man, who loved his bottle nearly as well as Sir Hercules, invited the baronet to a grand dinner in London, where the wine circulated freely, and wit kept pace with it. Mr. Dundas wishing to procure a laugh at Sir Hercules, said:—

'"Why, Sir Hercules, is it true that we Scotch formerly *transported* all our criminals and felons to Ireland?"

'"I dare say," replied Sir Hercules; "but did you ever hear, Mr. Dundas, of any of your countrymen *returning* to *Scotland* from transportation?"'—pp. 252, 253.

Sir Hercules was a commissioner of the revenue; but it would appear from the following droll anecdote, that he had a very peculiar way of enlightening his mind upon complicated matters of account.

'He was surprised one evening at his house in Stephen's-green by Sir John Parnell, Duigenan, and myself, who went to him on an immaterial matter of revenue business. We found him in his study alone, poring over the national accounts, with two claret bottles empty before him, and a third bottle on the wane. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the butler, according to general orders, when gentlemen came in, brought a bottle of claret to each of us. "Why," said Parnell, "Sir Heck, you have emptied *two bottles* already." "True," said Sir Hercules. "And had you nobody to help you?" "*Oh yes*, I had that bottle of *port* there; and I assure you he afforded me very great assistance!"'—p. 305.

Sketches of the wits of Ireland, if such a work could now be written, would be certainly one of the most amusing books in the world. Sir Jonah thinks it impossible to enumerate them all, much less to retain the essence of that peculiar humour by which they were distinguished.

'It would be almost impossible to enumerate the wits and humourists of Ireland in my early days. Wit was then regularly *cultivated* as an accomplishment, and was in a greater or less degree to be found in every society. Those whom nature had not blessed with that faculty (if a blessing it is), still did their very best, as a foreigner sports his broken English.

'The convivial circles of the higher orders of Irish society, in fact, down to the year 1800, in point of wit, pleasantry, good temper, and friendly feeling, were pre-eminent; while the plentiful luxuries of the table and rich furniture of the wine-cellar were never surpassed, if equalled, among the gentry of any country. But every thing is now changed: that class of society is no more; neither men nor manners are the same; and even the looking back at those times affords a man who participated in their pleasures higher gratification than do the actual enjoyments of the passing era.

'People may say this change is in myself; perhaps so: yet I think that if it were possible for an old man still to preserve unimpaired all the sensations of youth, he would, were he a gentleman, be of my way of thinking. As for those of my contemporaries who survive, and who lived in the same circles with myself, I have no doubt they are unanimously of my opinion. I had very lately an opportunity of seeing this powerfully exemplified by a noble lord at my house. Good fortune had attended him

throughout life; always respected and beloved, he had at length become wealthy. When we talked over the days we had spent in our own country, his eyes filled, and he confessed to me his bitter repentance as to *the union.*'—pp. 306, 307.

One of the most celebrated wits of the day was Edward Lysight, of whose brilliant powers no testimony now remains, save a few songs of the ballad order. He was a most eccentric fellow, and yet in his songs true nature lives. Every body knows his "Sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green," a ballad in which the peculiarities of Donnybrook fair are described in the most characteristic manner. The following pretty song is a wild rose by the side of a pampered hot house plant, when compared with the elaborately polished lines of Moore to the same air. The reader may recollect Moore's song:—

"The dew had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope that lights the mourner's cheek," &c.

How icy cold that verse when compared with Lysight's radiant lines:—

'"'Twas on a fine May morning,
When violets were springing O,
Dew drops the fields adorning,
The birds melodious singing O.
The green trees,
Each soft breeze,
Was gently waving up and down;
The primrose
That sweetly blows,
Adorned nature's verdant gown;
The purling rill
Stole down the hill,
And softly murmured through the grove;
This was the time Ounagh stole out to meet
Her barefoot love."

Lysight attempted to practise at the English bar, but without success, having been obliged while here to earn his subsistence by poetical squibs in the newspapers, for which he had a regular tariff of prices. He had a curious adventure at Somers'-town, which ended in his marriage with a Jew's daughter, who persuaded him that she was laden with gold. But to his infinite chagrin, he soon found that her father was a common swindler. To Lysight's credit, however, be it added, that this circumstance did not alter his attention to his wife. He afterwards went to the Irish bar, where he displayed his brilliant and ready wit to great advantage in convivial societies, but he died wretchedly poor.

In former times, Ireland presented few scenes of mirth comparable to its weddings. Upon this subject Sir Jonah is ravishingly eloquent.

'There are few changes in the manners and customs of society in Ireland more observable than those relating to marriage. The day has been, within my recollection, when that ceremony was conducted altogether differently from the present mode. Formerly no damsel was *ashamed*, as it were, of being married. The celebration was joyous, public, enlivened by every species of merriment and good cheer. The bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids and bridesmen (all dressed and decorated in gay and gallant costumes), vied in every effort to promote the pleasure they were themselves participating. When the ceremony was completed by passing round a final and mystical word, "Amazement," every body kissed the bride. The company then all saluted each other: cordial congratulations went round, the music struck up, and plenty of plum cake and wine seemed to anticipate a *christening*. The bride for a moment whimpered or coloured, the mamma wept with gratification, the bridesmaids flushed with sympathy, and a scene was produced almost too brilliant for modern apathy even to gaze at. The substantial banquet soon succeeded, hospitality was all alive, the bottle circulated, the ball commenced, the bride led off to take leave of her celibacy, men's souls were softened, maidens' hearts melted, Cupid slily stole in, and I scarce ever saw a joyous public wedding whereat he had not nearly expended his quiver before three o'clock in the morning. Every thing cheerful and innocent combined to show the right side of human nature, and to increase and perfect human happiness: a jovial hot supper gave respite to the dancers, and time to escort madam bride to her nuptial chamber—whither, so long as company were permitted to do so, we will attend her. The bed-curtains were adorned with festoons of ribbon; the chamber was well lighted; and the bridesmaid, having administered to the bride her prescriptive refreshment of white-wine posset, proceeded to remove her left stocking, and put it into her trembling hand; they then whispered anew the mystical word before mentioned, and having bound a handkerchief over her eyes, to ensure her impartiality, all the lovely spinsters surrounded the nuptial couch, each anxiously expecting that the next moment would anticipate her promotion to the same happy predicament within three hundred and sixty-five days at the very farthest. The bride then tossed the prophetic hosiery at random among her palpitating friends, and whichever damsel was so fortunate as to receive the blow, was declared the next maiden in the room who would become devoted to the joys of Hymen; and every one in company, both ladies and gentlemen, afterwards saluted the cheek of the lovely girl. The ball then re-commenced, the *future* bride led off, night waned, and Phœbus generally peeped again ere the company could be brought to separate. Good-humoured tricks were also on those happy occasions practised by arch girls upon the bridegroom. In short, the pleasantry of our old marriages in Ireland could not be exceeded. They were always performed in the house of the lady's parents, or of some relative. It would fill a volume were I to enumerate the various joyful and happy incidents I have witnessed at Irish weddings.'—pp. 337—340.

This gay scene looks doubly bewitching, when compared with a modern ceremony of the same description.

'How miserably has modern refinement reversed those scenes of happiness and hilarity, when the gentry of my native land were married in warm, cheerful chambers, and in the midst of animated beings, beloving

and beloved! No gloom was there; every thing seemed to smile; and all thoughts of death or memoranda of mortality were discarded.

'Now those joyous scenes are shifted by sanctity and *civilization*. Now the female soul almost shudders—and it well may—on reaching the site of the connubial ceremony. The long, chilling aisle, ornamented only by sculptural tablets and tales of death and futurity, is terminated by the sombre chancel—whence the unpupilled eye, and vacant stare of cold marble busts glare down on those of youth and animation, seeming to say, "Vain, hapless couple! see me—behold your fate!—the time is running now, and will not stop its course a single moment till you are *my* companions!" under such auspices the lovers' vows are frozen ere they can be registered by the recording angel.

'The cheerless ceremony concluded, the bridegroom solemnly hands the silent bride into her travelling chariot; hurries her to some country inn, with her pretty maid—perhaps destined to be a future rival; they remain there a few days, till yawning becomes too frequent, and the lady then returns to town a listless matron—to receive on her couch of *ennui*, a string of formal congratulations, and predictions of connubial comfort, few of which are doomed to be so *prophetic* as the *bridal stocking* of her grandmother.'—p. 340.

Such a description as this is enough to give a man the horrors. But the good-humoured author very soon makes amends for this lugubrious strain by describing his own expedition to a nuptial affair, in which one of his brothers performed the happy character of bridegroom. The wedding was conducted on a splendid scale, which included a good deal of public display, and that too at no small expense, although it will appear in the sequel, that more than one of the actors in the scene had not a farthing in his pockets. The wedding dresses of all parties were fantastically ornamented for the occasion. The bridegroom and his attendants wore white cloth, decorated with silver tissue, lace, and spangles. Sir Jonah describes his mother, 'a woman of high blood and breeding, and just pride,' as he remarks with true Hibernian exultation; he says that she was 'clad in what was called a manteau of silvered satin: when standing direct before the lights, she shone out as the reflector of a lamp; and as she moved majestically about the room, and curtseyed *à la Madame Pompadour*, the rustling of her embroidered habit sounded like music appropriate to the flow of compliments that enveloped her!' But we hasten to the cavalcade, consisting of the state coach, in which the elders of the family were seated, and a less showy carriage, in which was the author.

'The cavalcade started off at a hand gallop for Bray, accompanied by the benediction of old Sarah the cook, and Judy Berger, the hereditary housekeeper, who stood praying meanwhile and crossing their foreheads at the door. An old travelling chaise, of no very prepossessing appearance, (which had been rescued from the cocks and hens in the country out-house), with a pair of hacks, was driven by Mathew Querns, the huntsman, and contained the residue of the party; namely, my two other brethren and self.

'The more particular description of our attire may strike certain

moderns as somewhat ridiculous; but that attire was in the *gôut* of the day, and covered as good proportions as those of the new century who may deride it. The men wore no stays; the ladies covered their shoulders; and the first were to the full as brave, and the latter at least as modest as their successors. *Our* wedding suits were literally thus composed. The blue satin vests and inexpressibles were well laced and spangled wherever there was any room for ornaments. The coats were of white cloth, with blue capes. Four large paste curls, white as snow with true rice powder, and scented strong with real bergamot, adorned our heads. My third brother, Wheeler Barrington, had a coat of scarlet cloth, because he was *intended* for the army.

'In truth, greater luminaries never attended a marriage festivity. Our equipage, however, by no means corresponded with our personal splendour and attractions; and I thought the contrast would be too ridiculous to any observing spectator who might know the family. I therefore desired Mathew to take a short turn from the great rock road, to avoid notice as much as possible; which caution being given, we crowded into the tattered vehicle, and trotted away as swiftly as one blind and one lame horse could draw such magnificoes. There were (and are) on the circular road by which I had desired Mathew Querns to drive us, some of those nuisances called turnpikes. When we had passed the second gate, the gate-keeper, who had been placed there recently, of course demanded his toll. "Pay him, French," said I to my brother. "Faith," said French, "I changed my clothes, and I happen to have no money in my pocket." "No matter," answered I, "Wheeler, give the fellow a shilling!" "I have not a rap," said Wheeler. "I lost every halfpenny I had yesterday at the royal cock-pit in Essex Street."

'By a sort of instinct I put my hand into my own pocket; but instinct is not money, and *reality* quickly informed me that I was exactly in the same situation. However, "no matter," again said I; so I desired old Mathew Querns to pay the turnpike. "Is it me pay turnpike?" said Mathew—"me? the devil a cross of wages I got from the master this many a day; and if I did, do you think, Master Jonah, the liquor would not be after having it out of me by this time?" and he then attempted to drive on *without* paying, as he used to do at Cullenaghmore. The man, however, grappled the blind horse, and gave us a full quantum of abuse, in which his wife, who issued forth at the sound, vociferously joined. Mathew began to whack him and the horses alternately with his thong whip; my brother French struggled to get out and beat the pike-man; but the door would not open readily; and I told him if he beat the turnpike-man properly, he'd probably bleed *a few* himself; and that a single drop of blood on his fine clothes would effectually exclude him from society. This reasoning succeeded; but the blind horse not perceiving what was the matter, began to plunge and break the harness. "You d—d gilt vagabonds," said the turnpike-man," such fellows should be put into the stocks, or ducked at the broad stone beyond Kilmainham. Oh! I know well enough! (looking into the carriage windows) what are yees but stage-players, that have run away from Smock Alley, and want to impose upon the country folk!—but I'll neither let yees back or forward, by ——, till you pay me a *hog* for the pike, and two and eightpence halfpenny for every wallop of the whip that the ould green mummer there gave me when I only wanted my honest dues."

'I saw fighting was in vain; but courtesy can do any thing with an Irishman. "My honest friend," said I, (to soften him) "you're right, we are poor stage players, sure enough: we've got a loan of the clothes from Mr. Ryder—may heaven bless him! and we're hired out to play a farce for a great wedding that's to be performed at Bray to-night. When we come back with our money we'll pay you true and fair, and drink with you till you're stiff, if you think proper."

'On this civil address, the pike-man looked very kind: "Why then, by my sowl it's true enough," said he, "ye can't be very rich till ye get your entrance money; but sure, I won't be out of pocket for all that. Well faith and troth, ye look like decent stage-players; and I'll tell you what, I like good music, so I do. Give me a new song or two, and d—mme but I'll let you off, you poor craturs, till you come back agin. Come, give us a chaunt, and I'll help you to mend the harness too!"

'"Thank you, Sir," said I humbly. "I can't sing," said my brother French, "unless I'm drunk." "Nor I, drunk or sober," said Wheeler. "You *must* sing for the *pike*," said I to French; and at length he set up his pipes to a favourite song, often heard among the half-mounted gentlemen in the country when they were drinking; and as I shall never forget any incident of that (to me) eventful day, and the ditty is quite characteristic both of the nation generally and the half-mounted gentlemen in particular (with whom it was a sort of charter song), I shall give it.

'D—n money—it's nothing but trash;
We're happy, though ever so poor!
When we have it we cut a great dash,
When its gone, we ne'er think of it more.
Then let us be wealthy, or not,
Our spirits are always the same;
We're free from every dull thought,
And the "boys of old Ireland's" our name!

'I never saw a poor fellow so pleased as the pike-man; the words hit his fancy; he shook us all round most heartily by the hand; and running into his lodge, brought out a pewter pot of frothing beer, which he had just got for himself, and insisted on each of us taking a drink. We of course complied. He gave Mathew a drink too, and desired him not to be so handy with his whip to other pike-men, they'd *justice* him at Kilmainham. He then helped up our traces; and Mathew meanwhile—who having had the last draught, had left the pot no further means of exercising its hospitality—enlivened by the liquor, and encouraged by the good nature of the pike-man, and his pardon for the *wallopping*—thought the least he could do in gratitude, was to give the honest man a sample of his own music, vocal and instrumental: so taking his hunting horn from under his coat (he never went a yard without it), and sounding his best "Death of Reynard," he sang a stave, which was then the charter song of *his* rank, and which he roared away with all the graces of a view holloa:

Ho! ro! the sup of good drink!
And it's ho! ro! the heart wouldn't think!
Oh! had I a shilling lapp'd up in a clout,
'Tis a sup of good drink that should wheedle it out.
And it's ho! ro! &c. &c.

'The man of the pike was delighted. "Why then, by my sowl, you ould mummer," said he, "it's a pity the likes of you should *want* a *hog*.

Arrah! here (handing him a shilling), maybe your whistle would run dry on the road, and you'll pay me when you come back, won't you? Now all's settled; off wid yees! Success! success!" And away we went as fast as the halt and blind could convey us.'—pp. 344—349.

Ireland in its former glory was the only spot upon earth for which such a scene as this could have been even invented, with any regard to propriety of character. But when we say "invented," let it not be understood that we wish to pick a quarrel with Sir Jonah. We have no fancy for giving flesh room to one of his bullets, for we suppose that he has not yet consigned his pistols to the hammer. We really do not believe that he has done anything more in the way of imagination, than here and there embellish his sketches a little—a very venial sin in an author who has counted his seventieth year. We must observe that his third volume, however, is by no means so racy as the other two. It is rather garrulous. We have no objection to trifling anecdotes. Indeed, they are essential to any work that pretends to afford sketches of the manners of any society. But we think that several stories of that kind are here spun out to an intolerable length. Nevertheless, we should prefer to have the book with all its faults, rather than be without it.

ART. IV.—*A plain Statement of the Power of the Bank of England, and of the Use it has made of it; with a Refutation of the Objections made to the System of Scotch Banking; and a Reply to the "Historical Sketch of the Bank of England."* By the Right Honourable Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M. P. 8vo, pp. 98. London: Ridgway. 1832.

As the question of the renewal of the Bank Charter is now at issue, and it is of great importance that the public should clearly understand the interest which it has in the solution of that, and indeed of every other question relating to an institution of such immense pecuniary influence in this country, we shall trace its history as briefly, and with as much simplicity as we can, and then state the grounds upon which we coincide with Sir Henry Parnell in thinking, that the Bank Charter ought never again to be renewed.

In the year 1694, five years after the accomplishment of our revolution, and while the affairs of the government were still in a very unsettled state, great embarrassment was experienced by the then ministry in discharging the various obligations which had been incurred in consequence of the recent changes. The greatest abuses prevailed in the system of taxation, and the Treasury found it extremely difficult to raise a sum of money by way of loan, which the exigencies of the state absolutely required. In order to afford the assistance which was so essential to the establishment of the revolutionary government, Mr. William Paterson, a clever intelligent Scotchman, a man of great enterprise, and a projector in the

extravagant sense of that word, proposed to raise a loan of one million, two hundred thousand pounds,—a very large sum in those days,—by way of subscription. His proposals having been admitted and carried into execution, the subscribers, besides receiving eight per cent. on the sum advanced as interest, and 4,000*l.* a year as the expense of management, in all 100,000*l.* a year, were, according to the stipulations entered into, incorporated as a society denominated the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England," by a charter dated the 27th of July, 1694. The powers of the Company, and the mode of managing its affairs, were defined in the charter. It was authorised, amongst other privileges, to issue notes, which were at first convertible, as they are now, into gold. But it was not long in existence before it was involved in very considerable difficulties on account of this circumstance, for although it had not then, nor until 1759, issued any notes under 20*l.*, yet during the period of the great re-coinage it was obliged to suspend its cash payments, its notes being at a heavy discount. Having, however, by the assistance of government, and the prudence of the directors, survived this crisis, they found it necessary to make an addition to their capital. In 1708, the Bank was enabled to advance another loan of one million, seven hundred thousand pounds to the government, for the purpose of paying off Exchequer bills which had been issued to meet the exigencies of the state. The two loans, together with an advance of 400,000*l.* made in consideration of the renewal of the charter, placed the government under obligations to the Bank, to the amount of nearly three millions and a half.

Thus far we may see, that the Bank was in fact nothing more or less than a company of rich merchants, incorporated in the first instance for the purpose of lending money to the state whenever it wanted funds, and that by way of remunerating them for the services thus rendered, they were not only paid a high interest for the money actually advanced, but also empowered to raise a capital in addition to their nominal capital, and with both represented by their notes, to carry on a certain species of money trade, the profits of which were divisible in proportion to the amount of their respective subscriptions amongst all the members of the firm.

In the year last mentioned, 1708, another large addition was made to the Company's capital, raising it to the total amount of four millions and a half: the privileges which they enjoyed became so manifest a source of their prosperity, that another company, called the "Mine-adventure Company," conceived that they also might do a little in the way of banking business, and create money by issuing their own notes. But this attempt looked too like a public competition. The Bank of England did not relish such competition, and accordingly it exercised that sort of influence over the government, which a large creditor may at all times exercise over a needy debtor, and succeeded in getting a law enacted, whereby it was declared that during the continuance of the corpo-

ration of the Bank of England, "it should not be lawful for any body politic, erected or to be erected, other than the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, or for other persons whatsoever, united or to be united in covenants or partnerships, exceeding the number of six persons, in that part of Great Britain called England, to borrow, owe, or take up any sum or sums of money on their bills or notes payable on demand, or in any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof."

The effect of this provision was to put a stop at once to the notes of the Mine-adventure Company, and to prevent any other English corporation, or any number of persons exceeding that of six, from entering into a joint partnership, in any part of England, for the purpose of issuing notes payable on demand—that is to say, from doing that which the Bank found to be the main source of its profits. It is true that six persons might associate for that purpose in London, but were their capital even as large as that of the Bank, their credit could not possibly keep pace with that of a company to whose numbers there were no limits, to whose capital in fact there are no bounds, and which in case of need might be doubled or quadrupled if they deemed fit. The stars are not seen when the sun shines. The Mine Company would not be able to transact any business in the way that would be most lucrative to them, and few persons would be found—certainly, six persons have not yet been found in London—who would venture their capital upon a speculation so little likely to prove successful. Banks have indeed been established in the English counties, remote from the metropolis, where the presence of the Bank of England paper is not calculated altogether to monopolise the market. But even that species of distant competition has been recently much diminished, by the establishment in the manufacturing districts of branches of the Bank of England, which absorb a great portion of the business wherever they appear.

The Company are allowed by their charter to act in the capacity of pawnbrokers: that is to say, they may lend money on goods, and if the goods be not redeemed at the specified time, to sell them by public auction. They are authorised to discount bills of exchange, and to deal in gold and silver; but their principal profits arise from the privilege which they possess of issuing notes, and this privilege, as we have seen, they possess exclusively in effect in London, and almost exclusively wherever their branch banks have been established.

In other words, the Company have what may be called a monopoly in the trade of creating money, a monopoly which the people of this country would not suffer the king to possess, lest he might apply it to the purposes of despotism, but which they have hitherto allowed some hundred merchants to exercise, not for the public benefit, but for their individual advantage.

Let us suppose that twenty persons resolved to form themselves

into a company for the purpose of selling hats, and that they obtained a law whereby they should be authorised to sell hats, and at the same time to prevent any other person in London from following the same trade: what, we should very generally soon ask, could be the reason that might have induced Parliament to pass such a law? No reason could possibly exist for such an enactment except two—either the Parliament must have been willing to give the twenty hatters a monopoly for their own profit, or Parliament must have been under some obligation to the hatters, which it repaid by giving them an exclusive charter. But the first reason would be soon disposed of by public indignation: the second, if it existed, would give rise to inquiries as to the question, whether the supposed obligation might not be discharged in some other way, and whether a monopoly in the sale of hats might not be a species of compensation greatly exceeding in value the hypothetical service for which it was given.

This is exactly the inquiry that is now going on before a committee of the House of Commons, with respect to the monopoly hitherto secured by charter to the Bank of England. That charter, when first granted, was to continue only for eleven years certain. But the Company contrived, in the mean time, to get the government deeper in their debt, and thus they obtained a renewal of it until 1733. By pursuing the same game, occasionally doing little jobs for the state, and feeding its growing extravagance with further loans, they have gone on up to the present moment, and the charter under which they now exist is not to expire until the 1st of August, 1833. Thus they have been enabled, by keeping the government of the country under their foot, to prolong to the period of a century and a half, an institution which originally was not intended to continue for more than eleven years! There is not upon record so striking an instance of mercantile cunning and success, as the corporation of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

The government is now indebted to the Company in a sum not far off from fifteen millions sterling, for which the public pays them interest to the amount of nearly four hundred thousand pounds a year. Is not the regular payment of this interest a sufficient remuneration for their various loans? Is it necessary, is it fair towards the great mass of the community, supposing even their existence as a company was profitable to themselves, without being injurious to any body else, that besides paying them the interest of their money, they should also be enabled by peculiar privileges to reap other profits to an enormous amount? If in addition to interest a particular monopoly be justly given to a company, who have advanced fifteen millions of money, would it not be just at least to extend the same monopoly to those creditors of the country who have lent it, and to whom it now owes upwards of eight hundred millions sterling? Assuredly, even assuming that no charges of misconduct

could be substantiated against the Company, they have no right, as national creditors, to be placed in a situation much more advantageous than other creditors of the nation—especially when it is considered that the Company have only lent fifteen pounds, where the others have lent eight hundred!

But the case against the Bank is very far from resting here. We are only upon its threshold, sporting as it were with a very distant view of the outline of that overgrown establishment, the monument of former days of privileges and monopolies, bequeathed to us by a Dutch king and a Scotch projector. Sir Henry Parnell, with that tact of turning figures into syllogisms, and the most complicated accounts into A. B. C., in which he has no living superior, has come forward with a bill of impeachment against the Company, which they will find it extremely difficult to answer. He gives a statement of the mode in which the Company have used the immense power that has been so irrationally conceded to them, and he shews in the most unequivocal manner the repeated and incalculable injuries, which they have from time to time inflicted upon the country.

Let us go back once more to our hatters for an illustration, and suppose that besides being worn on the head, hats were by law capable of being bartered for all other articles which are used in the ordinary affairs of life. It is clear that the hat company, by issuing a great number of hats, might make them plentiful, when their value as compared with other things would be reduced: or might reduce the supply very considerably, when their value as compared with other things might be proportionally augmented. They would thus influence not only the value of their hats, as compared with all other articles, but also affect the value of all other articles, as compared with their hats. In other words, in consequence of their monopoly, they might in the course of a day, alter for the better or the worse, just as it suited their own caprice, the fortune of every man in the country. This is a power which Parliament would not dare to give to the Crown: yet they have given it to a company of merchants. We say Parliament have given it, because, although the charter is the act of the king, he would not venture to sign it if they were adverse to its renewal.

The enormous extent of such a power, especially in a commercial country, where barter is chiefly carried on through the instrumentality of the Company's notes, is of itself a sufficient argument against its continuance. We say that even if no instance had occurred of its having been abused, such a power as this—a power over the whole property of the empire—ought not reside under the form of a monopoly, or under any form whatever, in the hands of any commercial company, nor yet in the Crown, nor even in the Crown and the two Houses of Parliament put together. It is a power so capable of being abused with a deliberate intention of exercising despotic sway;—a power so apt to be abused by ignorance, or by

avarice, without evil design, that though it has been transmitted to our time from the epoch of the Revolution, it is a proof of the wonderful facility with which men sometimes erect one species of tyranny, at the moment they are directing all their energies to the prostration of another. They removed the political despot, but they planted in his place a commercial despot, that now rules over the private fortunes of Englishmen, and the public fortunes of this empire with unbounded sway.

Sir Henry Parnell, however, goes farther than this general objection to the mere existence of such an enormous and unconstitutional power: he directly charges the Company with having been the chief cause of the various embarrassments which have occurred in this country since 1780, by reason of their having improperly enlarged or contracted the currency, at different periods. When we say the "Company," we ought, perhaps, rather to use the term "Directors," for they are the responsible managers for the time being of the Company's interests. They are chosen for mere commercial purposes, that is to say, for the purpose of managing the capital in a way that shall be most productive of profit to the proprietors at large. When it is alleged, as it is sometimes very boldly asserted, that the directors are actuated only by motives of benefitting the public, they really mean only that portion of the public which includes the Bank proprietors. To suppose that they are ever influenced by patriotic and disinterested feelings towards the nation, is a mere vision. In their individual characters, no doubt, many of the directors have proved their attachment to their country by their public conduct: but as the servants of their proprietors, they are bound to look only to the interests of the Company, and they would betray the trust reposed in them if they acted otherwise. They are at the head of a great commercial speculation, and it must be their positive duty to make the largest profits they can fairly realize. When, therefore, we hear of their contracting, or enlarging the issue of their notes, which may be said to form the currency of the country, we may rest assured that in both cases they act with a view to the profits of the proprietors, and with no other view whatever. It is very fine for them to talk on such occasions of their "disinterested regard for the public:" the phrase is all moonshine—a mere pretext put on like a masque and domino to conceal the real person within them.

Let us see then how these operations have influenced the public interests, so far as they have affected the currency, commercial credit, the prices of the funds, and the government of the country. Sir Henry Parnell thus opens his articles of impeachment against the Bank.

'The power thus acquired by the Bank of England, gives it an unbounded influence;—first, over the Currency; secondly, over Commercial Credit; thirdly, over the prices of the Funds; and, fourthly, over the Government.

'It is right to notice here, the time when the Bank of England seems first to have begun to exercise these various powers. Although incorporated in 1694, the circumstances of the country, as to its currency, or trade, or as to the public expenditure, do not seem to have placed it in a situation to have been able to interfere with much influence. Previously to 1759, the Bank had not issued any notes for less than 20*l.*; and previously to the end of the American war, very little country bank paper was in circulation; and the amount of paper issued by the Bank, was no more than six or seven millions; so that, in point of fact, paper money formed but a small portion of the whole circulation; and, till about 1780, the conduct of the Bank, as to increasing it, or contracting it, seems to have had little or no effect in altering the value of the whole currency of the country, and in raising or depressing prices. So with respect to trade, and the money wants of government, these were in so low a state, in comparison with what they have of late years been, that the Bank acted no conspicuous part, and had no opportunity of doing much mischief. According to what can be collected from the only source of information on the affairs of the Bank, namely, the evidence given by its directors before committees of Parliament, it would appear that the first time a very imprudent interference with the currency took place, was in 1781-2; when a previous over-issue, and subsequent sudden contraction, produced a drain on the Bank for gold, and left only 473,000*l.* in its coffers.*

'From this period, (that is, from 1780,) it will be made to appear very clearly, that, in no less than seven instances, the Bank has caused, or greatly contributed to cause, immense injury to the public interests. What will be stated, will be stated deliberately, and in every point, either with reference to, or in the very words of, some authority of unquestioned validity—that is of persons who wrote some time ago, and whose statements, though bearing directly against the Charter of the Bank of England, have never been denied; and whose opinions, therefore, may be received as solemn judgments pronounced against the Bank.'—pp. 4, 5.

With respect to the power of the Bank over the currency, it appears from the concurrent statements of different writers, who have traced its extent, and followed it through its various operations.

'The power which the Bank of England possesses of greatly and suddenly increasing or contracting the amount of the currency, by buying or selling Exchequer Bills, making advances to Government, and discounting Commercial Bills, is admitted on all sides. Every table of the amount of its Notes in circulation for a succession of years, shows, that it has been continually made use of; and it has been by so making use of it, that the Bank has done so much injury to the public.

'Mr. Tooke says, "Next to the administration of the state, there is no administration of any office so immediately and extensively affecting the interests of the community, as that which is entrusted to the persons (the Bank Directors) who are invested with the privilege of issuing paper money; and who, by the manner in which they exercise that privilege, have it in their power to produce great changes in the property and condition of every individual in the kingdom. No man, or set of men, ought, in my opinion, to be entrusted with that privilege."

* 'Tooke on Currency, p. 92.'

'Mr. Mushet says, "Much has been stated to prove how very powerful is the influence of the Bank, and the very extensive and dangerous influence she possesses over the property, not only of the stockholder, but of every man throughout the kingdom."

'The following passage is taken from Sir Henry Parnell's Tract, entitled, "Observations on Paper Money." "The Bank, as it has been well described, in point of fact, in place of being what it was originally intended to be, namely, a bank for commercial purposes, is become a great engine of the state. Now, that paper has so far supplanted coin, it possesses some of the functions of sovereignty; so that, while we call to mind that it possesses the means of assisting commerce, and financial affairs, it should not be forgotten, that, in the same degree, it has the power of controlling and disturbing them."

'With respect to the effect of the power which the Bank of England exercises over the circulation of the paper of Country Banks, Mr. Henry Thornton says, in his work on Public Credit, "The limitation of the supply of London paper is the means of both sustaining the value of London paper, and also of sustaining the value, and limiting the quantity, of the whole country paper." Mr. Mushet says, "It is generally admitted, that the extension of the circulation of the Country Banks, was entirely dependant upon the extension of the issues of the Bank of England." "I think," he adds, "no increase, or excess of the country circulation, can ever be produced, but by a previous extension of the issues of the Bank of England."

'These several authorities show, not only that the Bank of England possesses the complete and unlimited control over the currency, but that, in their opinion, it is a power of so vast and important a nature, that it ought not to be entrusted to such a body as the Directors of a trading company.'—pp. 6—8.

The existence of the power of the Bank over the commercial affairs of the country, is equally conspicuous.

'In regard to commerce, as the prosperity of it throughout all its branches, from that carried on by the retail dealer, to that by the richest foreign merchant, depends essentially on credit, the power of the Bank is without limit; for if the Directors think proper to send into circulation a large amount of paper, when trade has a tendency to run into a state of overtrading, they will directly encourage the wildest and most ruinous speculations; and if, on the other hand, they should suddenly contract the amount of paper in circulation, this will cause even the soundest speculations to fail, and bring about the ruin of all embarked in them. It is in this way that commercial credit, which of all things is the most delicate in its nature, and the most difficult to be kept from running into destructive extremes, exists wholly at the will and pleasure of the Bank Directors; and hence the success or failure of every man in business, is more or less dependent upon their movements. This is a state of things so entirely repugnant with every sound principle of trade, and with the great principle of security of property, that it ought not to be tolerated any longer.

'On a careful examination into the causes of the embarrassments of trade in the last fifty years, viz. in 1783, 1793, 1797, 1816, 1818, and 1825; the conduct of the Bank, in improvidently adding to, and as

improvidently contracting the currency, will be found to have either directly occasioned these embarrassments, or to have greatly aggravated them; the examination of this fact will be gone into, when the abuses which have taken place of the power of the Bank come under consideration. But it is not only on such occasions as those of great fluctuations and convulsions, that the power of the Bank over the currency proves highly injurious to trade; for in every instance, in which the Bank increases or diminishes its circulation, an immediate effect is produced on prices, and a derangement in the regular course of trade. Scarcely a month passes without some such interference with the circulation; and the consequence is, that a fluctuation takes place in the market, and defeats the calculation of the best considered speculations.'—pp. 8—10.

Sir Henry next states the power of the Bank over the price of the funds.

'In order to place the question of the power of the Bank over the price of the funds, in a point of view beyond all cavil, it will at once be referred to high authority, by quoting the following passage from the pamphlet of Mr. Mushet. He says, "the power which the Bank of England appears to possess over the funded property of the country, and, indeed, over all other property, is of such magnitude, as to require and deserve the greatest attention of the legislature. They have it in their power, by the extension of their issues, of from one to two millions, in the course of a few months, unknown to the public, but from their effects, to raise the price of consols from 20 to 30 per cent.; and, by withdrawing them again, to cause as serious a fall. This is a power which the combined power of the King, Lords, and Commons, does not possess; and yet is delegated to twenty-four individuals in the ordinary walks of life. Let us suppose a very ordinary case in human affairs, that the directors of the bank perfectly understand the nature and extent of the power they possess, that they conceived it their duty to the Bank proprietors to become dealers in 3 per cent. consols, (they are admitted dealers in Exchequer Bills, and, as such, must influence the market and benefit, or otherwise, the proprietors,) they determine on an extension of their issues, say to 5 or 8 per cent., previous to which they become larger holders of consols to account; the issues are made, and the price rises, and they are certain it must rise, say 20 or 25 per cent. They may now sell progressively, and realize some portion of the above profit on their speculation. The matter may not stop here; for the Bank may, at the high price, sell as much more to the account than they purchased. They begin to contract their issues by the sale of Exchequer Bills, or refusing discounts; and consols are forced down, in the course of a few weeks, to the level at which they were, previous to the first extension. The account may then be balanced by new purchases at the reduced price. In such transactions there is no risk of failure to the Bank: they have the exclusive means in their own hands to prevent the slightest chance of disappointment. Such are the powers of the Directors of the Bank of England, and, in some such degree, the power of each individual director. It is most important, that the powers of that establishment should be thoroughly known to the public."

'This extract from Mr. Mushet's pamphlet, precludes the necessity of adding another word to show the inexpediency of a system which

gives to a few individuals this unlimited power over the property of the public.

The power of the Bank over the government is really frightful.

'The power that the Bank possesses over the government, is in proportion to the wants of government of assistance in fulfilling its pecuniary engagements. But these wants are of a very pressing kind, in consequence of the necessity of making payments on fixed days being absolute, and the receipts of the revenue being exposed to be interrupted and delayed by numerous circumstances. As, however, the Bank possesses, at all times, the ready means of relieving these wants, by merely making an issue of Bank notes, it is clear that the power the directors hold over the government is unlimited, and constantly in operation. There is, therefore, no imaginable object they can have to obtain, which they may not secure, by withholding advances when urgently necessary to keep the state machine on its way. The accuracy of this description of the state of the case, is abundantly demonstrated by the history of the renewals of the Bank Charter; of its addition to its capital; of the bargains made for receiving the revenue and the instalments of loans, making transfers of stock, paying the dividends, and, generally, transacting the business of government.

'In point of fact, the government, in all its financial operations, is wholly at the mercy of the directors of the Bank of England; and, surely, this is a state of things which ought not longer to be continued.

'But however evident the propriety is of relieving the public from so much evil, the government will be the last, though in duty bound to be the first, to protect the interests of the public, by proposing or consenting to any change. They find the convenience, cost what it may, to have a ready instrument to keep the Treasury in cash; and they naturally fear that a change would impose upon them increased labour and difficulty to manage the receipts and payments of the public money. While, at the same time, they are certain that it would be quite out of their power to do those irregular things which constantly press upon them, and the avoidance of which would produce great trouble and inconvenience.'—pp. 12, 13.

Sir Henry nexts proceeds, by the aid of figures which can hardly be disputed, to state in detail the instances in which the Bank has abused the power which it possesses over the currency of the country. Without going through the figures, which will be found in the pamphlet, and the introduction of which would strip this article of the popular character we wish to give it, we may briefly state, that since the year 1780, that is to say, since the time when the currency of this country began chiefly to consist of Bank of England paper, there have been six marked periods of general commercial embarrassment, viz. in 1783—1793—1797—1816—1818, and 1825. It is impossible to trace throughout the complicated relations of the community, the precise cause that led to those seasons of embarrassment. We cannot lay a hand upon it in any one place, and then follow its movements from one position to another. We have not the means, nor could they by possibility exist, of making the cause palpable to the touch. But when a fact

is proved, that would have the effect of producing such consequences as those which were felt to embarrass the mercantile community; when we find the same fact followed by similar consequences on six different occasions, we may, and indeed must conclude, that the fact itself is nothing more or less than the cause to which those consequences are to be attributed.

When therefore we find that the amount of Bank of England notes in circulation in 1779, was six millions: that in March 1782, it was raised to nine millions, and again reduced before the end of that year to six millions, we may fairly reason these facts in this way. The enlargement of the circulation in March 1782, enabled the merchants to enter into extensive speculations; but those speculations had not arrived at a successful issue before the end of the year, when the extraordinary supply of currency having been withdrawn, they were not able to go on with their speculative operations, and the natural result was, the commercial distress which marked the following year, 1783. Distress produces want of confidence, and this appeared in the shape of a great run on the Bank, which in October 1783, left only £473,000 in gold in its coffers, and consequently reduced it to the very verge of bankruptcy.

The next case of abuse of its power over the currency of the Bank, is that of 1793. After the conclusion of the American war, banks were so rapidly multiplied in every part of the country, that there was scarcely a town, or almost a village of any importance without one. All sorts of paper were thus forced into circulation. The Bank, from year to year, swelled its circulation from six millions in 1783, until it was nearly doubled in 1792; and thus, by its own notes, assisted in increasing the issue of paper to an enormous amount by the country banks, for as the country paper was convertible into Bank of England paper, the former could not have long gone on without the latter. "The currency having thus become redundant," says Mr. M'Cullock, "the exchanges took an unfavourable turn in the early part of 1792:" that is to say, a five-pound note of the Bank of England was considered to be worth less at that period, as compared with its previous estimation at Hamburgh for example: in other words, the paper currency here was depreciated, and a five-pound note and five shillings, were considered of less value than five golden guineas. The consequence was, that people generally began to prefer the guineas to the paper, and another run upon the Bank, exceeding any demand of the kind for the ten preceding years, took place, which again obliged the directors to narrow their issues, lest their coffers should again be so nearly drained as they were in 1783. Now this reduction of the circulation led to failures in the mercantile world of the most alarming character; it was the result of the previous over-issue, and that over-issue was the result of a wish, very naturally entertained by the directors, to render the concern as profitable as possible to the proprietors. Thus we see that the operations of the

directors, for their own purposes, are carried on upon such an extensive scale, that they absorb in their vortex all the great commercial interests of the kingdom: the consequence is, that when those operations are imprudently conducted, as they always are when sudden contractions of an extended currency become necessary for the salvation of the Bank itself, they bear down with them the fortunes of myriads. Who then will not agree with Sir Henry Parnell, in thinking that this is 'a circumstance which places beyond all question, the impolicy of leaving to the discretion of the Bank directors the unlimited power of increasing and diminishing the currency of the nation.'

The next case is that of 1797, which we shall extract from the pamphlet before us.

'The most important crisis in the history of the paper currency of Great Britain took place in this year: supposed to be owing, commonly, to political causes. But a cause of another kind may be stated, which will fully, and more correctly account for it, namely, the previous increased issue and contraction of the notes of the Bank of England.

	Notes in circulation.
Feb. 1794 . . .	£10,963,000
Feb. 1795 . . .	13,452,000
Aug. 1796 . . .	8,881,000

'Mr. M'Culloch says (although he attributes the ultimate crisis to political causes), that the original cause was chiefly the large advances made to Government, which prevented the directors from having sufficient control over their issues. On this point, Mr. Tooke makes the following valuable observations: "In all cases of over-issue by the Bank of England, from that of the year 1795 (which may, I think, be clearly proved to have been the remote cause of the inability of that body to meet its engagements in 1797), down to the time of the passing of Mr. Peel's bill; one or other of two pleas has always been studiously put forth, not only as a justification, but as a claim of merit. One of these pleas is, that the Bank has aided the public service by advances to Government, when the state of credit, or a pressure on the money market, rendered a resort to open loans for the whole of the Government expenditure inexpedient. The other is, that accommodation has been afforded to trade by the liberality of discount, when the mercantile interests had no other resource to rely upon. On neither of these grounds could any extension of issues, beyond the amount which was consistent with the preserving the conformity of the paper to its standard, be justified."*

'Mr. Mushet says, "in February, 1796, the issues of the Bank were 11,030,110*l.*, being less than the amount in February, 1795, by 2,509,050*l.*;" and afterwards proceeds to say, "on a contraction of the currency, there is a fall in the price of stocks, much greater than the amount of the contraction of the currency, or in the price of silver, or the rise in the foreign exchange. This, I think, may be easily explained. When the circulation is full, or to excess, commercial credit and confidence become general. A

* 'Tooke on Currency, p. 70.'

speculative rise in prices to a greater or less degree, is the natural consequence. Credit is easily obtained; and every man in business is apt to push his credit to the utmost limit of his capital. Having done so, the Bank suddenly withdraws 22 per cent. of her notes, as in 1796: the commercial community are totally unprepared for this diminution of the means of carrying on their respective trades, and the consequences must be, that any sacrifice will be made by the sale of stock to maintain their credit. Many must sink under the pressure; and as it is not local, but general, it ends in what is called a panic."*

'Now, if this doctrine be correct, the Bank, by increasing its issues, in making advances to Government in 1795, from 10 millions to 14 millions,† did what was not justifiable; by so doing, it placed itself in a situation which rendered it unable, in 1797, to meet its engagements. Had it acted in a different manner, and exercised its power over the currency according to a sound discretion, and refused to increase its issues in making advances to Government in 1795, neither the events of the war, the loans to the Emperor of Germany, the bills drawn on the Treasury by the British agents abroad, nor any of the political circumstances to which the inability of the Bank to meet its engagements, has been attributed, would have exposed the Bank to that drain for gold which led to the suspension of cash payments; and, therefore, the right conclusion to be come to is that of Mr. Tooke's, namely, that the true cause of the suspension of cash payments in 1797, was the misconduct of the Bank of England in its management of the currency.'—pp. 20—23.

After the suspension of cash payments, the power of the Bank became altogether without limits. The directors having been then privileged from bankruptcy by act of Parliament, inasmuch as they had no longer before their eyes the fear of a run upon their coffers, they converted the Bank into a paper mine, if we may use the expression, and dug out from it paper money to any extent they pleased. From 1802 to 1808, the quantity of Bank notes in circulation was never under sixteen millions and a half; in 1809 it was raised to nearly nineteen millions; in 1810 to more than twenty-two millions and a half; and in 1814, to nearly twenty-nine millions. Be it observed, that these issues were made partly to the Government, for which the proprietors received interest, partly on mercantile bills, on which a discount was received. Thus the profits of the Bank became truly gigantic. But the Bank paper during nearly the whole of this period was itself at a discount, as compared with the value of gold. In 1810 this depreciation was more than thirteen per cent.; in 1812, more than 20 per cent., and in 1814, more than twenty-five per cent.! Thus a merchant, who in 1814 wished to convert Bank of England paper into bullion, or to import any foreign produce, was obliged to pay one hundred and twenty-five pounds for what he would only have had to pay one hundred

* 'Tooke on Currency, p. 14, 15.'

† 'Mr. M'Culloch's Wealth of Nations, vol. iv. p. 315.'

pounds, if the Bank paper had not been depreciated in value below the legitimate standard. Hence the conclusion of Sir Henry Parnell is well founded. 'The great depreciation of the paper of the Bank of England was produced by a palpable, and most unjustifiable abuse of the power vested in the directors, of issuing notes without any control. All the loss, therefore, sustained by the public, (that is to say, by those who had to pay from 103*l.* to 113*l.*, and 125*l.* instead of 100*l.*—a most ruinous discount,) while this depreciation continued, namely, from 1808 to 1820, both inclusive, is to be set down to the misconduct of the directors.'

The late lamented Mr. Huskisson, in a pamphlet which he wrote upon the subject, placed the consequences of this depreciation of the Bank paper in another striking point of view.

'If, in the year 1797, it had been foreseen that this temporary expedient (the Bank Restriction) would be attempted to be converted into a system for an indefinite number of years, and that, under this system, in the year 1810, every creditor, public or private, subject or alien, to whom the law, as it then stood, and as it now stands, had secured the payment of a pound weight of standard gold for every £46 14*s.* 6*d.* of his just demand, would be obliged to accept, in full satisfaction, about 10½ ounces, or not more than seventeen shillings in the pound, with a prospect of a still further reduction in every subsequent year, it is impossible to conceive that the attention and feelings of Parliament would not have been alive to all the individual injustice, and ultimate public calamities, incident to such a state of things; and that they would not have provided for the termination of the restriction, before it should have wrought so much mischief, and laid the foundation of so much confusion in all the dealings and transactions of the community.'—pp. 25, 26.

It has been calculated, that from the year 1797 to the year 1816, the profits realized by the Bank in consequence of the restriction of cash payments, amounted in the whole to no less a sum than 25,599,359*l.*: that is to say, more than 1,250,000*l.* a year! If this be not coining money, we know not what the phrase means.

We need not go in detail through the cases of 1816, 1818, and 1825. The commercial distress which marked each of those years of more than ordinary vicissitude and wretchedness, Sir Henry Parnell clearly and unequivocally traces to the misconduct of the directors of the Bank of England. We think that the public generally will sooner or later agree with this able economist, in the following summary view which he has taken of the impolicy of renewing the Bank Charter.

'The preceding extracts contain facts which prove that, in each of the cases of 1783, 1793, 1797, 1816, 1818, and 1825, the Bank of England has been the main cause of the commercial and pecuniary difficulties which took place in those years; and that it produced them in each case by precisely the same means; that is, increasing its issues under circumstances which justified no increase. The consequence of so doing, it appears, has been a greatly redundant currency; and when this has taken

place, the Bank has, as uniformly, not proceeded to cure the evil gradually, by beginning in time to diminish its paper; but has waited till great commercial distress and panic have taken place, and then suddenly contracted it, and thus led to the most disastrous results. Such has been the management of the currency of the nation by the Bank during the last fifty years. This management may have had its source in ignorance—in giving accommodation to Government, or in being guided by the single motive of realizing the largest possible profit on the capital of the Bank.

'If it has had its source in ignorance, the public will have no security, should the Charter of the Bank be renewed, against ignorance again leading to the same results; because there will be nothing to prevent the election of future directors as ignorant as their predecessors, as Mr. Mushet well observes; and the circumstance of the present board of directors having conducted the affairs of the Bank on better principles, is, therefore, no reason for placing greater confidence in the plan of monopoly.

'If the source of the evil is the compliance of the Bank to the applications of Government for advances, this is no justification for their conduct; for it is impossible to gainsay the remarks of Mr. Tooke, that no extension of issues can be justified, if it be not consistent with preserving the conformity of the paper with its standard.

'A due attention to the particular condition in which the Bank was placed in each of the above-mentioned cases, will leave no room to doubt that the real source of the misconduct of the Bank was the motive of realizing the largest possible profit on the Bank capital. The extracts show, that in 1790, and 1824, it was a mere question of profit, and that the increasing of the issues by the Bank was a scheme to diminish its treasure. The immense gain which was the result of the management of the Bank during the period of the Bank restriction, is evidence that it was planned for the purpose of turning that event to the best account. It has been said,* "that the directors may be as honest and upright men, as every body is ready to believe they are; but they cannot avoid feeling, from their situation, as the representatives of the proprietors of Bank stock, that it is their first duty to protect their constituents from a loss of property, by doing all in their power to prevent any diminution in the established rate of dividend on Bank stock. The proprietors of Bank stock have no other object, when they purchase it, than to make the most of their money; and when they select directors, they choose those persons whom they believe will best promote this object. Whenever, therefore, such a state of trade shall again arrive, as that which existed in the beginning of 1824, is it consistent with common sense to suppose that the Bank directors could withstand the temptation of making a large profit, by discounting extensively, and by other means of increasing the issues of their paper? Would they throw away the opportunity of making good their dividend of eight per cent., on being told that the appearance of prosperity was delusive, and that sound principles required that a disposition to place confidence in it should be checked? They would, assuredly, enlarge their issues, and thus do all that lay in their way to promote speculation and over-trading; and if they did, in what part of the banking system do the means exist of controlling them, and of protecting the public from their imprudence? Surely, to leave matters in such a

* 'Observations on Paper Money, by Sir H. Parnell, p. 145.'

state, and to suffer the country to be exposed to an evil of this magnitude, is quite inconsistent with the right course of conduct of a wise government."

'In conclusion, it may be asked, what compensation has the public received for giving to the Bank the full dominion over the currency? It has not managed the currency well, as fully appears from the foregoing extracts. On the contrary, it has mismanaged it, and produced great evil. The small amount of its discounts show it has not been of any great use to trade; and its dealings in public securities prevent any other result. It certainly has been of use in transacting the government business, in receiving the revenue, paying the dividends, &c. &c.; but it could do this business, although it should not issue any Bank notes, or only to such an amount as the payments of Government required.

'In point of fact, therefore, it has not, nor can it ever yield an adequate compensation to the public for the right being vested under the direction of its directors, of doing what they please with the currency. If, therefore, the Bank should be any longer kept up by the legislature as a chartered corporation, the conclusion which all the facts of the case point out as the right one, is, that the power of regulating the amount of the currency ought not to be entrusted to it.—pp. 48—51.

But it may be asked, what could the government do without the Bank? What would merchants do in times of distress, if such an establishment as the Bank were not in existence? Both these questions Sir Henry Parnell answers in the most satisfactory manner. If banks were allowed in London upon the same principle on which they are carried on in Scotland, where there is no restriction to the number of partners, there is no doubt that the government might make its own terms with any one or more of such banks, without the slightest difficulty. Merchants too—that is to say, men of legitimate credit—could never fail to get their bills discounted by such establishments, or by some of the eminent bill brokers already settled in business. The benefit likely to be derived by the public would resolve itself into two advantages of the greatest importance. In the first place, they would not be liable to those terrible periodical revolutions in trade, which are brought about by the ignorance or avarice of the directors in enlarging and suddenly contracting their issues; and in the second place, they would not be dependent upon the caprice of the directors for those pecuniary accommodations which are absolutely necessary, sometimes, to houses even of the first respectability.

ART. V.—*History of the War of the Succession in Spain.* By Lord Mahon. 8vo. pp. 394. London: Murray. 1832.

THE war of the succession in Spain is one of those unfortunate transactions connected with English history, from which very few persons feel any strong desire to remove the cloud of oblivion that long has brooded over it. It served in its time, and in its consequences, to display the aristocratic folly, the wretched spirit of

party, and the imbecile notions of foreign policy, which presided in our cabinet. It is a painful memorial of the useless bravery of our troops, and above all of the Quixotic chivalary of the General who led them through fields of action, in which neither he nor they gathered a single wreath of permanent glory.

It would seem that Lord Mahon was induced to turn his attention to the history of this war, from his connexion with General Stanhope, the founder of the peerage to which his Lordship is heir, and who after serving with Peterborough in Spain, succeeded him in the command, and afterwards became his most violent political enemy. It is due, however, to the noble author to premise, that his reverence for the memory of Earl Stanhope, does not appear to have exercised any material influence upon his judgment and impartiality as a historian. He has brought to his task an honourable mind free from personal prejudice, and some manuscript materials, which were preserved at Chevening, and have not hitherto been accessible to historical writers. To say, however, that Lord Mahon was therefore peculiarly fitted for the office which he has undertaken, would be mere flattery. It gives us pleasure to meet with a nobleman in the busy paths of literature; but we are not on that account disposed to praise as perfect, a work which, in truth, displays no characteristic much higher than that of mere industry and methodical arrangement. We should not, perhaps, have made this remark, had we not observed in the last "Quarterly Review," some eulogies upon the style of this volume, which are among the most equivocal we have ever seen, though evidently intended to be complimentary. "Lord Mahon's narrative," says the reviewer, "reflects a singularly well ordered mind; it is comprehensive, clear, and lively. The style is in general *plain*, flowing, mellow, and so happily balanced in tone, that it can rise, without apparent effect, to a pathetic and sententious dignity, and yet descend, on occasion, without stirring any sense of indecorum, to the details of a court intrigue, or even the record of a garrison jest." In another place, the noble Lord is praised for the "manly simplicity" of his composition, and for "reflections so originally profound," that the reader might be induced to believe the author of them, especially of those which are said to be "too formally introduced," as an octogenarian, rather than a young man not long out of his teens.

Certainly if Lord Mahon's "plain style" be a merit, it is one which he shares in common with many of the most feeble writers in our language. We do not profess to understand the evenly balanced tone, of which the reviewer speaks, unless he means to say that the noble lord relates events of every kind, high and humble, in the same dry and unvarying manner. As to the "manly simplicity" mentioned by the reviewer in question, we have looked for it in vain; but we do agree that his lordship's reflections, "so originally profound," do now and then remind us of an author rather

too far advanced in years. In our judgment, his lordship's narrative moves on at a jog-trot rate, seldom evincing spirit, and never, even by accident, sliding into gracefulness; it is not only generally tame, but often inelegant and ungrammatical.

Let us take for example the first sentence. 'During the reign of Philip the Second, the Spanish monarchy was perhaps the mightiest which the world had beheld since the downfall of the Roman.' It is always inelegant to end a sentence with an adjective, which agrees with a substantive that precedes it at some distance; but it is here moreover incorrect to talk of the Roman *monarchy*. The constitution of the Roman empire differed essentially in many points, even under Augustus, from that of the *monarchy* of Spain under Philip the Second. Again, writing of Louis XIV., he says, with respect to the Spanish succession, 'His chief rival was the emperor Leopold, whose mother had been a Spanish princess, and who was, moreover, the next male representative of the Austrian line.' That is to say, according to the construction of this sentence, that a Spanish princess was the next *male* representative of the *Austrian* line! After describing the will of Charles the Second, by which the succession to the Spanish crown was bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou, the historian writes,—'The contents of his will were kept profoundly secret till his death, in less than a month afterwards, in the fortieth year of his age, and the thirty-seventh of his reign.' Had he written, 'till his death, *which took place* in less than a month,' &c. he would have produced a much more correct sentence. He is very fond of this kind of phraseology—'"I know your ministers," *said* one day *to* Harrach, the *Conde* de Mancera, &c.—'"Had he not," *said* of him a French officer,' &c. After alluding to the pledges which Louis XIV. gave against the partition of the Spanish monarchy, the author asks, 'could it be believed of the most shameless lust of power, that *he* now aimed at the possession of the Netherlands?' Thus *power* is converted into a person. The author deplores the continued disuse of the States General under Louis XIV. 'Had they been regularly assembled,' he says, 'and wisely *administered*, their last convocation would never have led to *such* dreadful evils; the second successor of Louis would never have been brought to the scaffold, nor should we have seen all royal prerogative, all hereditary privilege, all religious establishment, trodden under hoof by *that* people.' What does he mean by *administering* the States General? One would think, from the use of the adjective *such*, that the evils in question had been previously described, which is not the fact; we know of course that by '*that* people,' he means the French, but there is no antecedent in the sentence, nor even in the paragraph, to which the pronoun has any relation. We might quote many other examples both of incorrect and inelegant composition from this volume; but these will be suf-

ficient to shew that what the Quarterly Reviewer calls his lordship's 'plain style,' is in fact very plain indeed.

The reader need not, we presume, be reminded of the causes which produced the war of succession in Spain. Charles the Second, the last of his dynasty, having been prevailed upon towards the close of his inglorious career to strike in favour of Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., the balance which had wavered for some time between that prince and the Archduke Charles of Austria, an alliance was formed, at the instigation chiefly of our William III., to resist the transfer of the crown of Spain to the former, and to place it upon the head of the latter. At the commencement of this foolish war, the power of Spain, so formidable under the emperor Charles V., was in a state of miserable decline and imbecility. The young king Philip, who was received everywhere in the most flattering manner, arrived at Madrid in February, 1701, having been already instructed by his grandfather to place the greatest confidence in the celebrated Cardinal Portocarrero. At this period the fleet and the army were in a condition, little fitted to sustain the difficulties in which the country was involved. We shall give the author's description of the state in which both were then found, as well as the finances.

'Both were in the most deplorable disorder. The military establishment for so many different provinces and kingdoms had sunk down to a number insufficient for any one of them. There were only six companies in Naples, three hundred men in Sicily, two hundred in Sardinia, and no more than six thousand in the Duchy of Milan, though daily threatened with invasion. All the forces maintained in all the Spanish dominions amounted, incredible as it seems, to no more than twenty thousand men, and even these were ill disciplined, ill officered, ill paid. From jealousy of the grandees the old military spirit had been checked in the upper classes; from dread of popular encroachments, the national militia was disused. The fortresses along the coasts were entirely dismantled and neglected; and even the breaches in the walls of Barcelona, made in a former siege, had never been repaired. None of the artillery was mounted, none of the stores or arsenals supplied. The workshops were empty, and even the art of ship-building was lost. The royal navy was almost reduced to those armed vessels which protected the South American trade; six galleys decayed with age and inaction, were rotting in the bay of Carthagena, and a few more were hired from the Genoese. "On seeing this state of things," observed Monsieur de Torcy, "and comparing it with that left by the Emperor Charles, we might almost suppose that his descendants had been labouring to destroy the monarchy, instead of to preserve it."

'To remedy those evils, the first requisite was money; but the finances were, if possible, in a still more wretched condition. The taxes were so high, that the price of wine brought into Madrid for one REAL, was raised by duties to five; but precisely because the taxes were so high, they had ceased to be productive, and had crushed beneath their weight both cultivation and commerce. Almost every article of manufacture was imported from abroad. The South American mines, however rich, could afford no

lasting wealth, to a country thus destitute of industry; and according to a common remark, their gold was to Spain no more than food is to the mouth, which gives it a passage, but derives from it no immediate strength or nourishment. The traders of Genoa and Hamburgh, the Dutch and English manufactures—these, and not the Spaniards, were the real lords of Potosi and Peru! At Madrid, the treasury was often unprovided for even the most pressing demands; long arrears were due; and the want of pay sometimes reduced even the royal guardsmen to share with beggars the charitable doles at hospitals and convents. The accumulated abuses of many successive reigns clogged the action of goverment; monopoly and peculation were all powerful; and, to aggravate the public poverty, a spirit of waste and extravagance pervaded every department. It will be found, that those individuals deriving their chief income from mines—whose yearly produce is uncertain and varying, and seems rather to spring from fortune than to follow industry—are usually careless, unthrifty, and irregular in their expenditure. The example of Spain might tempt us to apply the same remark to states.

'In such general want of money, the French agents wished to impose new taxes; but Portocarrero, forseseeing that they would in all likelihood cause an insurrection, refused to lend himself to this extravagant scheme. With great vigour and activity he attempted to strike the evil in its roots, He enforced in every quarter a strict economy, and the reforms in the royal household were the first and greatest, not only for the sake of example, but because that department had been the most mismanaged, and is the least essential to the public safety. Thus the gentlemen of the bed chamber were reduced from forty-two to six, and many other places and pensions were suppressed. There is not a single writer on Spanish affairs at this period, who does not severely condemn these measures of Portocarrero, as involving numerous families in embarrassment, as weakening the ties between the nobility and the crown, and as raising an independent spirit in the former. Yet I must confess myself unable to perceive what better course the Cardinal could possibly have steered, and by what human exertion he could have administered an inefficient income without curtailing expenses, or curtailed expenses without diminishing patronage.'—pp. 21—25.

Portocarrero, an able, though selfish minister, introduced several reforms, which he carried with a vigorous and determined hand; but before the young king was firmly seated on his throne, the allies resolved on disputing his right to assume the crown, and early in the year 1702, sent out an expedition against Cadiz, consisting of twenty Dutch and thirty English ships of the line. This expedition had been planned by William the Third, but his death in the March of that year prevented him from witnessing the results of those measures, to which he had dedicated the most anxious attention. The operations of this armament, however, displayed neither skill nor concert in their execution, and the meditated attack on Cadiz was ultimately abandoned as a hopeless enterprise. The allies were sailing homeward, when they received intelligence of the arrival of the annual Spanish galleons in the port of Vigo; and as they had already tasted more of plunder than of glory, they deter-

mined on making themselves masters, if possible, of the treasure which the galleons contained. The assault was conducted with great bravery, and to a certain extent was successful: but though the treasure in the ships was supposed to exceed eight millions of dollars, the allies captured scarcely half that amount. The remainder was either carried off by the Spaniards, or thrown into the sea.

The failure of the expedition against Cadiz did not deter the allies from pursuing their purpose. In 1704 they prepared to push the war in Portugal, which had been induced to promote the cause of the Archduke; but the very genius of misfortune seemed to preside over their arrangements. The troops were spread over a great extent of country; they left themselves, in fact, without an army for the field, as they ridiculously divided their forces into small detachments, with which they occupied several small worthless garrison towns. In the mean time, the Spanish forces had been reinforced by twelve thousand auxiliary French; and it is a curious fact, that the united armies were led by an Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, who was a son of King James the Second, and nephew of the great Duke of Marlborough; while the English were led by a Frenchman, the Marquis du Ruvigny, who being a Hugunot, had left his own country at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and had risen by his bigotry to an earldom in England, under the title of Lord Galway. As the plan of the allies at first was merely defensive, they waited for the approach of the enemy, whom they repulsed without much difficulty. Meanwhile, a small expedition under Sir George Rook, sent to Catalonia, having failed in raisng the inhabitants of that province against Philip, on its return captured Gibraltar—an important event, which encouraged the allies to adopt more effective measures.

Efforts were made by the French and Spanish troops for the recovery of Gibraltar, but in vain, and the campaign of 1705 opened wretchedly on both sides. Berwick had been replaced by the Marshal Tessé, an inefficient commander, and the allied generals were so jealous of each other, that they agreed to take the command in turns for a week each!—the Dutch Fagel being Generalissimo for one week, the Portuguese Conde de Corzana for another, and Lord Galway for a third! Their operations were of course contemptible in every way. But a new expedition was planned for the eastern part of Spain, which was intrusted to Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, of whom the author gives us the following portrait.

'This very remarkable man—the most remarkable, perhaps, of all those brought before our view in the war of the succession—had just been appointed by Queen Anne to the command of a new expedition against Spain. Closely resembling in his character the ancient heroes of that nation, which he was sent to gain over or subdue, Lord Peterborough may be called the Don Quixote of history. Like the renowned knight of La Mancha, much that appeared little and ridiculous was singularly blended in his mind with

much that was great and noble. His chivalrous turn of mind seemed to soar above the low and selfish level of modern times; but whenever shut out from any adequate employment, would waste itself and degrade him by freaks and eccentricities. At eighteen, he had fought against the Moors in Africa; he had been the first English nobleman to join William the Third in Holland; and was now in his forty-seventh year. Though devoting all his intervals of leisure to frivolous and fickle amours, he yet at any call of duty, or any pressure of danger, shone forth a skilful general, an unwearied and enterprising soldier. His talent for partisan warfare, more especially, has very seldom been equalled, hardly ever exceeded. On every occasion, we may admire both the secresy with which he planned, and the speed with which he executed, his designs. His courage was carried to the verge of rashness, his generosity to the verge of profusion. He was rapid in decision, and fertile in expedients; but all his great qualities were often counterbalanced by the high opinion which he himself entertained of them,—by a fretful and irritable vanity, which never left him in repose, which urged him to unceasing journeys and intrigues, and made him, as was usually said of him, see more kings and postilions than any other man in Europe. Under the influence of this forward temper, he was often as dangerous to his friends as to his enemies, and far better fitted to encounter the latter than to conciliate the first. Perhaps his very inconsistencies might tend to enhance his reputation with his contemporaries; for the most capricious freaks of great men are often admired by the multitude as deep-laid designs: but the impartial tribunal of history, while it admires Peterborough's genius, and praises his disinterestedness, must lament that his conduct was so frequently guided by wounded vanity and personal resentment, and seemed always to proceed from momentary impulse, instead of settled resolution.'—pp. 130—132.

Such was the individual who sailed on the 3rd of June, 1705, from Portsmouth, with a body of about five thousand foot and artillery, nearly one-third of them Dutch, and the remainder English—and perhaps a more ill-provided armament never left the shores of Great Britain. At Lisbon, the Archduke Charles, who had been disgusted with the failure of the Portuguese campaign, joined this expedition, and both the prince and his numerous suite were supported by Lord Peterborough at his own expense during the whole voyage. The fleet was well received near Valencia; but motives of policy suggested by the Archduke prevailed upon Lord Peterborough to proceed farther, and attempt the siege of Barcelona. The troops lay idle and in despair before the city for three weeks; but in consequence of a bold, indeed a rash and secret enterprise, planned by Peterborough, it was eventually captured, although 'a city which, in the judgment of Napoleon, might sometimes be defended against an army of eighty thousand men.'

The whole of Catalonia was soon in insurrection against Philip, and Charles was proclaimed, at Barcelona, King of Spain. The flame soon spread to Aragon and Valencia, which successively declared for the Austrian prince. Had it not been for the futile and selfish German ministers, by whom Charles was attended and

governed, it is not improbable that he might have ultimately become the master of all Spain. They thwarted Peterborough's fiery bravery, which was also feared and kept in check by the Dutch officers; but these difficulties did not prevent him from executing a variety of bold movements, which kept up the spirit of his followers to the end of the campaign.

In the following year, 1706, he received a reinforcement from England, which was sent out under General Stanhope, which enabled him to relieve Barcelona, at the moment when it was about to be stormed by the French and Spanish troops under Marshal Tessé. Philip was then with the army, and compelled to retreat into Rousillon. Berwick, meantime, who had been re-appointed to the army in the west, was reduced to the most wretched state: the allies had compelled him to retreat before them as far as Salamanca, and the cause of Philip was nearly hopeless. Madrid was already in the possession of Lord Galway, who, however, preferred remaining there in luxurious indolence, at a time when, if he had actively prosecuted the war, he might have brought it to a speedy and triumphant termination. But errors were committed on all sides. Charles lingered on the way to Madrid, when he ought to have been in the capital, his only excuse being that 'his equipage was not ready to enter it with becoming state.' "Sir," replied General Stanhope, "our William the Third entered London in a hackney, with a cloak bag behind it, and was made king not many weeks after." But this sensible and spirited observation was lost upon the pompous Austrian. Peterborough, too, wasted his time and means at Valencia, whence he was prevented moving by etiquette. Galway, forsooth, had not sent him a card of invitation to Madrid! The result was, that in the mean time the errors of the allies allowed abundant opportunity to the followers of Philip for retrieving his fortunes in Castille.

'Throughout all history, there are few national movements more beautiful and striking than the manner in which a prince, by no means popular when firmly seated on the throne, rallied round him the hearts of his subjects by that very evil fortune which would commonly have lost them. The Spaniards are indeed embued more perhaps than any other nation with that romantic generosity, which makes them naturally incline to the weak and fallen, and prefer him who must beseech, to him who can bestow protection. Their reverence towards the man once acknowledged as their king, is also of a higher and more sacred nature than ours. The same title, "His Majesty," is applied by the Spaniards to their God, as to their Sovereign: their feeling towards the former is a sort of loyalty; their feeling towards the latter a sort of devotion; and both are inseparably mingled in their minds. In addition to these causes, there was amongst the Castillians (as the Admiral of Castille had foreseen there would be,) a great aversion to any monarch who came to them either from the Catalans, or the Valencians. The former they hated, as fierce and frequent in rebellion; and as to the latter, their delicious climate and enervating luxuries only excited their contempt. It had even become proverbial amongst them

to say, in a sort of couplet, that at Valencia the meat is grass, and the grass water; the men are women, and the women—nothing. "The continent of Spain," observes General Stanhope, "is now divided into the parties, as formerly into the crowns, of Castille and Aragon. All the latter we are possessed of; and, I believe, the provinces which compose it would be very well pleased to continue thus separated. But this is the thing in the world we ought to fear most; since such a division would render Spain perfectly insignificant in the balance of Europe." Lord Peterborough's evidence is equally strong. "Assure yourself," he writes at the same time, that in Castille there is a most violent spirit against us, which appears to a degree that could not be believed." Every town and every village rose in arms. The English and Portuguese were masters of no more ground than their armies stood upon, and even there had to fear the nightly thrusts of the knife. At Salamanca, the allies had no sooner left the town, than the inhabitants disclaimed their authority, and levied a body of light troops, which hovered on the frontier and cut off their communication with Portugal. At Toledo, the people rose in insurrection against Portocarrero and the Queen-Dowager, tore down the Austrian standard which the latter had hoisted on her palace, placed guards at her door, and treated her as a prisoner of state. The Andalusians, according to the expression of Berwick, did miracles for the cause, raising, on this sudden emergency, and entirely by their own exertions, fourteen thousand regular foot, and four thousand cavalry. Poor as were the provinces, they all vied with each other in offering supplies of money: the spirit, in short, was general; but two more particular instances of it may perhaps be allowed me. A brother of the Conde de Santa Cruz, an archdeacon of Cordova, had no sooner heard the betrayal of the Spanish galleys and treasure to the enemy, than he hastened to the baptismal register of the city, and tore out the leaf which contained his brother's name, indignantly exclaiming, "May no record of so vile a wretch remain amongst men!" At the court of Philip, a country priest obtained an audience of the Queen, and offered her one hundred and twenty pistoles from a small village with only the same number of houses. "My flock," he added, "are ashamed at not being able to send a larger sum; but they entreat your Majesty to believe that in the same purse are one hundred and twenty hearts, faithful even unto death." "The good man wept as he said it," said Princess Orsini, who relates the occurrence, "and truly we wept also as we heard him." New levies thronged on every side to the standards of Philip and Berwick, near Xadraque, which were joined by the troops of Las Torres, from Valencia, and those which had retreated into Rousillon. Philip himself shook off, for the time, that torpor which usually benumbed his natural talents: he addressed the troops with much spirit and effect; denied the reports of his intending to leave Spain; and pledged his royal word to die at the head of the last squadron that remained faithful to his service. To please the Spaniards, also, Orry, who had been dispatched to Paris with the crown jewels to raise money, was ordered to remain there, instead of assuming once more that most unpopular character—a French minister of the Spanish finances.'—pp. 200—204.

Excesses of every kind had already thinned the allied troops at Madrid, when they marched out under Galway to meet Charles, who was at Zaragoza, and to escort him to the capital. But they

had scarcely marched out, when a squadron of horse, detached by Berwick, marched in, where they were received with popular acclamation. Soon after the troops under Galway, those under Das Minas, the Portuguese commander, and those under Peterborough, formed a junction at Guadalaxara, but they did not muster in the whole more than eighteen thousand men, whereas Berwick's force had been by this time increased to twenty-two thousand. The allied generals quarrelled with each other. Peterborough was ranked by Charles amongst his most bitter enemies, because he had remonstrated against the unreasonable delays that had taken place; his suggestions for the recovery of Madrid were contemptuously overruled, and he profited of an article in his instructions to abandon Spain altogether, and proceed to the relief of Turin, which was then besieged by the French, on account of the Duke of Savoy's accession to the cause of Charles. That prince gave him a commission to raise a loan for him at Genoa, for which port he sailed from Alicant, much to the gratification of Charles, Galway, and Das Minas, who were all glad to get rid of him. But with him, Lord Mahon truly observes, 'seemed to depart the good genius of the Austrian cause.'

The allies retreated to Valencia, where Peterborough, after raising the loan, experienced a most cordial reception from Charles in January, 1707. Though recalled by the English ministry, on account of his having abandoned the army, he now was desirous of being allowed to fight as a volunteer. But this request was refused by Galway, and Peterborough, after strenuously advising the allies to remain on the defensive, returned to England, where, after a protracted enquiry, he was thanked by the House of Lords for his services. The resolution set forth, "That the Earl of Peterborough, during the time he had the honour of commanding the army in Spain, did perform many great and eminent services; and if the opinion he gave in the council of war at Valencia had been followed, it might very probably have prevented the misfortunes that have happened since in Spain."

Galway and Das Minas took the field in April, 1707; and not being aware that Berwick had received reinforcements from France, they marched down on the 25th to the plain of Almanza, where they found him encamped. Both Philip and Charles were absent from their respective armies; and the fact already mentioned of the French being led by an English, and the English by a French general, here presented itself in the most striking point of view. The English and Portuguese, (who were unassisted by any Spaniards,) did not number more than twelve thousand foot, and five thousand cavalry; the French and Spanish troops are computed at twenty-five thousand in all—the cavalry greatly exceeding that of the allies, while the infantry on both sides is asserted by the French to have been equal. The events of this unfortunate battle are thus related.

'The battle began about three in the afternoon by a bold attack from Lord Galway on the Spanish right. He succeeded in dislodging them from the height in their front which they had fortified with a battery; but a desperate charge of the Spanish horse regained possession of the ground, and drove back the assailants in disorder. They were protected, however, by the timely interposition of some English infantry; and, rallying, prepared for a second onset. Meanwhile in the centre, victory seemed to declare for the allies. Das Minas made the greatest personal exertions, such as are seldom to be seen in a man of his advanced age or high military rank; he was here—there—everywhere—almost at once. His mistress, who had followed him in this campaign, and wore a soldier's dress, was killed fighting by his side. Through his spirited example, and the more steady courage of the Dutch and English infantry, the first line of the Spaniards was broken; the second already wavered: and two English battalions piercing through it, reached the very walls of Almanza. But at this critical moment, the genius and firmness of Berwick were displayed. He re-formed his broken ranks; once more presented a firm front to the enemy; and despatched the Chevalier D'Asfeld with a fresh brigade to succour the right wing and repel Lord Galway's second charge. With this aid, the Spanish right not only withstood the attack but returned it, and became the assailants themselves. In this fight Galway received two sabre cuts on the face, above the eyes, which for some time disabled him from commanding, and exerted an unfavourable influence on the fortune of the day. His body of horse was compelled to give way, and Popoli, improving this advantage pursued them with great slaughter. On the other wing D'Avarey had been but feebly encountered by the Portuguese cavalry; and having succeeded in putting them to flight, he immediately turned against the centre, whose flank was thus entirely exposed. Its left flank at the same same time was laid bare by the repulse of Lord Galway; Berwick pressed it in front; and it was therefore on almost every side, hemmed in and beset with enemies. The usual firmness of English soldiers did not forsake them; they fought with unabated resolution; but at length the Marquis Das Minas being severely wounded and obliged to leave the van, the defeat became irretrievable. On that wide and naked plain, and against such a force of cavalry, it was impossible for infantry either to rally with success, or retreat with safety. Count Dohna, one of their generals, cut his way through the enemy with thirteen battalions, and took post on the neighbouring heights of Caudete; but was compelled by want of provisions, to lay down his arms the next day. Nearly all the rest of the foot were either taken prisoners or put to the sword, hardly eight hundred of them making good their retreat. The cavalry (part of which had not fought as gallantly) suffered far less from the unfavourable nature of the ground; and about three thousand five hundred of them kept to the standards of Das Minas and Galway, and escaped from the fatal plain. Retreating with headlong speed, they did not think themselves safe till they had reached the Ebro, and found themselves behind the ramparts of Tortosa. They left above four thousand men dead upon the field, and twice as many prisoners; while the loss of the Spaniards scarcely amounted to two thousand. The victory was most complete: all the baggage and artillery (twenty-four cannon) was taken, together with one hundred and twenty standards bearing the arms of almost every nation leagued against

France and Spain, besides those of the insurgent provinces of Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia. So large was the booty, that for some days after the battle a horse might be purchased in the camp of Berwick for one dollar, a coat for fifteen French pence, and a musket for five.'—pp. 232—234.

The disaster of Almanza raised, as usual, a storm in England, and the talents of Galway for military command were universally decried. In the following year, (1708,) General Stanhope was appointed to the command in Catalonia. But he was employed in trifling operations, which need not be detailed. The most important period in the whole of this protracted war was the year 1710, which was distinguished by no fewer than three general actions. General Stanhope, who had in the mean time visited England, and had succeeded in persuading the ministers to make greater exertions in the Peninsula, returned to Catalonia with considerable reinforcements. Philip was already in the field with a numerous force; and Charles was at the head of his supporters. The first battle in which the rival sovereigns were present in the field was that of Zaragoza—but they both took good care to be out of shot range. Stanhope greatly distinguished himself in this battle, in which the troops of Philip were completely routed and dispersed. Stanhope shortly after took possession of Madrid, which, however, remained strongly attached to the French prince. The Archduke entered the capital, but his reception was so extremely disheartening, that before he reached the palace, he refused to continue his progress, and retired to a country seat of the Conde de Aguilar. Meanwhile, the partizans of Philip, though defeated, were not inactive.

'During this time Philip had been joined at Valladolid, by his long-expected general, the Duke of Vendome, on whom all the hopes of his party were now centered. Vendome was grandson of Henry IV., by one of his mistresses, and bore in character the same sort of resemblance to that great man as a caricature to a portrait, or a satire to a history. He had similar defects and similar virtues; but the former much heightened, and the latter far less splendid. Like Henry, he was addicted to pleasure, but it was pleasure of the most infamous kind; like Henry, he had both bravery and skill in war, but the edge of these qualities was blunted by his indolence. "It seemed," says Voltaire, "not a little astonishing to see a general-in-chief often keeping his bed till four in the afternoon, and a prince sprung from the blood-royal sunk into such foul and filthy neglect of his person as would have disgraced the meanest peasant." In moments of pressing emergency, however, he knew how to cast off such slothful habits, and still more frequently atoned for them by presence of mind and great personal exposure. The manners of Vendome displayed a singular contrast. Whilst to the soldiers he was in the highest degree kind and affable, men of rank and influence complained of his overbearing harshness; and it is not improbable that in both cases he acted upon a deliberate system, as knowing that troops will fight with double alacrity under a favourite leader, and that at courts there is no delusion more common than to mistake a morose and dissatisfied temper

for honesty and frankness. Few men have ever shown themselves less amiable in private, or more amiable in public life. He had been early trained to arms, and had several opportunities of most highly distinguishing himself, having, for example, directed the siege of Barcelona twelve years before, and succeeded in wresting that important city from the Spaniards.

'Vendome had set out from Versailles on the very day of the battle of Zaragoza, and received intelligence of that disaster on his way. Istead of hastening forward on that account, as most generals would have done, he determined to remain for some time longer at Bayonne, on the pretence of illness, and to hold several conferences on the state of affairs with the Duke of Noailles, who had proceeded from Roussillon to meet him. In moments of danger and difficulty it is often most prudent to remain inactive, to watch the progress of events, or await the clearing of the storm; but no truth is so difficult to impress upon little minds, which always look upon repose as ruin, and think that to act injudiciously is far better than not to act at all.

'The object of Vendome was, no doubt, that his first appearance in Spain should be signalized by vigorous measures; and should therefore be delayed till it was possible to take them. He arrived just at the favourable moment when the dismay struck by the battles of Almenara and Zaragoza had subsided, and when the general enthusiasm of the people was not only restoring them to confidence, but rousing them to action. A corresponding spirit was shown by Philip and his queen; they disdainfully rejected some overtures of the Duke of Noailles for relinquishing the Spanish crown, and accepting the Italian dominions in its stead; and they declared that even if driven from Spain, they would embark for Mexico or Peru, and found another Spanish monarchy beyond the Atlantic. One of the first measures of Vendome was to display, and at the same time to confirm the good disposition of the grandees, by inducing them to sign a public declaration of their allegiance to Philip; and a little incident which occured on this occasion, is far too characteristic of the old Spanish pride to be passed over. When the grandees signed this declaration, most of them added to their names the words, "noble as the king." Vendome, seeing the necessity of conciliation, bore this with patience for some time; but when one of them, besides these words, wrote down, "and a little more," he could no longer restrain his anger. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "dare you call in question the nobility of the house of Bourbon,—the most ancient in Europe!" "True," replied the Spaniard, "but remember, my Lord Duke, that after all, King Philip the Fifth is a Frenchman, and that I am a Castillian!"

'Such feelings of pride, however, were entwined with a strong feeling of loyalty, honour, and self-sacrifice; and, far from overshadowing, supported the throne of Philip. The attachment shown, and the exertions made by every rank, on this occasion, so closely resembled those of 1706, that I could scarcely detail them without repeating my former narrative. They struck with surprise all those who had watched the long decline and apparent helplessness of Spain. But in states, as in sick men, languor is frequently mistaken for weakness; and an attack begun in expectation of the latter serves as a remedy to rouse them from the former. Men, money, arms, provisions,—all these had at first been wanting; but all

were quickly found by the zeal of the Castillians, and applied to the best advantage by the skill of Vendome. In a very short time a new army had sprung up, fresh and ready for action. The chief fear of the French general was now, lest the allies at Madrid should effect their junction with the Portuguese; and, to guard against this danger, he marched at the earliest possible moment, and with all the force he could collect, from Valladolid to Salamanca, and thence across the Sierra de Guadarrama, to the bridge of Almaraz, upon the Tagus. There he and Philip found themselves at the head of four-and-twenty thousand men; an army superior to those either at Madrid or on the Portuguese frontier, and both by its position and its numbers preventing any further idea of junction between them. Easily disheartened, the Portuguese immediately withdrew into winter quarters; and under such circumstances, Vendome triumphantly predicted that not even fifty thousand men would enable the allies to maintain themselves at Madrid.

'Their situation, indeed, was daily becoming more embarrassing, and their conviction stronger, that Castille (a country of open plains, but resolute inhabitants) may soon be overrun, but never be subdued. It is a morsel easy to swallow, but hard to digest: which, instead of nourishing, oppresses its devourer. Having to cope with the disaffection of the people, straitened for want of supplies, debarred from all communication with Aragon or the sea, they were, moreover, surrounded and pent in by irregular bodies of cavalry under Don Feliciano Bracamonte, and Don Joseph Vallejo, skilful partisans, who pushed their incursions to the very gates of Madrid, and were once on the point of carrying off the Archduke, when hunting in the Prado. The rejection of Stanhope's proposal for marching to Almaraz, and the subsequent seizure of that position by Vendome had lost the allies every chance of junction with the Portuguese; yet, notwithstanding these gloomy circumstances, they formed the bold resolution of wintering in Castille, taking Toledo as their head-quarters and central point of operations. Accordingly, they prepared to repair and increase its means of defence. Built as it is on the crest of a craggy mountain, and surrounded on three sides by the Tagus, it must always be a position of strength and importance; but, in its present ruinous streets and listless inhabitants, it is not easy to recognise a city once so universally renowned for its superiority of workmanship, that (to give one instance) the golden ornaments for the great mosque at Mecca were manufactured there, and conveyed upon mules through Africa; a city once proverbial in Spain for the refinement and politeness of its people—a city once the seat of arms, of arts, and of learning.'—pp. 322—327.

The results of the actions that followed need scarcely be recapitulated: the allied army were compelled to retreat, Philip re-entered Madrid, and with Vendome marched in pursuit of the allies. They overtook Stanhope at Brihuega, where they surrounded, and compelled him, after a desperate defence, to surrender. Here Stanhope was taken prisoner, and his military career in Spain was concluded. The peace of Utrecht in 1713 put an end to the war so far as England was concerned, but it was carried on by Charles for six or seven years after without effect.

Lord Mahon in concluding his history, makes some just remarks

upon the little influence which Madrid has ever exercised over Spain, as compared with that which Paris has for many centuries wielded over all the provinces of France.

'In concluding this narrative of a very remarkable war, I shall only detain the reader by one of the many observations it might raise. It exhibits, in the strongest point of view, the contrast between the French and the Spaniards, as to the relative importance of their capitals. Paris is everything to France; Madrid is but little to Spain. Experience has shown that any foreign invader, attempting an approach to Paris, will indeed be met by the most spirited resistance: he must cut his way through many brave battalions, and wade very deep in blood; but let him once succeed in reaching that city, and all resistance immediately ceases, and any new government there established gives the law to the submissive departments. In civil discord, likewise, that ruler who can gain or overawe the mob of Paris,—who can either buy its cheers or disarm its enmity, is readily acknowledged and obeyed throughout the kingdom. Any ruler, on the other hand, who has not discovered that true secret of French government, and sets Paris at defiance, were it even for the benefit of the provinces, will infallibly lose the latter in losing the former. Never was there any slavery more complete or more unjust than this blind obedience of so many worthy, and reflecting, and religious countrymen, to the veering dictates of one giddy and unprincipled town-mob,—this prostration of sound intellect before capricious vanity, of the people of France before the populace of Paris! In Spain, on the contrary, it was shown in the war of the succession, as again, more lately, in our own times, that the possession of the chief city is of scarcely any avail either to the foreign enemy or to the native partisan. Twice did the Archduke Charles, three times did Joseph Buonaparte, advance in triumph towards Madrid, and as often did they learn that it is one thing to seize the Castillian capital, and another thing to subdue the Castillian people. Thus, what in France is the consummation of the conquest, with the Spaniards is hardly its commencement; and thus, under every possible disadvantage, from wretched armies, wretched generals, wretched laws, and wretched governments, they have maintained, and will continue to maintain, their independence.'—pp. 393, 394.

We had marked for commentary several of those 'originally profound' maxims, which Lord Mahon's friendly reviewer had noted as indicative of his lordship's great and uncommon wisdom. In pity to the young nobleman, however, we shall only quote a few of these sage reflections. 'It will be found that those individuals deriving their income from mines—whose yearly produce is uncertain and varying, and seems rather to spring from fortune than to follow industry—are usually careless, unthrifty, and irregular in their expenditure.' Certainly it required no Daniel to give us this precious information. Here is another notable apothegm, rather savouring too much of the conservative:—'One of the first signs of approaching revolution in a people, is a readiness to receive, and an inclination to credit any rumours of a change.' The common saying, "The nearer the church, the farther from God," has been translated by his lordship into the following 'originally profound' sentence:—

'It is remarkable, that the residents in places of pilgrimage or reputed holiness, who might be supposed more pious, are commonly far more base, unprincipled, and depraved than other men.' Tacitus had long since told us the pithy truth—"whom you injure, you never can forgive." Lord Mahon seems to have read Tacitus, if we may judge from his pompous amplification of this maxim. 'Strange as it seems,' he says, though we know scarcely any truth more obvious, or less strange,—'Strange as it seems, experience shows that we usually feel far more animosity against those whom we have injured, than against those who injure us: and this remark holds good with every degree of intellect, with every class of fortune—with a prince or a peasant, a stripling or an elder, a hero or a woman.' If this be not what is called balderdash, we have never seen any set of words entitled to that appellation—according to its Icelandic etymology. We really are afraid that the same term must be applied to the following babble:—'In fact, it will be found, that new demands or taxes imposed by a government in moments of extraordinary peril, are almost always unproductive, and serve rather to betray its weakness than to augment its resources.' 'It is much to be wished that men were as careful and cautious in swearing, as they usually are in betting!' But we might fill whole pages with these most 'originally *profound*' observations of the noble author. We should possibly have passed them over, had they not been pointed out to our attention by his servile flatterers in the Quarterly—a publication that is becoming perfectly insane on all matters relating to the Aristocracy. We had almost forgotten to say, that the volume is dedicated (meetly enough) to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

ART. VI.—*Case of the Children of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex elucidated: A juridicial Exercitation.* By SIR JOHN DILLON, Knt. and Bn. S. R. E. 4to. pp. 59. London: Saunders and Benning. 1832.

IF royalty have its gratifications, its splendour and its state in the world, it has also privations, for which the acquisition of the sceptre and the crown affords no recompense. By the law of England, a descendant of George the Second, even after he has arrived at man's estate, is precluded from selecting a wife after his own heart: he must marry only whom the king, or the council in certain cases, may approve; and hence he is, in fact, limited in his choice within the circle of those often very ugly, and generally very ill-educated princesses, who abound in the small states of Germany. The policy of the country, such as it is, has for some time required that the king should be a Protestant. Hence, a prince of our royal family must marry a Protestant. The policy of the country also requires, that a prince of our royal family should keep clear of any connexions, which might eventually place the crown upon the head

of any of our own nobility—a policy dictated by the prudent desire of avoiding the renewal of those civil wars, which have stained with the best blood of England so many pages of our history. Hence he must marry not only a Protestant, but a foreign Protestant, and in order to preserve the dignity of the throne, this foreign Protestant must be a princess.

Such is the rule. One of the results of it has been, that, ever since the accession of the house of Brunswick to the throne of these realms, we have seen seated upon it, as the consorts of our kings, women generally of a mean order of intellect, and almost uniformly ignorant of the interests of this great empire—women inferior in every accomplishment of mind and person, to hundreds of our native nobility, anxious to enrich their German connexions, always ardent in their support of those despotic principles in which they have been brought up, adverse to the liberty, and indefatigable in their opposition to the power, of the people.

But this is not all. The restriction imposed by law upon the descendants of the second George, with respect to their choice in marriage, has been openly avowed as their apology for courses of profligacy the most licentious, of debauchery the most shameless, that ever disgraced any family—even among those that have worn the crowns of nations—certainly the most wicked among all the families of mankind. Not to go back farther than George the Third, who, during his lifetime, was considered as a model of a good and virtuous king, and, undoubtedly, was so, compared with some of his predecessors; yet if we were to inquire into the number of his mistresses, and of his illegitimate children, even after his marriage, we might produce a catalogue which would shew, that among his virtues, if any he had, conjugal fidelity undoubtedly held no place. Everybody remembers, with a shudder, the public debaucheries of the son who succeeded him upon the throne—George the Fourth—whose whole life, from the age of puberty until his energies were exhausted—some say even after that period—was one unblushing, nay, boasted and uninterrupted pursuit of pleasure, in every way that passion could invent, or vice administer to its indulgence. May he have repented of his scandalous crimes, before he was called before that tribunal, where the prince and the beggar stand upon equal terms!

The next brother of this Sultan—the Duke of York—it is painful even to think of the profligate example which he gave to the naturally virtuous people of England. The money paid to him by that people for his decent maintenance, he gambled away without remorse. He purchased the blandishments of an adultress by the exercise of his patronage in the army:—then, indeed, was a period of shame and humiliation to the proud spirit of England, when the soldier that aspired to rank, was forced to sue for it at the feet of a prostitute!

We are bound, so long as it exists amongst us, to venerate the kingly office, and we feel the more disposed to yield it due respect,

when we find it exercised upon the whole advantageously to the community, by a prince, of the goodness of whose heart, of whose personal amiability, no man ever entertained the slightest doubt.

But when he shall be removed in the order of nature from the throne upon which he is now seated, stern history will not forget his long connection with a public actress—a connection openly declared, and palliated by the usual reference to the law, which placed a padlock upon his heart, and a chain on his feelings. But if we be not much mistaken, history will speak with still more withering anger, of the elevation to the peerage of the eldest among the numerous tribe that have sprung from that unlawful connection, of the exertions that have been made to extend similar honours to the whole of them, and of the contrivance by which they have been raised by curtesy, to a seeming equality with the most ancient nobles of the land. It may be true, we at least believe it to be so, that several, if indeed not all, of the Fitzclarences are individually—especially the daughters, well informed, well conducted, and very meritorious persons. We speak not of *them*, but of the crime that caused their birth; of the scandal it has given, and ever will give; and, above all, of the wound, the incurable wound, which has been inflicted on the aristocracy, by raising them to its ranks.

We are not the defenders of the moral character of the Duke of Sussex; but we do not hesitate to say, that comparing it with that of his elder brothers, including the Duke of Cumberland amongst them, it stands out almost as bright as purity itself. His political career has been uniformly marked by an attachment to the British Constitution, from which the persevering frowns of we believe we may say three successive monarchs, have never been able to make him swerve for a moment. He has on all occasions that offered, on all that he could even properly create, boldly and effectually advocated the rights and liberties of the people. Ever mindful of the principles which placed his family upon the throne, he has rung those principles in their ears whenever they were disposed to forget them, and he has given in his own person a signal example of the native energy and elevation, and scorn of consequences, where freedom is concerned, which form the noblest features in the character of an English gentleman. He is at the head of many charitable institutions, which he cheers by his countenance, recommends by his unaffected eloquence, and by his pecuniary donations contributes to support. He has given new lustre to the cultivation of the sciences and arts, by becoming the responsible guardian of some of the first societies in the country. In the midst of allurements of every description, he has devoted much of his time to the improvement of his manly mind, and we believe we may say, without offence to anybody, and without offering incense to him, that no prince of the house of Brunswick has ever been more generally, or more truly loved by the people of this country, than the Duke of Sussex.

Now it was the fate—perhaps the misfortune of this illustrious

person—to feel in a peculiar manner the severity of the law, by which he, as a descendant of George the Second, was precluded from choosing for his wife the woman whom his heart preferred. He was nineteen years of age when, being on his travels, he happened to become acquainted, at Rome, with Lady Dunmore and her two daughters, one of whom, Lady Augusta Murray, from her brilliant beauty and accomplishments, attracted his particular attention. What does he do? Does he encompass her with panders to his appetite, and endeavour through their agency to seduce her from the protection of her parent? If he had adopted that line of conduct, it would not have been without precedents in his own family. Did he attempt to render the mother an accomplice in the ruin of her daughter? Had he done even that, he would not have been the first prince of his house to have perpetrated so iniquitous a crime. No—he knew well all the obstacles which the law placed between him and the woman to whom he surrendered his affections; those obstacles he deliberately reviewed, and he took, what undoubtedly must have appeared to him to be, the most conscientious means of overcoming them. Without communicating his intentions to Lady Dunmore, he, after an acquaintance of four months, which fully impressed his mind with the young lady's endearing qualities, offered her his hand with his heart, in the most honourable manner. Lady Augusta at first refused the alliance thus tendered, considering that it was one that might lower him in the estimation of the world, and deprive him of his royal privileges; but his entreaties overcame her resolution, and "we were married," he says, in a letter addressed to the late Lord Erskine, "at Rome, in the month of April, 1793, according to the rites of the English Church." The Duke was undoubtedly a minor, according to the rules of common law, when he contracted this marriage; and it is therefore material to observe, that the letter in which he acknowledges his marriage to Lord Erskine, and still calls Lady Augusta his wife, is dated the 30th of January, 1798, when he was upwards of twenty-five years of age. The ordinary rule is, that an act done during minority, if recognised after the minority expires, becomes binding on the party so recognising it. It is clear, at all events, that the Duke, when he had arrived at an age which, according to the ordinary and reasonable law of mankind, would have authorised him to incur obligations upon his own responsibility, did every thing in his power to confirm the marriage which took place while he was a minor. These are the words of the Prince himself.

"'"In the month of December 1792, being on my travels, I got acquainted at Rome with Lady Dunmore and her two daughters, who were just come from *Naples*. The well-known accomplishments of my WIFE (then Lady Augusta Murray) caught my peculiar attention. After *four months* intimacy, by which I got more particularly acquainted with all her endearing qualities, I *offered her my hand* unknown to her family, being certain beforehand of the *objections* Lady Dunmore would have made, had

she been informed of my intentions. The *candour* and *generosity* my WIFE showed on this occasion, by *refusing* the proposal, and *showing* me the *personal disadvantage* I should draw upon *myself*, instead of checking my endeavours, served only to add new fuel to a passion, which no earthly power could ever more have extinguished. At length, after having convinced Augusta of the impossibility of my living without her, *I* found an English clergyman, and we were *married* at *Rome*, in the month of April 1793, according to the rites of the English church. Many people think Lady Dunmore was *privy* to this marriage, but of this I must *totally* exculpate her."'—pp. 13, 14.

We collect from Sir John Dillon's statement, that the Duke and Lady Augusta had been unfortunately separated, in consequence of some personal differences, at the period when the above letter was written:—a fact which of itself demonstrates the truly conscientious and honourable intentions with which this marriage contract was entered into. To the declaration contained in the letter, that the marriage was performed by an English clergyman, according to the rites of the English church, we yield the most unqualified belief. But it seems that the clergyman in question has not yet been induced to give any evidence upon that point. It is said that he is afraid that he has incurred the penalty of præmunire, enacted in the statute already referred to, and which might, he supposes, be enforced against him, if he gave testimony on the subject. The only other document connected with the transaction, which it is of importance here to notice, is the actual marriage contract, which was drawn up in the Duke's handwriting, in the following very forcible terms:—

'"*On my knees, before God our Creator*, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, and SWEAR upon the BIBLE, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, that I will take thee, Augusta Murray, for my WIFE, for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, to love but thee only, and none other; and may GOD forget ME if I ever forget THEE. The Lord's name be praised; SO BLESS ME, SO BLESS US, O GOD; and with my hand-writing do I, Augustus Frederick, this sign, March 21, 1793, at *Rome*, and put my SEAL to it, and my NAME.

'(L. S.) (signed) "AUGUSTUS FREDERICK."'

A similar document was drawn up and signed by Lady Augusta, written on the same paper, and at the foot is a memorandum in the hand-writing of the Duke, as follows:—"Completed at Rome, April 4, 1793." From the union thus formed, two children have sprung, the elder, now Sir Augustus D'Este, born on the 13th of January, 1794, the younger, his sister, born in 1800, the Duke and Lady Augusta having rejoined each other at Berlin, in the year 1799, where they cohabited as man and wife. The marriage, such as it was, was made void in 1794, by a proceeding in the Ecclesiastical Court here, without the consent of either the Duke or Lady Augusta, and contrary to the wishes of both.

Sir John Dillon has displayed a great deal of learning and ingenuity in endeavouring to shew, that the marriage of the Duke and Lady Augusta was a valid marriage, and that of course the children are the legitimate children of their parents. Two eminent counsel, one of them a highly distinguished civilian, Dr. Lushington, have given a formal and solemn opinion on the subject, in the following terms: "We are of opinion, after great consideration, that the Royal Marriage Act (12 Geo. III., c. 11) does not extend to any marriages by any descendants of George the Second, contracted and solemnized *bonâ fide* out of Great Britain, and beyond the limits of British jurisdiction; and that the marriage of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, at Rome, was not a marriage impeachable under that statute." The learned counsel, it will have been observed, do not go to the extent of saying, that in their judgment the marriage was a valid one; they merely express their opinion that the Royal Marriage Act did not affect it, but leave it to be inferred that there are other grounds, upon which the marriage was impeachable. It is to those 'other grounds' that Sir John Dillon chiefly applies his attention. We shall extract the most pointed of his arguments, premising that he supposes himself, throughout his 'exercitation,' as he calls his statement of the case, to be arguing the question in a Scottish court, where a proceeding, not known to English law, is allowed, for the purpose of enabling a son, in the lifetime of his father, to establish his legitimacy.

'It is not clear that the marriage would *not* be held good, for all *civil* purposes, even by the law of Rome; and if not good according to that law, it would on that very account be good, in the law of Scotland, on principle of *necessity*.

'To consider both points, commencing with the last. The invalidity of the marriage, in the law of Rome, would arise from that law *denying* marriage, *altogether*, to parties circumstanced as the parents of the pursuer in point of religion. They would, in such an event, be considered by the law both of Scotland and England, as in a country absolutely pagan; or on an island on which should exist neither altar nor temple—neither minister of religion, nor civil magistrate, before whom their marriage could be celebrated, or whose authority would be allowed—as on a spot having nothing in common with human association.

'In the case of Roman *subjects* (the Jews hold special liberties, and are allowed to marry according to their own laws, by virtue of ancient concessions and charters of the Popes) the civil, and ecclesiastical law, in the article of marriage is the same. In Rome it is crime for a Roman *subject* to profess the reformed religion, as, until the reign of George the Third, it was criminal in *British* subjects, both in Scotland, and more particularly in the law of England, to profess the religion of the church of Rome. The law of Rome, in the article of marriage, is constituted by, and rests principally on, the regulations prescribed in that respect by the Council of Trent. Being the civil, as well as the ecclesiastical law of Rome, the Council is binding in that respect on the subjects of the Roman state, both as *religionists* and as *subjects*.

'Marriage also is at Rome, and by Catholics, considered a sacrament of the *church*, as well as a contract of *civil society*. Where parties desirous of contracting marriage are *both* of them Protestants, they cannot be admitted to the sacraments of a church with which they are not in communion. They cannot, therefore, or to use a more appropriate expression, they are not *permitted* to solemnize marriage in the manner of Roman subjects.

'In England Roman Catholics are still obliged in marrying to conform, *pro hac vice*, to the rights and liturgy of the church of England—but so far only. At Rome Protestants are refused marriage, unless they *wholly abjure* the religion they profess, and *wholly embrace* the national religion of that country in every article of its faith, and essential discipline. In England the parson readily admits the reluctant Catholic to the marriage rites: at Rome the priest repels the willing Protestants from the *altar*, as if exclaiming

——— "Procul, O procul este profani."

'Marriage, therefore, in the mode required by the Council, before the *Parish Priest* (for such is the minister of religion required by the Council of Trent, and although the bishop may dispense with the *parish* priest by license, he cannot dispense with a religious ceremony according to the rites of the church of Rome altogether) becomes impossible.

'The House of Lords has settled the law, respecting the marriages of Protestants at Rome, in the case of Lord Cloncurry; of which a note is to be found in Cruise on Dignities, 2d ed. p. 276, § 85, and which is as follows:—

'"In the discussion of a late divorce bill in the House of Lords, Lord Eldon intimated a doubt respecting the validity of a marriage which was celebrated at Rome by a *Protestant* clergyman, *both* parties being Protestants, and said that 'where persons were married abroad, it was necessary to show that they were married according to the *lex loci*, or that they could not *avail* themselves of the *lex loci*, or *that* there was no *lex loci*.' Some days after, a Roman Catholic clergyman was produced at the bar of the House, who swore that at Rome two Protestants could not be married according to the *lex loci*; because no *Catholic clergyman* could celebrate marriage between two Protestants. The marriage was held to be good."—pp. 17—19.

This clergyman, however, Sir John thinks, gave his opinion rather as a theologian than a jurist, and without reference to the civil contract which might be incurred under certain circumstances by a Protestant and Catholic, married at Rome by an English clergyman, according to the rites of the English church. The learned author, therefore, goes more fully into that part of his subject: even if his arguments do not convince, they must at all events be commended for the great ability and research with which they are sustained.

'The Pope has not yet recognized the validity of English Protestant ordination; and Protestant ministers, until lately, were not always to be found at Rome. Even when found, they are considered as mere laymen; invested with no clerical functions, charged with no religious ministry, and as persons without order, or mission. They could be considered merely as witnesses to a marriage contract, in the same manner as common persons; and Rome would be indisposed to recognise in them any

character as ministers of religion. A marriage, therefore, celebrated by them, would as a religious ceremony, in Roman estimation, go for nothing.

'On the other hand, the Council of Trent itself *sustains* what are denominated "clandestine marriages," declared by the *free consent* of the parties; and it condemns, as *heretical*, the doctrine that such marriages are not valid.*

'Although the Council is received at Rome, it is not received, in this article of marriage, in many *Catholic* countries of Europe. It was never received in France, although similar provisions were established by the state; and on the face of the article itself, it manifestly could not generally prevail, or become universally applicable, as it supposes an established hierarchy.

'Marriage being *res mixta*, the consent of the state, as well as of the clergy, has been considered necessary to a due publication of the council in this *particular* respect. In Ireland, for obvious reasons, it has never been published by the state; nor even until very recently, and since 1793, has it been generally received there by the Catholic *church* of Ireland; still existing *spiritually* as a church, and never having ceased to maintain its spiritual hierarchy. The rule of marriage, therefore, in *Ireland*,† *even on Catholic principles*, was in 1793 the old canon law of that church; and if the recent general adoption, in the Catholic dioceses, be not complete, for want of promulgation and ratification by the state, such it still continues; notwithstanding its present, and only recent general acceptation by the Catholic clergy of that country.

'*Protestants* therefore, as well as *Catholics*, could in *Ireland* be married by any of the means which, according to the canon law, existed before the council; and would be well married, even in the contemplation of the *Catholic church* itself. The same doctrine may be considered as applicable in this respect to England and Scotland; *à fortiori* indeed: as in the latter countries there exists no Catholic hierarchy—no parish church—no proper parish priest—no *usage* even, since the reformation in *England* (it is otherwise in Scotland), as to publication of banns: all which facilities for adopting the council occur only in Ireland.

'The materiality of the preceding observations will presently appear; but it will readily occur, that a great step is gained towards legitimating

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* '"Dubitandum non est *clandestina matrimonia*, libero contrahentium consensu facta *rata et vera* esse matrimonia. * * * Perinde jure damnandi sunt, sicut et eos Sancta Synodus *anathemate* damnat, qui ea *vera* et *rata* esse NEGANT."'

'Con. Trid. De Matrimonio, cap. 1.

† It must always be kept in mind, that the illustrious Father of Sir Augustus d'Este, in 1793, was a PRINCE of IRELAND—[*Vide post*, p. 34.] It also so happened, that the Castle at Dublin, the Palace of the King, was locally situated within the archdiocese in which the Council of Trent was *not* received; so that, supposing the royal palace not to be wholly exempt, as such, from the jurisdiction of the archbishop, and subject only to a high almoner, the Council of Trent, in this respect, would not be binding, even on any *Catholic* marrying within its precincts.

marriages contracted by Protestants at Rome, even according to the *lex loci* of that state, when it is seen that in their own country they may be well married, and even according *to the doctrines of the church of Rome itself*, although not married by a Roman Catholic priest, or any other religious minister. It will further be seen by the observations which follow, how much *easier* it must be to the Roman state to admit the marriages of British Protestants, contracted there, to be good according to the *lex loci* of that state, than by any reference to the local and municipal laws of British subjects at home. The only impediment is the existence of the rule prescribed by the Council of Trent. But that rule is not *universal* in itself; and there exist obvious grounds, on which it might be said to fall within the *nobile officium Prætoris* to suspend, under the circumstances, its effect as a municipal law.

'Reference to the law of the country, to which British subjects belong, becomes almost impossible, from the internal composition of the British empire itself, the discrepancies which prevail even in the laws of the British islands in the article of marriage among themselves, and the difficulty of applying such laws to the particular case of the individual parties. Of this the case of the Duke of Sussex himself would afford a striking instance: Prince in 1793 of Hanover, Britain, Ireland, and shortly afterwards of Corsica; equally entitled to the benefit of the institutions which prevailed in each; and owing an original, and exclusive obedience to none of them preferably to the other.* The case of a Scotch peer made a peer of the United Kingdom, or of a peer of England and at the same time of Ireland, would be another. A third case would be that of a nobleman, or even a commoner, having estates in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the West Indies: take again those settled at Malta, at Demerara, at Trinidad, at the Cape, and elsewhere in the vast circle of British domination. How could a Roman tribunal, deciding on the marriage of such parties had at Rome, be able to ascertain whether it would, or not be a valid marriage, with reference to the system of jurisprudence pervading the British empire, and involving a complication of varying codes, and opposite usages, unprecedented almost in the history

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* 'Vide ante, as to the idea of any *paramount* allegiance, p. 7. The argument attempted to be used against the Duke of Hamilton, in 1648, that the law of the greater sovereignty, in point of wealth and power, ought to prevail; if applied to this case, would only show that primary and principal obedience, in the case of the Princes of the House of Brunswick, would be due to the laws of the German empire, ranking, in 1793, as the first power of Europe. Persons, even in high stations in England, appear to have fallen in considering the case of Sir Augustus d'Este into this fallacy. They suppose, that if the marriage had at Rome is to be supported by reference to the law of the *British Empire*, it is to be governed by the confined and local *statute law* of *England*; as if Augustus Frederick, Prince of the Kingdom of Ireland, was bound, marrying at Rome, to conform to the *statute law* of *England*; any more than a Duke of Leinster, a Marquis of Clanricarde, or any other Irish peer, or even any private individual of Ireland who might never have set foot in England, would be bound by, or under any necessity, under similar circumstances, of paying any regard whatever to such enactments.'

of mankind? If a Stowell has been occasionally puzzled himself at Doctors' Commons, in deciding the law applicable to the cases of British subjects marrying even within the British dominions, how must an Italian judge find the task almost impossible at Rome!

'With the view, therefore, of sustaining the marriages of British Protestants, *within its territory*, the pontifical state resorts *preferably* to the canon law of *its own church*, as it prevailed previously to the Council of Trent; forming still the law of that church in those countries where the council does not, or cannot, from the peculiar state of circumstances prevail, or become even applicable; thus establishing, on every account, a more wise, certain, ready, and less fallible criterion: resorting to a code, as is acknowledged by judges in England the most opposed to the Catholic religion, admirably suited in so many respects to serve as a rule of universal jurisprudence, and in the general government of society.

'It is therefore sufficiently understood, that in the case of two British Protestants, sojourning at Rome, if they contract marriage there *per verba de præsenti* before witnesses—by *writings* declaratory of marriage under their hand *without witnesses*—by solemn promise and cohabitation; or any other similar means by which marriage would be inferred in the canon law, as it stood at the time of the council—and if they be not within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting marriages in the Roman Catholic church—the parties would be considered man and wife; the marriage contract valid for all civil purposes; and therefore, that the *status* of *legitimacy* would be recognized in the *issue* of marriages so contracted. The case is also understood to be the stronger, where the parties, as in the present case, contract upon OATH.*—pp. 22—26.

We must confess that, however great our respect may be for the learned gentlemen who have taken part in this discussion, we should be inclined rather to look at the real *bonâ fides* of the engagement in question, and if there be no doubt, as none can there be, on that point, we should be very much disposed to recommend that mere forms be passed over, and the marriage rendered valid by special act of Parliament. Under the circumstances, and looking to the policy of the statute, we should, however, say that the special Act ought to contain a clause, excluding the children of that

* 'The only difficulty would result from the Council of Trent requiring the *paternal consent*; but this is at once removed by the consideration that the law of *England*, (in which part alone of the United Kingdom it is required,) in the case of English minors finding themselves abroad, dispenses with that consent altogether; not by mere inference or implication, but by *expressly providing*, in the 26 Geo. II. c. 33, that its provisions shall not embrace at all marriages contracted *out of England*. It would be absurd for the Roman state to insist upon it, in the case of British subjects, in opposition to the British laws; by none of which it is required, and by which it is even dispensed with out of England. It would be rather inconsistent with, than agreeable to that "*comity*," alluded to by Lord Stowell, and above quoted, to deprive them of that liberty in the exercise of a natural right abroad, which the Legislature of Britain had sought expressly abroad to secure to them.'

marriage, or any of their descendants, from the succession to the throne of these realms. But the ducal title and peerage of his father, we certainly think, Sir Augustus ought to be enabled to inherit, together with a public provision, adequate to the support of his rank as a British peer: his sister, of course, to be entitled to rank as a Duke's daughter, and be provided for accordingly. Undoubtedly they have an infinitely stronger title to be treated as legitimate children, and to be elevated to the Aristocracy, than the Fitzclarences. Such a proceeding would in some measure compensate for the violation of public morality in favour of that family, and would, we are confident, be particularly agreeable to the people of England, all of whom look up to the Duke of Sussex as the most sincere friend they ever have had, in the neighbourhood of the throne. It is on account of the splendid services which that royal duke has rendered to the cause of civil and religious liberty, that we have taken up this question. We have no personal knowledge of Sir Augustus or his sister, though we learn, from public report, that they are both well fitted to sustain, and even to grace, any honours which Parliament and the Crown could consistently confer upon them.

ART. VII.—*The Bengal Annual. A Literary Keepsake for* 1831. Edited by D. L. Richardson. 8vo. pp. 402. Calcutta: Smith & Co.

WE are among those who feel a particular interest in reading the literary productions of our countrymen, which come to us from remote quarters of what we might call our own imperial world—a world, of which it might be more truly said, than of the Spanish dominions, even in their high and palmy state, that the sun never sets. We are anxious to see the effect, if any, which the difference of climate may have produced upon the character of their intellect, and to what new trains of ideas their novel occupations, and the local composition of society may have given birth. Above all, we are anxious to know whether their writings breathe the air of that happiness and content, of which they went out in pursuit; and whether they now and then bestow a thought upon the land of their nativity. In a publication, the whole of which has been written and printed under the ardent sun of India, we should certainly expect some of the Asiatic genius,—"thoughts that breathe, and words that burn": while from our countrymen living under the mild climate of Australia, we should look for a more gentle flow of ideas, and not so great a profusion of imagery. In the West Indies, nobody ever seems to have time, or at least nerve, for writing. In the few literary productions that have reached us from the Canadas, we can clearly perceive the influence of French esprit, though chastened by the cold of winter and British phlegm.

Strange to say, however, this Bengal Annual is by no means so fiery as we had expected to find it. And yet this is not so strange,

after all; for we observe that the principal contributors were almost fresh from England; they had not time to bathe their intellect sufficiently in the light of the Indian skies, and we are afraid it will be found that they wrote for this publication pretty much the same kind of articles, both in poetry and prose, which they would have written for a similar volume, had they been living in the smoke of London. We ought not, perhaps, to be surprised at such a result, knowing how very few intellectual persons there are, who have the chameleon-like faculty of assuming the colour of the things by which they are immediately surrounded. But we must not therefore hesitate to tell our friends in Bengal, as well as in the other presidencies, that if they look to home for the popularity of their separate or periodical works, they will find it very much to the advantage of their lucubrations to stamp on them a thoroughly Indian character.

One of the best publications that we have ever seen upon the manners of the great bulk of the Indian people, is that entitled, "Observations on the Mussulmauns," by Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, an English woman, we understand, married to a Mahometan. But why was it one of the best, or rather the very best, of all the works that have ever been published on the subject? Simply because the writer, with that ready tact of observation for which women in general are much more remarkable than men, told us exactly what she heard and saw, even to the cries in the streets, and the merchandize and fruits set out in the shop-windows for sale.

Let Mr. Richardson look to this, and remember that we can have at home verses on 'Memory,' on 'Fame and Love,' on 'Rivers,' 'Ocean,' and 'Human Life,' and sketches from Shakspeare in great abundance. But we have not the Ganges, nor the Himalayan mountains, nor the various remarkable tribes that dwell in those mountains, nor the thousand other peculiarities which belong to India. We pray of him to recollect, that we feel a great deal more interest about matters with which we have no personal opportunity of becoming acquainted, than about the death of Prince Edward, or the character of Burke, or translations from Petrarch. Let him, in short, give us a real Indian annual, "all hot and hot," as the pie-man roars, and we may insure him that success which he in vain looks for in the Presidencies.

If we know any thing about the feelings of our countrymen located in India, we suspect that many of them would often rather have a newspaper from home, than a whole library of Hindoo hymns; but we, whose fate it is to stay at home, would much prefer the hymns to a Calcutta Journal, full of our parliamentary debates a year old.

Mr. Richardson, besides, in generalizing his Annual so much as he has hitherto done, runs the chance of having it compared with similar publications emanating from our own press—a comparison which cannot be favourable to the Bengal scion. It is very true,

that most of our annuals are poor enough, heaven knows, in poetical and romantic qualifications; but they have engravings to set them off, and some of these, too, in the very first style of art. Look, for instance, at the "Keepsake;" you have there a volume of mere dross, so far as literature is concerned; but the embellishments are exquisite: they would sell the volume, if all the rest of its pages were blank paper. Mr. Richardson has no plates at all, good or bad, though even a bad one, from India, would have been a curiosity.

It is worth remarking, *en passant*, that the sale of works printed and published in India is extremely limited—not, we understand, beyond two or three hundred copies at the utmost. The fact probably arises in a great measure from the phlegmatic contempt which Englishmen in general feel when they are in a state of *quasi* exile, for all mental occupations that do not remind them of home. The feeling is so natural, that we do not expect it ever to be overcome. Literature cannot possibly flourish in the Indian districts, until the natives are educated, and enabled to appreciate its beauties.

There is so much of descriptive power in Mr Parker's Tale of the Indian Ocean, that we should like to meet with him again. His picture of the storm, when in its fury, and of the stars twinkling through the openings in its curtains, as the gale decreases, is poetical and striking. The tale is followed by an Imitation of the Persian, from the practised pen of Sir John Malcolm.

I.

'When love, sincere, the bosom knows,
Vain would the tongue the thought impart;
The ready speech no longer flows,
Check'd is the current by the heart.

II.

'That breast pure passion never knew,
Whose secrets language could unfold;
Nor was that heart to love e'er true,
Which left not half its tale untold.

III.

'Love is a spark of heavenly fire.
From love we taste of heavenly bliss;
How then can human words aspire
Of love the feelings to express?'—p. 15.

Mr. Hayman Wilson's lines, on the Heart of a Female Mummy, are *lines* indeed—that is to say, they are very mechanical, very straight, and very prosy. The same pleasant observation applies to some, though by no means to all, of Captain Calder Campbell's poetry. His stanzas beginning "Brightness upon the Earth" are excellent. Captain William Elliot's song from the Persian, is, we suppose, really a translation; if so, the Persian author wrote like a European. The version wants a little more polishing. We

fancy that "the man of letters" who wrote the L. E. G. (elegy) on Miss Ellen Chouringhee, must have been a Cockney, otherwise he never could have written the line, "My love and woes to I 10," *to heighten!* Mr. Hayord's tale of the Dervish has a real Asiatic odour. We like it much, and feel great pleasure in extracting it.

'There lived at Baghdâd, in the reign of the Khalif Al Hâdi, (on whom be peace!) a certain Goldsmith, named Abu Yûsuf, who devoted the fruits of all his labours to the poor, and reserved to himself only what was necessary to maintain life—according to that which is written in the Book —* "Eat, but be not profuse, for the profuse God loveth not;" and also, "unto such of you as give alms, shall be a great reward;" and again, in the Chapter entitled *al Maûn*, it is said—"Wo be unto those that deny necessaries to the needy!" Wherefore the Goldsmith aforesaid, night and day, and morning and evening, gave the sweat of his brow to the poor, and his name was known in the city for the good works of his hands. And a Dervish, whose name was Ibn Temâm (may Allah amend his condition!) heard of the Goldsmith, and went one evening to his house. The court was filled with the poor of the city, and seated around it, they awaited in silence the coming forth of the bestower of bread. The Dervish sat down amongst them, and spoke to them of the charitable Goldsmith; and all the poor blessed his name, and gave him praise.

During all this time the Goldsmith worked at his forge, and the sweat of his brow flowed for the needy. When he had finished the labour of the day, he came forth, and distributed his alms—to each he gave bread, and meat, and a small piece of money; and seeing the Dervish, he said, "Holy Man, art thou on a pilgrimage? If it be so, doubtless thou hast need of a morsel, and some repose, come into my house, and bless it; and I will wash thy feet, and praise God who hath sent thee hither, that I may do a good work this day."

'And the Dervish entered, and did eat bread and drink water, and his soul was refreshed; and he spoke to his host, and said, "Surely thy wealth is great, that thus thou daily dost entertain the poor, and fillest the hungry."

"Brother," said the Goldsmith, "I have none other wealth than the labour of my hands: but I am known to be honest, therefore I have much commerce, and I am thus enabled to succour many of the needy. But it grieves me sometimes when the poor are so numerous, that I cannot give to all. Oh, that I possessed the wealth of the Khalîf, (the mercy of God be upon him!) and then no one in Baghdâd should hunger or thirst. Holy Man, thou who art beloved of Allah, pray to him that I may become rich, that I may aid all who are in tribulation."

'The Dervish promised his intercessions, and retired; und the next morning, after performing both kinds of purification, he prostrated himself in the dust, and prayed all day; but Allah answered him not. The next day, he again bowed towards Mecca, and remained on his knees, fasting, until eventide; but notwithstanding his tears and groans, Allah hid his face from his cry. All night the Dervish prayed and wept; and the morning saw him wearied with watching and supplication; but towards noon, fatigue and the heat of the sun overcame him, and he fell

* 'The Koran.'

into a deep slumber, and the horror of a thick darkness came upon him. And he dreamed: and he saw in his dream the Angel Gabriel descending with a noise, as of many waters, and he had an hundred wings, glorious as precious stones. And Gabriel said, "Fellow servant, tempt not God, nor seek what he denies. Why wouldst thou that this Goldsmith should be rich? It is known to us, who contemplate the face of Allah, that if he were wealthy, he would do evil: and wilt thou, after this, give thy soul a hostage for his soul? But remember, if thou be surety for him, thou thyself shalt be burnt for him in hell-fire."

'The Dervish, however, had so high an opinion of the holiness of his friend, that he even distrusted the saying of an angel: and he said—"It is written in the second Sura, 'Let pledges be taken:' wherefore I will give my soul as an hostage for the soul of my brother, that he may become rich, and feed the poor out of his abundance."

'Hereon the Dervish awoke; but Gabriel had vanished; nevertheless he rejoiced in his heart that he had obtained of Heaven for Abu Yûsuf, that which his soul desired.

'That very morning, when the Goldsmith opened his shop, and prepared to work at his forge, he was amazed to see piled on the ground fifty ingots of the purest gold. At that moment Eblîs tempted him, and he said to himself, "Why should I labour longer? Doubtless mine alms have gone up unto the seventh heaven, and Allah hath sent me this gold as a recompense, But I may not remain in Baghdâd: my sudden fortune would make me enemies, and I should be forced to divide it between the Câzee and the poor. I will go to Cairo, and there I will live in peace and luxury."

'That very night Abu Yûsuf having shut up his shop, joined a caravan proceeding to Cairo, where he arrived safely with all his wealth. The Sultan was a tributary of the Khalîf Al Hâdi; and on hearing of Abu Yûsuf's arrival, and beholding the splendour of his house and equipages, summoned him to the palace. Abu Yûsuf had many talents, and was an excellent musician and poet; but at Baghdâd he wrote not verses, because the Prophet (salutation!) hath said in the twenty-sixth Sura, that "Poets are amongst those on whom the devils descend:" nevertheless, as he was now in the hands of Satan, he sung and played, and became as Mejûn in the presence of Abd'allah Ibn Salâm. The Sultan was so much delighted with him, that he assigned him an apartment in the palace: and the chief minister dying soon after, Abu Yûsuf was appointed Vizîr. Henceforth he became so puffed up with vanity, that no one dared to approach him, but in an attitude of the humblest supplication; he caused his pedigree to be derived from the patriarch Joseph, and declared himself allied to the family of the Prophet, on whom be benedictions! He renounced prayers, reading the Koran, and the Purifications; and instead of giving alms any longer to the poor, he used to assemble them in his court yard, and from a window, at which he sat drinking the forbidden liquor, amused himself with mocking the blind, and commanding the lame to walk.

'In the mean time the Dervish, though he no longer heard of the alms of Abu Yûsuf, was so persuaded of the good fruits that were to spring from his riches, that when he went into the city, he expected to find that there was not a single poor man left. He was therefore dismayed to find

the streets even more crowded with beggars than they were wont to be: but he thought this must be the consequence of some sudden scarcity, and he proceeded to the house of Abu Yusûf, sure to find him at his gate, drying the tears of the orphan, and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy. He found the doors shut, and saw the court where so many poor used to sit, overgrown with grass; and on enquiring of a tailor near, he was told of Abu Yûsuf's flight: and that he was rumoured to be at Cairo, where he governed the kingdom. At these words, the Dervish wept bitterly, plucked his beard, and threw dust upon his head; for he remembered that he had rashly become surety for Abu Yûsuf before God, and that he must answer for him at the price of his own soul. Nevertheless a faint hope that he might yet recover his friend, sustained the Dervish; he determined to proceed to Cairo, to see the Vizîr, and to tell him the peril in which his own spirit stood for his sake: and this, he imagined, would at once bring Abu Yûsuf back to his senses, and his religion.

'Ibn Temâm arrived at Cairo, and made enquiries regarding the character of the new Vizîr. All joined in representing him as a pitiless, proud, and most avaricious man; but they said, he might easily be seen, and even spoken to daily, when he left his house to proceed to the palace. The Dervish waited at his gate next morning till Abu Yûsuf came forth, attended by a hundred guards, armed with battle-axes of silver, and a crowd of domestic officers in glittering apparel. As the Vizîr passed by, shining in jewelled cloth of gold, the Dervish cried with a loud voice, "Light of the understanding of the age, have pity on the poor!" Abu Yûsuf knew the Dervish at once; but instead of recognising him, he cried to his officers, "Know ye not what is the portion of the insane?" And the officers raised their staves, and beat the holy man, until he retired from the place. Notwithstanding he was not yet discouraged: and during a month, every day he went to the palace, and besought the Vizîr as before; and every day was he beaten as at first, till at last he resolved to return to his place near Baghdâd, and leave the fate of his soul to the everlasting mercy of God.

'Scarcely had he reached his abode, where he arrived at evening, when in the midst of his prayer he was caught up, soul and body, into the seventh heaven, and prostrated before the throne of Allah. And the brightness was so exceeding great, that Ibn Temâm could see nothing: but he felt delicious odours sprung from the floor of musk, and the rivers of Paradise were flowing like music in his ears. He also caught the odoriferous breath of the Tûba tree of happiness, which stands in the midst of the Jaunat al Naïm, and he heard the ravishing voice of Israfil, the most melodious of all God's creatures, and the songs of the daughters of Paradise, whose hymns were harmonized by the silver bells hanging from the gold and emerald branches, as they swung in the fragrant wind that blows for ever from the throne of God.

'Then many thunders uttered their voices; and a murky cloud surrounded the throne like a dark pavilion: and the Dervish, when the intolerable splendour was veiled, could distinguish around, myriads of angels and archangels; and far distant, on the flowing confines of heaven, he could descry mighty hosts of flaming Genii, who had believed in the Koran, and were the guards of heaven, and he could hear the tread of their innumerable legions. But he was not permitted long to contemplate

the awful magnificence of the place: for a voice like the last trumpet came forth from the darkness, tremendous in its very harmony, which said, "Lo, here is he who hath demanded of me riches for the abuse of wealth, and hath caused Paradise to lose a soul; let him be punished, and that suddenly!" In a moment he was surrounded by an enormous chain, a hundred fathoms in length; and two Genii, with massy clubs of steel, beat him on the head till his brains were dashed on the pavement; yet marvellous to tell, he could still speak and think as before.

'As he wondered at these things, a host of glorious angels rushed by, singing praises to the Princeof the Prophets, and he knew that they were bearing his emerald throne. "O Prophet," cried he, "thou whom I have served faithfully for fifty years, desert me not!" And the Prophet went before the cloud, and besought Allah to pardon the Dervish, according as it is written in the 110th Sura. "Celebrate the praise of the Lord, and ask pardon of him; for he is inclined to forgive." And Allah granted mercy unto the Dervish: but it was on condition either that Abu Yûsuf should be degraded from his rank, stripped of his wealth, and reduced to his former state of poverty; or that his riches should be left him, the Dervish engaging for his future pious use of them. But the Dervish had seen too much cause to distrust his own judgment to permit the Goldsmith to continue wealthy: and though he lamented the fall of his friend, he besought his degradation with virtue, rather than rank and riches, with destruction.

'In a moment he stood in Baghdâd—and saw entering by one of the gates, a man in rags, weary, and bearing the marks of severe stripes. The Dervish recognized Abu Yûsuf, and meeting him with salutation, gave him him his blessing. Abu Yûsuf melted into tears of repentance and gratitude; and told the Dervish the story of his misfortune. In the very hour in which Ibn Temâm made his request, the favourite Sultana had formed a party, which accused Abu Yûsuf of embezzlement and bribery: he was instantly imprisoned, stripped of all his wealth, beaten, and finally banished from Cairo, mounted ignominiously upon an ass, with his face to the tail. Hungry and athirst, he had arrived in Baghdâd: and having been relieved by a charitable Moslem, he resolved to re-open his shop, and live once more by the sweat of his forehead, and perform alms. He returned to his forge: God sent a blessing on his labours; and the poor were again succoured by the bestower of bread.'—pp. 29—36.

Although we are very glad to meet with Indian metaphors in the Bengal Annual, yet we must submit it to Mr. Capel South's cool consideration, whether he did not carry his love of the figurative a little too far, when he makes his delirious bandit 'sport with the puny stars,' like a schoolboy with his toys; and when he tells us that the robber 'grasped in thought Eternity,' 'as lightning grasps the pine!' What odd capers the lightning may cut in India, we cannot tell. But if it be at all like English lightning, we can assure him that it would shiver the pine, and not grasp it. The man must moreover have had a very capacious intellect indeed to have held eternity within its grasp.

'And the robber's heart failed him, for it was free and bold, and had you then but seen him, it would have made your blood run cold; struck down by his fate, that high proud spirit, whose hour was come; for he felt the dread reality of his reverseless doom.'

Who could imagine, after reading this plain prose, that it wears the external shape of poetry in Mr. Capel South's ballad of 'The Bandit?'

In most of Mr. Richardson's verses we recognise the same fervent attachment to domestic delights, the same amiable warmth of sentiment, which characterized his productions when he was in England. We wished then, and must wish still, that he had only been gifted with a little more of the true poetic vein, which he occasionally simulates. The great defect in his verse is that it wants the dialect of the muses. The reader will clearly understand what we mean after perusing Mr. Richardson's reflections on 'Fame and Love,' which we subjoin.

I.

'I sought the halls of Fame,
And raised a suppliant voice,
But not one sound responsive breathed my name,
Or bade my soul rejoice!

II.

'In comfortless despair
To find ambition vain;
I leave forlorn the paths of public care,
And this low cot regain.

III.

'As some remembered scene
That charmed in sun-lit hours,
Grow drear and dull when tempests intervene,
With wintry shades and showers;

IV.

'So every form of earth
Obeys a mental change,
And things that kindle in the light of mirth,
In grief, are cold and strange.

V.

'Thus wrapt in rayless gloom,
My home is home no more,
The place looks lone, the plants less sweetly bloom,
And charm not as before.

VI.

'How dark the threshold seems,
How dim the casement flowers,
How sickly pale the star-like blossom gleams
Of these still Jasmine bowers!

VII.

'A dread foreboding falls
Ice-cold upon my heart,
Perchance within these drear domestic walls
Hath fierce Death hurled his dart!

VIII.

'But hark! yon lattice shakes!
A female hand appears!
And lo! the face whose smile of welcome makes
Mine eyes forget their tears.

IX.

'The roof with gladness rings—
And quick feet tread the floor—
With joyous shout a rosy cherub flings
Wide back my Cottage door!

X.

'And Oh, how different now,
The thoughts that thrill my frame!
I kiss with proud delight each dear one's brow,
And dream no more of fame.'—pp. 22, 23.

The 'Stanzas to my Child' give evidence of feeling equally strong and kindly; but the diction still wants the measured and musical tread of poetry. Mr. Parker, to whom we have already alluded, has contributed some stanzas of great beauty. Those 'Written on the River,' are clothed in a style which most of our own annual poetasters may well envy. The picture which he describes is visible to the eye through the magical influence of his numbers.

'Slowly the purple veil of evening falls
Upon the far-off city—the young moon
Touches with silver, domes and snowy walls,
While a mild breeze, like that of England's June,
Ripples the tranquil river, spreading far
The tremulous light of each reflected star.

'The boatmen's fires glance redly from the banks,
Softening the pallid lustre of the gleam
Which the now setting moon casts through the ranks
Of graceful palms athwart the broad blue stream;
Around me is a whispering solitude,
The murmuring waves, the gently-rustling wood.

'The rustling wood within whose leafy brakes
The cheerful singer of the night-long song,
The cricket, his shrill carolling awakes,
While over him the fire-fly floats along
With dewy lustre, like a magic gem
In some invisible fairy's diadem.

'Glad and bright creatures—each hath got a home
To which he wends, his wanderings being done,
And with him enters joy—no more he 'll roam
Or light his little lamp 'till set of sun
Brings back the fragrant hours of dewy night
Through which he loves to wheel his gentle flight.

'Cribb'd in a narrow shallop which the tide
Stirs with a sleepy motion to and fro,
Oh! how I long for wings with which to glide
Like you, bright insects, where the night-flowers blow;
To swing on the light boughs of bamboo trees,
Or float with the sweet breath of this cool breeze.

'I 'd seek each opening floweret too, as dawn
Touch'd with her faintest silver light the east,
And catch its fragrance, ere upon the lawn
The fiery light of the fierce sun increased.
Alas! how many a bud that loves the shade
Comes into glare and splendour but to fade.

'But vain are wishes, or I should not pine
A solitary exile in a land
Where my heart is not—in the diamond mine;
What are the gems heap'd high on every hand
To the worn slave whose thoughts, whose longings stray
To some rude hovel-home, far, far away.

'So though around me golden fountains sprung
Of riches and of pleasure—if for me
Honour and power their proud trumpets rung,
And all life's splendours sparkled gorgeously,
What lustre in a foreign land can come
To dim the halo round our sacred HOME?'—pp. 49, 50.

There is a good deal of oriential spirit and character in Mr. Neave's story of 'Zubberdust Khan;' it is a production full of high promise, which we hope to see one day realized. Mr. Tytler describes the charms of a virtuous wife in very just language; we only wish that it had been a little more deeply impressed with the poetic character. Captain Vetch's lines on Lady Dalhousie's arrival in India, too strongly remind us of the compositions which are found in every young lady's album. Lighting on 'The Two Students of Wittenberg,' a story replete with the supernatural and fantastic kind of interest which marks the fictions and legends of Germany, we recognize in it at once the graceful pen of Miss Emma Roberts. This lady has, we understand, returned home from India, intending, we hope, still to pursue the literary career which she commenced some few years ago with distinguished success. Her German story is not only interesting in its incidents, but very beautifully written. This lady has also contributed several other admirable sketches and tales in prose and verse, of the merits of one of which, "A Scene in the Zenana," we shall enable the reader to judge for himself, premising only that it is founded on fact, and that the descriptions of scenery are from drawings taken on the spot.

'A valley more sequestered or more beautiful than that of Oodipore can scarcely be imagined: it needs not the contrast afforded by the sterility of the scenery beyond, for it possesses every attraction which nature in her

happiest mood confers upon some favourite spot of earth: but to those who have traversed the surrounding arid tract, it bursts like a scene of enchantment. The approach guarded by a fortified gate, is so narrow and intricate as to be fitted only for litters or equestrian travellers, and in threading its narrow defiles the stranger is surprised that any human being should have proceeded more than a few yards in so unpromising a direction in search of a spot habitable by mankind. Suddenly the rich, varied, and fertile landscape opens on the dazzled eye, and every step now seems leading into fairy land. On the right an extensive and picturesque lake washes the bases of the hills, whose shining rocks and umbrageous woods shoot up into the golden sky above; in the distance a large city, exhibiting a confused assemblage of irregular buildings, rises in all the fantastic forms of oriental architecture. Above, crowning a rocky ledge, the palace of the Ranah appears; a huge white mass, which, though conveying ideas of strength rather than of beauty, is still a noble object, and is surrounded by so many attractive scenes, that the spectator is too much absorbed in admiration to dwell upon its defects. Below the rocky terrace on which the palace stands, a second lake of considerable extent spreads its glittering waters,—numerous Hindoo temples, the frequent ghaut, (the constant and beautiful accompaniment of all Indian streams,) and gay pavilions of marble adorn its banks, intermingled with enormous banyans and peepul trees, whose gigantic branches, stretching over the lake, seem to repose upon its bosom. The bright silvery expanse is studded with fairy islands, and two of the most extensive are decorated with the summer residences of the Ranah: structures of exquisite workmanship, whose delicate marble trellices and airy cupolas appear like the palaces of the genii floating upon a sea of pearl: while orange trees, palmiras, and cypresses, fling the rich luxuriance of their foliage over the carved mosks and sculptured porticoes.

'Such was the scene which caught the golden floods poured down by a cloudless sun; but if the inmates of the palace ever gazed with admiration upon its beauties, they were now too deeply absorbed in contemplations of a far more interesting nature to regard them. Silence deep as death reigned around, a silence only broken by the mournful cry of the ring-dove,* a cry which is scarcely for a moment suspended during the day throughout the plains and valleys of India. In the interior court, (a spacious quadrangle, cooled by fountains, and shaded with flowering trees,) a crowd mute, and with downcast looks, assembled round the couch whereon the Ranah was now brought to yield, according to the custom of the country, his last breath in the open air. No hope could be entertained of the recovery of a person who had passed the number of years allotted to his race, and the awful moment of dissolution was awaited by men who had long anticipated a change of rulers, without any manifestation of the various sensations it occasioned to those whose fortunes it must deeply affect.

'Within the principal apartment of the Zenana, the same unnatural tranquillity prevailed; not a word was uttered by the female crowd, amongst whom all the customary employments were suspended; they also stood calmly awaiting the event fraught as it was to them with incidents of the most fearful nature; and the slight movement of the head, indicating

* 'It is wearying my ear as I write.'

anxiety respecting the cause of every sound, were it but the humming of a fly, or the fall of a leaf, alone betrayed the internal feelings of their breasts. Upon all the decease of the reigning prince would bring a trying change of fortune. Poverty and the world's scorn to those whose natural instincts should teach them to cling to life in its most forlorn and abject state; and a hideous sacrifice to the devoted few disdaining existence when robbed of its dearest blessings. Who shall attempt to describe the conflicting emotions sustained by those helpless females, vacillating between a choice of the most cruel evils, the terrors of death operating against the terrors of disgrace? Yet they maintained an outward appearance of composure, not inferior to that displayed by the stronger and the weaker minds, which, influenced by various motives, had resolved upon the fulfilment of a dreadful rite.

'An old female slave, who, though never enjoying the dignity of a wife, was, from her long servitude, and the confidence reposed in her, a person of considerable consequence in the Zenana, apparently had never anticipated any other termination to her existence, than that which now presented itself; she considered the death of the Ranah to be so completely bound up with her own, that the latter must follow as a thing of course. A younger fairer female of higher attractions and superior birth, the daughter of a long line of princes, deeply embued with religious enthusiasm, and with the notions of a pre-existent state; rapt in contemplations of the past, now floating through a highly excited imagination in shapes more distinct and vivid than in other dreaming moments, beheld the path before her as one already trodden, one which would be trodden again, and which led to the fulfilment of her destiny. But it was otherwise with the Ranee, the lofty minded woman who had enjoyed a degree of authority frequently accorded to females in the provinces of central India. She was free from the superstitions so carefully instilled by the priesthood, nor was she inspired by attachment to the man who had not excited any strong sentiments of respect or affection. She had amassed considerable property, and she had acquired a more than ordinary share of public confidence, but neither of these could she retain in a state of widowhood, unless the heir should, on his visit to the Zenana, salute her by the title of "*Raje Baae*," a mode of conferring the dignity of mistress of the Harem, at the option of the new Ranah to bestow upon any one of his predecessor's wives. Upon the first fatal symptoms which appeared in the aged monarch's disease, every engine had been set at work by the favourite wife's emissaries to secure a promise of this coveted exaltation, but Juan Singh could not be wrought upon to give a decided answer; it was supposed that he wished to avoid the maintenance of this unnecessary appendage, in the splendour which custom accorded, or that he was tempted by the wealth which offered itself to his grasp. There was only one alternative to a woman who could not brook degradation, perchance she might still entertain a hope that a message would be sent conveying the assurance she had so earnestly endeavoured to obtain, but it was confined strictly to her own breast: and having made every arrangement which her duty to her dependents demanded, she stood amid the group equally resigned with those less intellectual beings, blindly following customs, or slaves to prejudice. At length a cry was heard in the court below, and it would appear as if some settled rule, or late instruction, had taught each

individual her allotted part. "What is that?" exclaimed one of the assembly. "Do you ask?" replied the old slave, "know you not what is required of us to perform?" and, taking the fastenings from her hair, which, unloosed, flowed over her shoulders; she seized a *gurrah* (jar) of water and poured its contents upon her head. This was equivalent to a declaration that she intended to burn—and three others followed the example; while the remainder, shrinking from the near approach of death, hesitated to commence the fatal preliminaries, and finally resolved to endure an existence embittered by penury, contempt, and neglect, rather than brave the tortures of the flames—a freedom of choice for which they were solely indebted to the presence of the British Resident, who was well informed of all that passed in the palace, and who possessed the power to prevent involuntary sacrifices. Some buoyed themselves up with a vain hope that the dignity denied to their more distinguished companion, would be accorded to them; or endeavoured to excuse themselves by affecting to entertain so futile an expectation.

'Short is the interval in India, between death and the performance of the obsequies of the deceased, a ceremony which, according to custom, was to take place at sunset. The brief period which intervened was differently employed by those who were to take a prominent part in the fearful drama. The old slave busied herself in settling points of etiquette. A crowd gathered round the Metempsychosian, listening with eager ears to her reminiscences of the past, and predictions of the future; she declared that she had a distinct recollection of having burned once before, and that she knew she was doomed to burn again ere she could be finally absorbed in the divine essence: and while speculating upon the probabilities of receiving a new existence in the same rank which she now held, expressed a hope that she should be born in a lower sphere, as she was convinced that happiness dwelled more frequently in a cottage than in a palace. These hallucinations were devoutly believed to flow from divine inspiration, and as she was far more prodigal of oracular speeches than her companions, she was venerated accordingly as a person of superior sanctity. The Ranee was differently employed; she wrote a letter to the Resident, recommending several persons, for whom she felt particularly interested, to his protection, and explaining the motives which induced her, while perfectly unimpelled by religious considerations, to prefer death to a life of dishonour.

'A short time before sunset, all the preparations were completed; and descending to the palace gates, unveiled, the four suttees mounted, for the first time in their lives, on horseback, and accompanied the procession to the fatal pile.

'Immense multitudes crowded round, striving with eager interest to catch the revealings of the future, uttered by those beatified women who were no longer considered to belong to earth. Many questions were propounded, and one in particular indicated the state of the public feeling towards the foreign neighbours established in Hindostan. The Metempsychosian was eagerly entreated to say whether the *Feringhees* would ever be driven out of the country. She judiciously evaded a reply by inquiring in turn, whether they had chosen a proper period to ask such a question.

'The Resident, in taking his evening ride, purposely encountered the

dismal procession, and, accosting the Ranee, for whose admirable qualities, and more than ordinary talents, he entertained a very high respect, endeavoured to dissuade her from the act she meditated, but without avail. She said, it was now too late to retract, and it being impossible to consent to live in a degraded state, she was glad that her self-sacrifice would confer honour on him who followed—meaning the Ranah, who, according to the etiquette observed by all Indian females, towards their husbands, she forbore to name. She invited the Resident to be present at the ceremony, but, turning with horror from a scene so revolting to his heart, he bade her farewell, and took his solitary ride through the picturesque paths of that delightful valley, the peaceful haunt of beautiful creatures, peacocks and pigeons, and countless flocks of birds still more lovely in form and hue; disporting themselves over a sunny land,

"Where all save the spirit of man seemed divine."—pp. 325—332.

This is the kind of writing which we wish to see predominant in the future pages of the Bengal Annual. The present volume is also indebted to Mr. Middleton for a 'Scene from the foot of Mount Ararat,' which is very well drawn up. We have seen several translations of the celebrated hymn sung in masses for the dead, "Dies iræ, dies illa;" but we do not remember a better version, one more truly rendering the pathetic language of the original, than that which Mr. Hay has given. We meet with several other names in this publication, quite new to us in a literary sense, which appear however to hold out a promise of future excellence. Among these we would particularly mention Mr. Rathray, Captain Macdougal, and Lieutenant Westmacott. The description of the fair at Hurdwar, by the latter, is one of the most graphic and lively articles in the Bengal Annual, to which we sincerely wish every success.

ART. VIII.—*Mirabeau's Letters during his Residence in England; with Anecdotes, Maxims, &c., now first translated from the Original Manuscripts. To which is prefixed an Introductory Notice on the Life, Writings, Conduct, and Character of the Author.* In two volumes. 8vo. London: Wilson. 1832.

WE hardly know what to think of the authenticity of these letters. Some of them, doubtless, are genuine, but we strongly suspect that others are made for Mirabeau. Our suspicion is founded on the want in these of resemblance to his character, and on the apparently *English* knowledge with which the transactions of which they speak are related. The introduction into the work of the long trial of Mirabeau's servant, from the Old Bailey records, of some of Lord Chatham's speeches, of characteristic sketches of that statesman, of some of Mirabeau's pamphlets, and other documents of a common-place kind, indicates moreover a practised hand at book-making. Neither are we sure that he has not made a rather guarded assertion, in stating that these letters are 'now first translated from

the original manuscripts.' This may be perfectly true, and yet the letters may have been printed and published before.

We should like to know whether the editor of these volumes has ever seen the "Lettres de Mirabeau à Chamfort," printed from the originals in Mirabeau's handwriting, and published in 1796. If he ever looked into that collection, he must have found in it, some, at least, of the letters which he has translated from the manuscript. Probably he may not have met that work; he certainly makes no mention of it that we remember. If he have been ignorant of its existence, it is only a proof of the little care that is now bestowed by editors in dishing up "Letters" for the public; but if, on the other hand, he had been acquainted with that collection, he ought to have stated the fact. As his title-page now runs, it is not indeed a fraud on his readers, because it may be true that he translated from the original manuscripts; but it looks like a suppression of truth, inasmuch as it leads the reader to suppose that those manuscripts were never published at all. Of Mirabeau's letters to Chamfort, the majority were written from London from the end of 1783 to the beginning of 1785. The translations now before us begin in June 1784: three or four more letters are dated in the latter months of that year, but to all the others no dates are prefixed! What was the reason of this omission?

The letters here given are principally those which Mirabeau wrote from London. Many of them are trifling, though several are also valuable, as containing lively sketches of English manners at that period. But we think that the editor, as he knows something about the art of book-making, might have rendered his work much more interesting, if, instead of burthening it with reports of trials, and Chatham's speeches, Mirabeau's pamphlet on the political reform of the Jews, and the sequel to Rousseau's Emile, he had selected some of the most interesting of the "Lettres inedites" of Mirabeau, collected by Vitry, and published at Paris in 1806. There are several of those artless compositions which shew that the writer, however depraved and unprincipled in other respects, was by no means destitute of amiable private feelings.

The letters contained in the present volumes were collected by the translater in 1806 at Brussels. A friend of his, it seems, Madame de Bathe, following the then prevalent fashion of autograph hunting, made an application through General Guilleminot to Cambaceres, for such autographs as might be spared out of the archives of France. The application was successful, the keeper of the archives having been directed to forward to Brussels as many autograph letters as might have been at his disposal. 'Between two and three thousand letters,' the preface informs us, 'written by celebrated men of the revolution, were accordingly dispatched. The translator was present on their arrival. Madame de Bathe requested him to select those which might appear the most interesting. Having done so, he was allowed to transcribe such as he chose, and

also to submit the originals to the inspection of his friends.' 'Most of them,' adds the preface, 'had passed through the Bureau Noir; and the inspectors charged to open, and afterwards forward them to their respective addresses, had either neglected the latter part of their duty, or the letters had been seized at the residences of individuals arrested during the horrors of the revolution!' The publication of Mirabeau's letters to Chamfort shews, however, that if any of those productions had been so intercepted or seized, duplicates must have existed somewhere.

Dumont's "Recollections," which this translator treats somewhat cavalierly, presents the best account of Mirabeau's political character that has yet been given to the public. As we recently reviewd that excellent production, we need not detail many of the particulars of Mirabeau's life. He was truly, in public affairs, the creature of circumstance, and in private, the slave of passion. Being much distressed in the earlier part of his career by the want of money, he too often became little scrupulous as to the means of obtaining it. It is a just remark that 'his genius was all commanding; but the glory of its fire was dimmed by sensuality, by a sordid thirst for gain; he was prodigal, but not generous; he was ambitious, but his ambition was unaccompanied by greatness, by nobleness of soul.' Mr. Gifford said of him, in his life of Pitt, that "had Mirabeau's integrity been equal to his talents, the monarchy had never been reduced to that state of degradation from which it was, at last, his intention to extricate it. With his commanding force of eloquence, and with the strength of his intellectual powers, he might have arrested the revolutionary torrent in its course." Had Mr. Gifford been writing the life of Pitt at the present day, he would probably have thought, that it was not in the power of any one man, or of any set of men, however distinguished for talents and honesty, to have arrested the revolution of France, after it had once commenced. Revolutions spring from things, and are not to be checked by words. They are the work of nature in man, rising superior to the grievances which oppression, and, in some cases, the mere lapse of time, and the continuance of custom have produced.

Mirabeau's family was originally Italian. His ancestors, exiled from Florence, took up their abode in Provence, where they continued to preserve a noble rank. He was born at Bignon, near Nemours, in 1749; his education was conducted upon antiquated principles, which the energies of his mind outran and despised. From early youth he was ambitious of being an orator. Having been found one day by a friend, declaiming in his chamber with great fervour, he was asked, "What! are you playing the part of Demosthenes?" "And why not," replied Mirabeau, "perhaps a day may come when the States General will exist in France!" If this anecdote be true, he spoke with the inspiration of prophecy.

Mirabeau was from his youth upwards at perpetual war with his father, whose conduct towards his son is censured by most of his

biographers as harsh and unnatural. It is not improbable that the father penetrated his character, and foresaw the perils to which it would expose him. Mirabeau embarked at an early age upon the sea of vice: he was frequently imprisoned not only for debt, but for crime. He married a rich heiress, and after wasting her fortune, and contracting enormous debts, he abandoned his wife. His creditors, who were strenuously assisted by his father, obtained a sentence against him, in consequence of which he was imprisoned in the fortress of Joux, near Pontarlier, By his fascinating manners he soon prevailed on the governor to allow him to reside in the town, where he was received in the best society. It was not long before he succeeded in seducing the affections of a beautiful young woman, Sophie de Ruffey, the wife of the Marquis de Mounier, a man upwards of sixty years of age. The Marquis procured a *lettre de cachet* against him, but before it could be executed he fled to Switzerland, where Sophie soon rejoined him. From Switzerland they passed into Holland, where Mirabeau changed his name, and procured his subsistence by labouring for the booksellers. He was frequently thus engaged from six in the morning until nine at night. It was his intention at one time to embark for America, but before he could accomplish his purpose, he and Sophie were seized in virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, and he was conveyed to the castle of Vincennes, she to a convent, where she gave birth to a daughter. Mirabeau remained a prisoner at Vincennes for three years and a half. He was allowed to correspond with Sophie; but his letters were intercepted by the police, and have since been published in four volumes. 'They evince wonderful fertility of imagination, equal facility of expression, and the most impassioned phraseology.' But Dumont informs us that whole pages of these ardent effusions were copied verbatim from the novels of the day! This was exceedingly characteristic of Mirabeau.

While a prisoner at Vincennes he employed his time in writing original works, or in translating those of others: but his publications in either way were profligately indecent—filled with scenes of debauchery, which even Aretin would have shrunk from pourtraying. Having been at length denied, and very properly, the use of paper, which he sullied with so many iniquitous compositions, he supplied the privation in some measure by 'writing on the margins, and between the lines, of such printed books as happened to be in his possession. The loose, torn out leaves, he was accustomed to carry about with him, secreted in the folds of his clothes.' It was under these circumstances that he produced his eloquent essay on "Lettres de Cachet." He was at length liberated in 1780, and after a variety of law-suits in which he was engaged on account of his crimes, he passed over to this country, in company with a new victim of seduction, Henrietta Van Haren, with whom he had become acquainted in Holland. She was unmarried, and her passion for Mirabeau was enthusiastic. It appears that

Henrietta also was eventually dismissed in her turn for Madame le Jay, whom the reader of Dumont will recollect. We then arrive at that period when the letters contained in this volume were written. It would seem from the first, which we shall extract, that he was, in September, 1784, engaged upon the project of a periodical journal, in which new publications should be analysed, and abridged.

'The literary affair, my dear friend, to which I alluded, is one of great magnitude; no less than that of collecting all that has been written upon political economy, hitherto considered as vain metaphysical disquisitions. It is proposed that the work shall appear in French and in English; and, whether it be successful or not, is a circumstance which can affect only my conscience or my self-love, as I am to receive a settled monthly stipend. However, the performance not affording any scope for scandal—as, with much prudence, I intend only to speak of things—I thought it my duty to advise the gentlemen concerned to adopt some plan to excite curiosity. "The greatest service," I observed, "that can be rendered to polite literature is to *abridge*—to make a good selection of every published truth, rejecting falsehood and error. A '*conservator*' that should analyze every publication that may appear, without giving extracts from any; that should cull from the dunghill of periodical works, the few spangles that may have fallen, and render itself a *depôt* for detached pieces, which by their brevity—that is to say, by one of the greatest merits they can possess—would be truly useful; and if undertaken with conscientious motives, betraying no prejudice, and arranged with great care, would meet with success, perhaps not rapid at first, but permanent, and constantly increasing."

'The intended proprietors are turning this idea in their minds; and you may invoke heaven for the commencement of the work: it will produce me fifty louis a month, and that is as much as I want, even in this town. This income, it is true, would be purchased by excessive and unpleasant labour; unpleasant, because it would deprive me of that time which otherwise I should employ in cultivating my own thoughts; but I shall consider it as a course of studies that I must finish when fortune may think proper to render me independent. Men of greater merit than I possess have been condemned to labour quite as hard. Whenever I feel inclined to betray vexation of spirit, I call to mind the Arabian apologue:—"I was continually complaining of the strokes of fate and the severity of men, and was without shoes, and possessed of no money to purchase any. I one day went to the mosque at Damas, and I there beheld a man who had lost both his legs. I praised God, and I no longer complained of wanting shoes."

'You will, perhaps, be surprised that "*the Cincinnati*" is not yet in circulation; but, in fact, I have been occupied in translating a pamphlet by Dr. Price, entitled, "*Observations on the Importance to the American Revolution, and the Means of making it a Benefit of the World;*" and in writing preliminary observations and notes, with which I hope you will not be dissatisfied, considering they were written far from you.

'You mention in your last letter the conduct of government towards poor De R. What could he expect but ingratitude? How seldom do

you meet with instances of generous treatment towards those who have rendered the greatest services to their country! A pretty list history presents to us from the time of Belisarius to the present day! I must give you another short story, to be found also, I suppose, in the Arabian tales, but not less true on that account. "There was a certain husbandman in a certain kingdom, who lived in a certain place, under a certain hill, over a certain bridge. This poor man was somewhat of a scholar, and given to country learning, such as astrological predictions of the weather and the like. One night, in one of his musings about his house, he saw a party of soldiers belonging to a prince at enmity with his own, advancing towards the draw-bridge. He immediately ran and raised the draw-bridge; and, calling all his family, and getting his cattle together, he put his ploughs, and household furniture, and every thing behind it. By this means he arrested the progress of the enemy till daylight, when all the neighbouring lords and gentlemen saw their enemy as well as he. They crowded on with great gallantry to oppose the foe; and in their zeal and hurry, throwing our husbandman over the bridge, and his goods after him, effectually repelled the invaders." This accident proved the safety of the kingdom. Yet no one ought to be deterred from serving the public on account of what happened to this rustic; for though he was neglected at the time, and every one said he was an honest fellow, and no one's enemy but his own in exposing his all, and that nobody said he was every one's friend but his own, the man had the privilege, that he, and no other man than he and his family, might beg on that bridge in all times following.'—vol. i. pp. 26—31.

From another letter, written in the same month, it appears that he was at that period, according to his own account at least, very studious. He expresses some uneasiness about his literary prospects, but our only wonder is that he got on so well as he did, considering the limited taste that must have then prevailed in England for French publications. He speaks of Henrietta in affectionate terms, though he soon after complains of her being sickly, and a burthen upon his ways and means. He thus speaks his sentiments concerning his new place of residence.

'I am not, I can assure you, enthusiastically disposed towards England; and I now know enough of this country to tell you, that if her constitution be the best known, its administration is the very worst possible. If the Englishman be the most free individual on the globe, the English people are one of the least free that exist. I will even go farther: and my opinion is, that, individually speaking, we are better than they. The land which produces grapes is superior to that in which coal is found, even by moral influences. I will not say, like Monsieur de Lauragais, that the only fruit the English possess are roasted apples, and the only polished thing they have is steel; but they have nothing in them to justify the ferocious pride which they manifest upon all occasions. What, then, is liberty; since the little that is found in one or two good laws places a people, in other respects so little favoured by nature, in the very first rank! What cannot a constitution effect, since this one, although incomplete and defective, preserves, and for some time will continue to preserve, the most corrupt people on the face of the earth? How great must be the influ-

ence of a few favourable *data* over mankind, when this people, ignorant, superstitious, headstrong (observe this is actually the case)—grasping, and almost of Carthagenian character, are better than most others known, because they enjoy some civil liberty? The man who thinks and reflects upon the nature of things will exclaim, "How admirable!" He who does not, will have found an insolvable problem. Do not, however, imagine that this country is known; the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that we comprehend only what we can see. I defy you to form an idea of the ridiculous prejudices which exist respecting England; sometimes calumniated, and then again praised to the skies, through the most disgraceful ignorance.'—vol. i. pp. 43—45.

Mirabeau was still uneasy as to his means of subsistence. To him the English appeared altogether devoid of romantic generosity. 'Accustomed,' he says, 'as they are to *calculate* every thing, they calculate talents and friendship; and many of their most celebrated writers have literally been starved to death.' We suppose that we need not refute this exquisite piece of ignorance. That literary men have been unfortunate in England, as elsewhere, is, unhappily, too true; but they have not been many, and certainly not the most celebrated. Henrietta was, it seems, so beautiful, as to be occasionally taken for an English woman: but how Mirabeau should have been able 'to look as much like a Briton as any *Jack Rosbif* possibly could,' we cannot pretend to understand. It is a curious proof of the barbarism that prevailed among the Londoners of that day, that Henrietta, whom Mirabeau flattered by saying that she so strongly resembled the English ladies, could not, however, have walked through the streets in her French costume, without having a mob at her heels. On one of these occasions, 'a certain ale-house Aristophanes' began to sing and caper before them, to the great delight of the multitude, and in order to effect their escape they were actually obliged to get into a hackney coach.

Mirabeau has, in one of his letters, some striking remarks on our language. After expressing his admiration at the extreme simplicity of its syntax, he gets into a downright quarrel, as all foreigners do, with its rules of pronunciation; some of which, it must be confessed, are puzzling enough. "You write *bread*," said Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, to her English master, "which you pronounce *bred*: why don't you simply say *du pain?*" Mirabeau confesses that our language 'possesses wonderful energy, copiousness, boldness, and originality of expression. With whatever language you may be acquainted, you will find the greater part of it in the English dictionary. Johnson's is, I believe, the most extensive in existence; and yet other words will be added every time the work goes through a new edition; the last one boasts of having increased the number by twenty thousand. The language in which the Bible is written possesses only seven or eight hundred words; and in all the operas of Quinault, there are not more than

half that number.' As to our women, Mirabeau was one of their most enthusiastic admirers.

'There probably do not exist in any other part of Europe so many handsome persons of both sexes as are to be met with here; particularly such regular and perfect features. The kind of beauty you see in this country reminds one of a passage in Johnson, which I often endeavoured, but in vain, to translate:—"To expand," he says, "the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate by placidness of content or consciousness of superiority." It appears, in fact, impossible to be so beautiful as an English woman, without habitually experiencing that placidness and serenity of mind which pre-suppose a perfect independence—an exemption from care and want—self-command, superiority of mind or strength of character.

'Amongst this people, their features, the lines of their face, are more full, more finished than those of the French, the Germans, or the Swiss. A character of mildness is particularly observable in their countenance—an air of repose and dignity, deprived of which beauty loses all its charms. In Paris, you would be inclined to think that nature had only half finished the faces of your pretty women, in order to afford them the means of varying or completing the work as they may think proper. An Italian gentleman with whom I am acquainted, says he never saw so many fine heads in all Italy, as he has seen in London and the neighbourhood. The extreme whiteness of their skin shows their faces to much advantage; and probably in this respect the cloudy atmosphere of England is as favourable to their complexion as it is to their green lawns, and all kinds of verdure, rendering their gardens so delightful.

'I cannot, however, refrain from observing, that English beauty possesses more brilliancy than attraction. At a distance you are struck with the dazzling whiteness; but if you approach you wish for more vivacity, more animation. In the blood which circulates through those fine and delicate veins, there is more calmness than voluptuousness, more tenderness than love. The most common defect among these fine heads is that they are too long; but in other respects they are perfectly formed. I cannot say so much of the shoulders. Many of the ladies wear badly-made stays, which injure their back and bosom, and prevent the motion of their arms—the very circumstance, I have no doubt, which made Lauraguais say, that English ladies had two left hands. All this is the more provoking, as we must be convinced that their shape is elegant and flexible; and, notwithstanding the ridiculous custom just mentioned, they still appear majestically lovely.'—vol. i. pp. 57—60.

Mirabeau appears to have been much struck with the vast commerce of London. In order to gratify his wonder on this subject, he would sometimes take a boat at the Custom-house, and pass down amongst the shipping in the Thames. It was thus only that he was enabled to form a conception of the power, with which 'human industry and liberty of action invested this really great and wonderful people,' to use his own expressions. 'My mind,' he adds, 'is more sensibly affected in witnessing these miracles of civilization, than it would be in beholding the most delightful pictures of simple nature.' He finds great fault with the external appearance

of our houses, and describes the windows as 'merely holes, cut at right angles in the walls.' Our iron railings he looks upon as dismal in the extreme, and recommends that they should be *gilt!*

The perilous state of France, even then, must have been perfectly apparent to the mind of Mirabeau: otherwise we know not how he could have so clearly foreseen the revolution, which was not then begun. 'I think Louis XV.,' he says, writing in one of his prophetic moods, 'was nearly right, when he said that the monarchy would last during his lifetime, and not much longer. Unless some very great change takes place, which I shall endeavour to effect, by writing, and in every other possible way, Louis XVI. will be the last monarch who will reign over the destinies of France.'

We have here an amusing account of a dinner at Fishmongers' Hall, exhibiting in a remarkable manner that *vin-ordinaire* way of thinking, which will for ever prevent Frenchmen from understanding our convivial habits. What astonished him most, was to see the worthy fishmongers, their wives and daughters, dancing with lords, Spanish grandees, French dukes, and German highnesses. Having drank plenty of punch, he rose the next day with a violent head-ache: 'a complaint,' he says, 'with which I am assured these brave fishmongers are never tormented, being accustomed to such mixtures as turtle soup, currant jelly, lobster sauce, custards, *callipash*, pine apples, punch, claret, and *rose-water!*' Mirabeau certainly must have thought that the 'brave fishmongers' actually drank the rose water with their soup.

Speaking of our constitution, Mirabeau thinks that it was a grear error not to have put some limits to the number of peers in the House of Lords. We apprehend that in principle he is right, so far as the legislature is concerned. We should not wish to see any positive restriction imposed on the king's prerogative of creating peers; but we think that many sessions of the new Parliament will not have taken place, before it will be seen that the House of Lords stands in need of reform, quite as much as ever the House of Commons did. To what extent that reform ought to go, or upon what principle it ought to be based, we are not at this moment prepared to say. Perhaps it might be deemed expedient to limit the number of legislative peers to two hundred, and to have them elected only for each Parliament, by their own body, each of the three kingdoms sending its respective proportion. It is certainly against the spirit of the age, to allow the king, who is himself a separate part of the legislature, and can by his dissent prevent any bill from being carried into a law, to have the power of also influencing the House of Lords to agree with him in his measures. This he can do by adding to its numbers, or even, as happened with respect to the reform bill, by refusing to create new peers. By taking that step, his Majesty induced a great number of lords to absent themselves from the debates, and to allow a bill, which they had deter-

mined to resist, to be carried into a law. The result was good, but the precedent was bad. It shews that the King by creating, or by not creating, new peers, may get the House of Lords to do what he pleases. We shall give Mirabeau's remarks.

'In the upper chamber, it is also a great error in not having limited the number of members. Indeed, in the year 1718, such was the intention. The Earl of Sunderland, says Johnson, proposed an act called the Peerage Bill, by which the number of Peers should be fixed, and the king restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the Lords would naturally agree; and the king, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and as it is now well known, almost indifferent to the possessions of the Crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the Commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The tendency of the Bill, as Steele observed, in a letter to the Earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy; for a majority in the House of Lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible.

'Yet, in my opinion, some measure, I do not say so sweeping as the above, will be again proposed at some future period, and very probably carried. This power entrusted to the king, if the king be a good man, is beneficial, and may be of great service to the country upon many occasions. But, if the monarch should be a bad one? Why, after all, a despotic government, you will say, is the most effectual—that under which people are most happy, if the sovereign be a virtuous man. Yes, my friend, but if (that eternal *if!*) he should prove to be the reverse—more frequently the case than otherwise—what then?'—vol. i. pp. 101—103.

Mirabeau is enchanted with our horses, and the great cleanliness of our stables. He was by this time quite full of literary occupation, working, he says, like a cart horse, chiefly, as we collect, upon his "Conservator." His observations upon our criminal laws, our amusements, our *then* police, evince a fine spirit of humanity. He even finds no fault with the pugilistic combats, which were then more in fashion than they are now. His general remarks upon the metropolis are amusing.

'The humid and dark air which envelopes London is a reason why the residents should have acquired habits of cleanliness; and in this respect they vie with the Dutch. The plate, hearth-stones, furniture, apartments, doors, stairs, the very street doors, their locks, and the large brass knockers, are every day washed, scoured, or rubbed. Even in lodging-houses, the middle of the stairs is often covered with carpet to prevent them from being soiled. All the apartments in the house have mats, or carpets; a custom which now begins to prevail in France; but there it is merely a fashion, here a necessity.

'The houses in London are all wainscoted with deal; the stairs and the floors are composed of the same materials, and cannot bear the continued rubbing of feet without being cracked or worn. This renders carpets or coverings necessary.

'London would be uninhabitable, if, to supply it with constant fuel, it had not a resource in sea-coal; a resource which immense forests would be insufficient to equal.

'All the houses in London, excepting only a few in the very heart of the city, belong to contractors, or speculators who build upon ground of which a lease is taken for forty, fifty, or ninety-nine years, upon condition of surrendering the house, in its then condition, at the expiration of the lease, to the proprietor of the ground. The agreement being made, the solidity of the building is measured by the duration of the lease; those which are raised for a shorter term are only the *shadows* of houses: *De canna straminibusque domos.* It is true the outside appears to be built of bricks, but the wall consists of only a simple row of bricks, and these being made of the first earth that comes to hand, and only just warmed in the fire, are in strength scarcely equal to those square tiles or pieces of earth dried in the sun, which, in certain countries, are used for the purpose of building houses.

'In the new quarters of London, brick is often made upon the spot where the buildings themselves are erected, and the workmen make use of the earth which they find in digging the foundations. With this earth they mix a phlogiston—the ashes gathered in London by the dustmen. The inside of these buildings is as much neglected as the outside; thin deal boards supply the place of beams; all the wainscoting is of deal, and the thinnest that can possibly be found. In houses built in this manner, it is easy to conceive the progress and ravages made by fires, which very frequently occur. In a word, the English, as well as the people of oriental nations, find something every moment to remind them that the tomb is the only sure and lasting habitation of man.

'All the houses, whether solidly or slightly built, are insured against accidental fires. The price for insuring is settled in proportion to the rent or value, and those who insure are obliged to run the risk. Independently of the spirit of calculation which seems to govern England, the establishment of insurance offices owes its origin to the deep impression which the great fire of London made upon the minds of the inhabitants.

'The new quarters of London, extending from Temple Bar, north and west, have been extending ever since the revolution; and they increase in extent every day, in proportion as the dominions of England are enlarged. In this manner did the Romans, at every new conquest, remove the Pomœrium of their city to a greater distance.

'*Hoc paces habuêre bonæ ventique secundi.* Pope and Swift, in their history of Scriblerus, represent these new quarters as taking their rise in the parish of St. Giles, which was then only an assemblage of little shops and mean places. The village of Marylebone, which was formed by French refugees, has now become a part of the capital.

'Till the last reign, the noblemen of the three kingdoms, being settled upon their estates, merely hired apartments when public affairs or private business required their attendance in town. They considered their remoteness from courts the most glorious feature of their independence. Their present eagerness to build in London, according to their wealth or dignity, seems to indicate that they have forsaken the system of their ancestors. The court has not the same immediate interest in this revolution, which Cardinal Richelieu had in that of a similar character, which, while it added lustre to the court of France, ruined the provinces throughout the kingdom. If this extravagant passion should once possess the nobility of Great Britain, London will, by the next century, be double what it now is. At

the same time, the country towns increasing in proportion with London, indicate an overgrown population, which the colonies might naturally be expected to diminish; a circumstance, however, that is not the case.

'Pall Mall, and the other remarkable streets at the west end of the town, in which the nobility reside, have no court-yard or gates; their entrances are small, not above four feet in breadth, adorned with two pillars, over which stands a heavy pediment, as much out of place as the pillars themselves.'—vol. i. pp. 181—187.

Nothing escaped Mirabeau's attention. Our custom of shaking hands he laughs at. 'To take a man by the arm, and shake it till his shoulder is almost dislocated, is one of the grand testimonies of friendship which the English give each other when they happen to meet. The whole soul enters the arm that gives the shake!' His account of a foreigner jostled in the street, is still more ludicrous. 'The French are apt to imagine that it is on account of their country they are pushed and shoved in the most frequented streets, and often driven into the kennel: they are mistaken. The English walk very fast, their thoughts being entirely engrossed in business; they are very punctual to their appointments; and those who happen to be in their way, are sure to be sufferers by it. Constantly darting forward, they jostle them with a force proportioned to their bulk, and the velocity of their motion.' But surely Mirabeau must have embellished the fact, not a little, when he added:—'I have seen foreigners, not used to this *exercise*, suffer themselves to be tossed and whirled about a long time, in the midst of a crowd of passengers, who had nothing else in view but to get forward!' He thus talks away on a variety of subjects.

'The manner in which the English bankers and merchants live, notwithstanding the care attending a commerce of such immense extent, is the same as that of the lawyers, physicians, and the citizens in general. They rise rather late, and pass an hour at home, drinking tea with their families: about ten they go to the coffee-house, where they spend another hour; then they return home, or meet persons on business; at two they go to 'Change; on their return, they lounge again a little at the coffee-house; and then dine about four. Forty years ago, two was the hour of dining, and, before that, one. The hour of going on 'Change then interfered with dinner time; so that the merchants thought it advisable not to dine till their return. Since this arrangement, dinner concludes the day, and they give the evening to their friends.

'Acquaintances meet at clubs, formed by connexions of good fellowship. In summer, the latter portion of the day is passed either in some of the public walks, or if they happen to have a villa near town, in a country excursion. About ten at night, they go home to bed, after taking a slight repast. In all seasons, the merchants generally retire to the country on Saturday, and do not return till Monday, at 'Change time.

'Inferior dealers, and even mechanics, imitate this manner of living as far as in them lies. In the month of May, the shops and warehouses are not opened till about eight o'clock. Mechanics of the lowest sort carry

English independence still farther; nothing but want of money can compel them to work. When obliged to labour, they, as it were, fight with their task; they go to it like madmen—like people enraged at being compelled to work. They prefer toiling in this manner, with all their might, and resting themselves from time to time, to passing the whole day gently and easily in their employ. Business is the better carried on for this ardour of the artificer: this is evident from the perfection of all English manufactures.

'Bankers and merchants also have most business upon their hands; they do not confine themselves constantly to their counting houses, excepting on the two foreign post days. The idle time which this procures may at first excite surprise, but it may be explained by the fact, that they by no means keep the same number of books as the French and Italian merchants. As they enter upon business with that spirit of order and regularity which characterizes their nation, simple minutes sufficiently enable them to transact the most important concerns.

'The offices of the secretaries of state, and of the several departments dependent on, or connected with them, are not so numerous in England, nor filled with so large a number of clerks, as in many countries. If business had been transacted in the Roman empire, composed of large provinces, now become kingdoms, with the same tedious formalities as it is at present conducted in the different states of Europe, it seems problematical whether Rome and its suburbs would have been able to contain the requisite number of offices.

'The debt book which an English merchant always carries in his pocket, often presents a greater number of objects than one of our largest volumes. Besides, commercial affairs depend less upon the pen than upon the head: the greatest gains are next to the greatest risks: a great risk is run in every thing; and the merchant who is concerned to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds, may, by a variety of chances, which he boldly encounters, see his fortune, in the course of a single day, either doubled or annihilated.

'These debt books are the chief basis of the opulence and grandeur of the nation; they cover the seas of the four parts of the globe with ships—they occasion wars, and enable the nation to bear them—they triumph in prosperous events; and, in times of public calamity, they repair misfortunes, and hold the conquerors in awe. The English merchant in this point is just what a French farmer-general of the revenues caused himself to be represented in a print; having one hand on the terrestrial globe, and with the other issuing orders to vessels sailing for different ports. The English merchant, however, has books in a state to be laid before the magistrate who sits at Guildhall, to take cognizance of disputes between traders. These books are kept in a summary manner, without any useless repetition or superfluous detail. Generally speaking, every banker, every merchant, has a partner, whose only business is to keep the books and take care of the accounts; the principal person in the firm superintending the main concern. These departments are regulated not so much by extent of capital as by ability and intelligence.

'The court has but a very remote influence over the election of the chief city magistrate, (the Lord Mayor,) which, indeed, is often made in a manner diametrically opposite to its views. The kings of England, them-

selves, sometimes contrive to get enrolled in one of the companies I have described. King William, when Prince of Orange, was made a member of that of the Drapers.

'When the city of London, in imitation of the example set by certain Greek republics, intends to honour with its freedom any foreigner of distinction, the party must be enrolled. The Duke of Brunswick, who served England so well in Germany, was honoured with this distinction, after a grand entertainment from the city of London. On receiving his freedom in a gold box, he chose to be made a member of the Grocer's Company, to which the Lord Mayor at that time belonged. Lord Chatham was also enrolled in the Grocer's Company.

'The leaders of the opposition in Parliament, though often men of the noblest families, are ambitious of being free of the city; that freedom being regarded as a pledge of mutual attachment between them and the people.

'London was formerly inhabited by merchants and tradespeople only. The nobility, before they began to build those fine houses, the number of which is daily increasing, came up to town as to a sort of fair, well provided with inns, where they were to stay but a short time!

'The manufactures of the country, now in so flourishing a condition, owe their origin to the persecuting spirit which drove them out of France, and, before that, out of Flanders. "The Duke of Alva's successes having removed all opposition to his will, he endeavoured to render the Inquisition more rigorous than ever, and gave it himself the appellation of the bloody council; insomuch, that he banished from Flanders the best artificers and manufacturers, who, retiring to England, settled themselves in the cities of Norwich, Gloucester, &c., upon which the towns of Flanders were drained of inhabitants." The revocation of the Edict of Nantes proved equally advantageous to England.– vol. i, pp. 194—201.

He next enters into the subject of life insurance and of trade; upon the latter he makes some remarks, which show the vast progress that we have made in the manufacture of hats and silks since his time.

'The Bank of England is a sort of thermometer in all commercial affairs: its rising or sinking accelerates or retards them. This is the strong box to which the king has no key. The funds belong to numbers of individuals. The famous Mr. Law took from hence the model he began to work upon in France; but an attempt to form such an establishment in that kingdom is like planting a vineyard in England.

'Effectual measures seem to have been taken by the English to prevent all connexion and correspondence in business between them and the French. Merchandise or manufactures, the produce of France, is entirely prohibited, or loaded with duties, the enormousness of which is equal to an express prohibition. But commerce is like water which is making continual efforts to attain its own level; and if prevented from gaining it openly, it will find it covertly. France ever did, and ever will, find a sure remedy against English prohibitions, by its contraband trade; a remedy the more effectual, as the English have the same prejudices in favour of French manufactures, which the French have with regard to those of England; and with this difference, that while England draws articles of importance from

France, such as wines, silks, &c., they supply the French in return with nothing but trifles, of little or no value.

'Even English merchants will tell you, that good hats, or good stuffs, whether silk or woollen, are made only in France; that English hats suck in the water like sponge; that the woollen stuffs are as stiff as pasteboard; and that their lace is like *papier machée*. The ladies entertain a still more disadvantageous idea of them. An English lady who has the good fortune to procure a French silk gown, is sure to eclipse all her rivals, particularly if that gown has been made in Paris. If to these caprices we add the cheapness of work in France, in comparison with its dearness in England, with the proportionable profit resulting hence to the English merchant, we shall be convinced that, if public interest produce a necessity for the most rigorous prohibitions of French commodities, private lucre can find a thousand ways by which to evade and bid defiance to these prohibitions. Contraband trade furnishes the means: it is carried on by stratagem and cunning; and, sometimes, with an intrepidity proportioned to the greatness of the profit by which it is attended.

'The flourishing state of trade in London appears from the wealth of the merchants, from the rapidity and immensity of the fortunes made by it; which may be compared to those acquired by the management of the finances in other countries. These fortunes—either immediately, by titles of nobility with which the kings of England, since Charles II., are disposed to honour them, or indirectly, by marriages—produce the same effect in England which wealth amassed in the finances does elsewhere. They re-establish ancient families, and found a great number of new ones. Scarcely are these new families formed, but they think themselves on a level with those of the most ancient nobility.

'Further, in consequence of the ceremony required by a most extensive commerce, and the attention and care inseparable from mercantile concerns, the great merchants are trained up in principles as favourable to the raising of a new family, and to the public manners of a commercial state, as the spirit of financiers is dangerous both to the public and to individuals.'—vol. i. pp. 206—210.

It surprised Mirabeau much to find, that many of our gentlemen of fortune did not disdain to attend to the cultivation of their own lands. This habit he attributes, for no reason that we can discover, to the civil wars. He is very eloquent also upon our clubs, which, he very truly observes, have arisen out of the English character, and essentially belong to it. Instead, however, of copying his remarks upon those institutions, we shall extract a note by the editor, in which he gives a pretty accurate *catalogue raisonnée* of the London clubs now in existence.

'Besides the political clubs of long standing—White's, for the Tory party, and Brookes's, for the Whigs—we have the Wyndham and Carlton of recent origin.

'The Wyndham, deriving its name from the accidental circumstance of its having first occupied a house formerly inhabited by the celebrated Mr. Wyndham, was formed in 1828, under the auspices of Lord Nugent, Sir Francis Burdett, the Marquess of Donegal, the Earl of Fife, Thomas Baring, James Brougham, C. Powlett Thompson, and J. Smith, Esqrs.

&c. The object in establishing this club was to secure a convenient and agreeable place of meeting for a society of gentlemen, all connected with each other by a common bond of literary and personal acquaintance.

'The Carlton Club, composed of gentlemen of what is now termed the conservative party, was established during the progress of the Reform Bill. It consists of seven or eight hundred members, noblemen and gentlemen; amongst whom may be noticed several of the wealthiest of the Tories.

'Boodle's Club, for the accommodation of country gentlemen, has been long established.

'There is also the Traveller's, an amusing description of which is given in the "*Letters of Prince Puckler Mauskau;*" Crockford's; the Asiatic; the Colonial; the University; the Naval; the Military; the Guards; the Oxford and Cambridge; the United Service; the Junior United Service; the Alfred; the Albion; the Cocoa; the Union; the English and Foreign Union; the Literary Union, formed about two years since; the Athenæum, the original object of which was to promote literary and scientific pursuits; and the Garrick, the ostensible object of which is to promote a taste for the English drama.

'The Garrick Club was formed under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex; and amongst its most distinguished members are the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Anglesea, Earl Mulgrave, the Lords Glengall and Leveson Gower, &c.

'At the west end of the metropolis are also many dinner clubs of the old school. One of the most select of these, over which the Duke of Sussex presides, is the Royal Society Club.

'Grillions', so denominated from the hotel in Albemarle Street, was formed about twenty years ago, by a set of gentlemen who had been educated together at Oxford; the late Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta; Sir Thomas Drake Acland; Lord Ebrington; Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, now Governor of Ceylon, &c. This society, in which the bickerings of party spirit are sacrificed to the kindly impulse of better feelings, has a dinner, at which from fifteen to twenty of its members meet every Wednesday, during the sittings of Parliament. Its present aggregate number is about fifty; including Lords Chandos and Althorp, Francis Leveson Gower and John Russell, Granville, Somerset, and Palmerston, Lord Nugent, and Sir Richard Vyvyan, Mr. William Bankes, &c.

'"The Club," so denominated *par excellence*, founded by Dr. Johnson, still holds its monthly sittings in the parliamentary season at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's. The names of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, the Bishop of Dromore, Reynolds, Warton, Garrick, Lord Stowell, Fox, Sheridan, &c. have been enrolled amongst its worthies; a complete list of whom, down to the year 1830, or 1831, is preserved in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's life of Johnson. In the dining room of the club are portraits of many of its early and distinguished members—Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Warton, Dr. Percy, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. from the pencil of Sir Joshua himself.

'"The Literary Society," over which Sir Robert Inglis presides, also meets at the Thatched House, in parties of from fifteen to five-and-twenty, every Friday evening during the sittings of Parliament. This institution, consisting of thirty or forty members, is graced by the most eminent

names of modern literature and art; differences in political sentiment not operating in the election of candidates. The late Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Crabbe, the poet, were members. In the present list may be found Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; Scott, Rogers, Moore, and Shiel; the Earl of Munster, the Bishop of Exeter, and Sir George Murray; Sir Martin Archer Shee, Sir Robert Smirke, Phillips, Westmacott, and Chantrey; the Lords Mahon and Rochester; Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, and the Lord Advocate Jeffrey; Messrs. Lockhart, Barrow, Macauley, Luttrell, Hallam, &c. On the introduction of the president, foreigners of distinction are eligible for admission as visitors. This society is of about twelve or fifteen years standing.—Ed.' vol. i. pp. 218—222.

The state of religion in England did not escape Mirabeau's attention. To those who seriously observe that most important of all duties, it is even to this day very generally, a source rather of melancholy than of cheerfulness. The effect of true religion upon the mind ought to be to raise it above the cares, and to enable it to make light of the troubles, of this life, and at the same time to induce every man to discharge with scrupulous fidelity, all the obligations that society imposes upon him. Both these points once attained, a man looks forward to the future with bright hope, and a degree of confidence in which there is no presumption. But there are very few amongst us who have any other idea of religion, than that it is a gloomy practice, which decorum requires. To say that such a person is religious, is in other words to say that he or she is a victim of the spleen. The forms of prayer generally used in this country, Mirabeau very justly describes as affording nothing capable of 'softening and humanizing the disposition of children. These exercises do not strike the senses; they are interspersed with metaphysical or dogmatical instructions, that have no effect upon the mind.' On Sundays it is still as true as it was in 1784, that both in town and country, 'except during church time, the inhabitants wait, with their arms folded, till service is again celebrated, or till the day is over, without having any other amusement than that of gazing, in "melancholy mood," at those who pass to and fro in the streets.' That writer must have been acquainted with genuine religion, both in theory and practice, who said,—"He will be cheerful, if he has a cheerful religion; he will be sad, if his religion is of a sad and gloomy kind; he makes his happiness subordinate to it, and refers himself to it in all things that interest him most."

Foreigners in general have with good reason expressed themselves in glowing terms of admiration, whenever they have spoken of English women. No writer has been more enthusiastic in their praise than Mirabeau.

'Women are a subject upon which so much has been said and written by so many men of abilities, that it is not easy to imagine a new light to show them in, or to place them in an attitude in which they have not been already placed. But, talking of a nation, if one did not say something

about so considerable a part of it, the subject must appear mutilated and imperfect.

'*As brevity is the soul of wit, I shall be brief*; and I shall only touch on the principal points in which the women of France differ from those of other countries.

'When a French lady comes into a room, the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, holds herself better, has her head and feet better dressed, her clothes better fancied, and better put on, than any women you have ever seen.

'When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness; her accents are the accents of grace; she embellishes a trifle, interests upon nothing; she takes off the insipidness of a compliment, by turning it elegantly; and when she has a mind, she sharpens and polishes the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

'Her eyes sparkle with spirit; the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy; in telling a story, she is inimitable; the motions of her body and the accents of her tongue are equally genteel and easy; an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good humoured and cheerful; and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased.

'Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly; but perhaps it is not in her moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French; the French are superior to them in many others. I have mentioned some of those points in other places. Here I shall only say there is a particular idea, in which no woman in the world can compare with a Frenchwoman; it is in the power of *intellectual irritation*. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric.

'I have mentioned here the women of England; and I have done wrong; I did not intend it when I began the letter. They came into my mind as the *only* women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. To settle the respective claims of the fair sex in these two countries, requires an abler pen than mine. I shall not dare to examine it, even in a single point, nor presume to determine whether in the important article of beauty form and colour are to be preferred to expression and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered as preferable to complexion and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall only venture to give a trait. If a goddess could be supposed to be formed, compounded of Jove and Minerva, that goddess would be the emblem of the women of this country. Venus, as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand, justly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the question without intending it; for I have given the preference to the women of England.

'One point I had forgotten, and it is a material one. It is not to be disputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and sentiment of the universe. The English women are the best wives under heaven—

and shame be on the men who make them bad husbands!' — vol. ii. pp. 219—221.

Mirabeau, however, was a very general lover of the sex. Notwithstanding all his professions of attachment to Henrietta, he soon sent her away. He left London in 1785, and was employed by M. de Calonne on a secret mission at Berlin. His history after that period is told by Dumont.

The editor tells us, that besides the letters of Mirabeau here translated, he is in possession of a great variety of others, written by Marat, Beaumarchais, and other celebrated characters. If he would make a careful selection of those which are most interesting, we imagine that they would be well received. But let him avoid mere book-making. It will not do in these times. As a translator, he is entitled to unqualified praise. We have seldom seen the English idiom so well preserved by any writer, in a work translated from the French.

ART. IX.—*Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical. With fifty vignette etchings.* By Mrs. Jameson, author of "The Diary of an Ennuyée," "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns," &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1832.

"THE Diary of an Ennuyée" though four or five years have elapsed since it was published, is still, we believe, asked for at the libraries. With us it was a very favourite book, although we were mistaken in supposing that it was written by one of the stronger sex. In truth we were deceived by the masculine vigour of thought, and the great variety of knowledge, which that work exhibited in every page. Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs of Female Sovereigns have by some accident escaped us; but we are sufficiently compensated for not having read them, by the charming volumes now before us. With respect to the origin of these, we could never have been mistaken. They bear the impress of woman throughout, and indeed no one but a woman of a highly informed intellect, and enthusiastic feeling, could have so perfectly analysed the different female characters which Mrs. Jameson has here pourtrayed.

They are all, with the exception of some few introduced occasionally for the sake of contrast, taken from the plays of Shakspeare —or, rather we should have said, from that admirable picture gallery of the sex, which he created, almost without reference to, nay with a purpose far above, mere stage effect. His Portia, Juliet, Ophelia, Rosalind, are persons whom we have all so intimately known from infancy, that when we read of them occasionally, or see them in the theatre, we feel it difficult to divest our minds of the idea that they have not lived and moved amongst us, and even graced the circle of our personal friends. Either we believe them to be of this world, or they give our minds a local habitation in some world of their own. However it be, the effect is the same. They are still

familiar to us, and we are not surprised to find Mrs. Jameson often speaking of them as if they had been real beings, influencing society by their characters, and responsible to it for their conduct.

Thus we see how natural was the idea, that, by examining the intellectual traits which the great master of the drama gave to his females, Mrs. Jameson hoped to present a general and pretty correct view of woman as she has been, is, and ever will be. She has gratified her imagination by renewing her acquaintance with Shakspeare, and living as it were for a season in the enchanting bowers of his poetry. She has found that his female characters, if not drawn from living prototypes, were nature itself in every respect; and she has meetly assembled them together, from his different plays, for the purpose of 'illustrating the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and results.' A formal essay upon such a subject, which should be composed of her own imaginary sketches of women, she apprehended, and with good reason, that nobody would read. Such a work would be too ethical, to arid, for these days of light literature. But by making the women of Shakspeare the models of her work, she has secured for it a charm, the influence of which every body must acknowledge. It is a pity that she had not mentioned it in her title-page; as the title stands at present it will produce, with reference to all those persons who may not go beyond it, and they may be many, the very evil of formality which she was most anxious to avoid.

The author has prefixed to her 'Characteristics' an introduction in the shape of a dialogue between two persons, to whom she has given the fantastic names of Alda and Medon. It is the least interesting part of her work, as it is chiefly taken up with apologising for a publication which required no apology at all, and in explaining its objects, though they are themselves sufficiently apparent. For the latter purpose, at least, the following sentences would have been abundantly sufficient. 'My life has been spent in observing and thinking; I have had more opportunities for the first, more leisure for the last, than have fallen to the lot of most people. What I have seen, felt, thought, suffered, has led me to form certain opinions. It appears to me, that the condition of women in society, as at present constituted, is false in itself, and injurious to them—that the education of women as at present conducted, is founded in mistaken principles, and tends to increase fearfully the sum of misery and error in both sexes; but I do not choose presumptuously to fling these opinions in the face of the world, in the form of essays on morality, and treatises on education. I have rather chosen to illustrate certain positions by examples, and leave my readers to deduce the morals themselves, and draw their own inferences.'

The first character which Mrs. Jameson takes up for commentary, is that of Portia.

'Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind, may be classed together as

characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia, it is intellect, kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; in Isabel, it is intellect, elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect, animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect, softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful—but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin; it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step further, the wit of Portia is like attar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile; and that of Isabel, like angels wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conceptions, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman; and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection:

Il vago spirito ardento
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.

It is singular, that hitherto no critical justice has been done to the character of Portia: it is yet more wonderful, that one of the finest writers on the eternal subject of Shakspeare and his perfections, should accuse Portia of pedantry and affectation, and confess she is not a great favourite of his,—a confession quite worthy of him,who avers his predilection for servant maids, and his preference of the Fannys and the Pamelas over the Clementinas and Clarissas. Schlegel, who has given several pages to a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, simply designates Portia as a "rich, beautiful, clever heiress:" whether the fault lie in the writer or translator, I do protest against the word clever. Portia *clever!* what an epithet to apply to this heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness! Now would it not be well if this common and comprehensive word were more accurately used? It signifies properly, not so much the possession of high powers, as dexterity in the adaptation of certain faculties (not necessarily of high order) to a certain end or aim—not always the worthiest. It implies something commonplace, inasmuch as it speaks the presence of the *active* and *perceptive*, with a deficiency of the *feeling* and *reflective* powers; and, applied to a woman, does it not almost invariably suggest the idea of something we should distrust or shrink from if not allied to a higher nature? The profligate French women who ruled the councils of Europe in the middle of the last century, were clever women; and that *philosophoress*, Madame Du Châtelet, who managed at one and the same moment the thread of an intrigue, her cards at piquet, and a calculation in algebra, was a very clever woman! If Portia had been created as a mere instrument to bring about a dramatic catastrophe—if she had merely detected the flaw in Antonio's bond, and used it as a means to baffle the Jew, she might have been pronounced a clever woman. But what Portia does is forgotten in what she *is*. The rare and harmonious blending of energy, reflection,

and feeling, in her fine character, make the epithet *clever* sound like a discord as applied to *her*, and place her infinitely beyond the slight praise of Richardson and Schlegel, neither of whom appear to have fully comprehended her.

'These and other critics have been apparently so dazzled and engrossed by the amazing character of Shylock, that Portia has received less than justice at their hands: while the fact is, that Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way than Portia in her's. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other; worthy of being placed together within the same rich framework of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible inexorable Jew the brilliant lights of her character, set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrant.

'Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities which Shakespeare has lavished on many of his female characters: but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness, which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself: by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate: she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name, and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures have ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high bred airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

'It is well known that the Merchant of Venice is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astuitous lady of Belmont with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his contemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source. We are not told expressly where Belmont is situated; but as Bassanio takes ship to go thither from Venice, and as we find them afterwards ordering horses from Belmont to Padua, we will imagine Portia's hereditary palace as standing on some lovely promontory between Venice and Trieste, overlooking the blue Adriatic, with the Friuli mountains or the Euganean hills for its back ground, such as we often see in one of Claude's or Poussin's Elysian landscapes. In a scene, in a home like this, Shakspeare, having first exorcised the original possesor, has placed his Portia; and so endowed her, that all the wild, strange, and moving circumstances of the story,

become natural, probable, and necessary in connexion with her. That such a woman should be chosen by the solving of an enigma, is not surprising: herself and all around her, the scene, the country, the age in which she is placed, breathe of poetry, romance, and enchantment,

> " From the four quarters of the earth they come
> To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
> The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
> Of wide Arabia, are as the thoroughfares now
> For princes to come view fair Portia;
> The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
> Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
> To stop the foreign spirits; but they come
> As o'er a brook to see fair Portia."'—vol. i. pp. 4—11.

When we see Portia endeavouring to save her future husband's friend from the avaricious vengeance of the law, we should remember that, in that age, difficult points of law were not decided by the ordinary provincial judges, but by learned civilians, called for the purpose from Bologna, Padua, or some of the other colleges. It is in that celebrated scene that she shines out to the greatest advantage, and her interesting character is displayed in all its features. Though armed by her cousin Bellario with technical objections, not easy to be overruled, she rather applies herself to what she supposes to be the better part of Shylock, his heart. Hence that beautiful appeal to his mercy, which she repeats in one shape or other, until she finds it no longer of any use. Her legal triumph over him she defers to the latest moment. Mrs. Jameson remarks, that there is in Portia a 'confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her strength and affection.' She adds, 'and here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not remarkable for this trustingness of spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was one instance; and Madame de Stael furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of her character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education: in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul!'

Mrs. Jameson thinks, that such a being as Portia could never exist in the present state of society, without being perpetually at war with the world. We cannot acquiesce in the justness of this remark. There is nothing in her character which might not belong to any woman, who knows how to preserve herself (and there are many such) pure from the tainting habits of the corrupt part of

society. Her elevation of mind, her unaffected purity of thought, and religious principles—her generous attachment to her husband, are the leading traits of her character, and we hope that they are found combined in more than one woman of Mrs. Jameson's acquaintance. She next proceeds to Isabella.

'The character of Isabella, considered as a poetical delineation, is less mixed than that of Portia; and the dissimilarity between the two appears at first view so complete, that we can scarce believe that the same elements enter into the composition of each. Yet so it is: they are portrayed as equally wise, gracious, virtuous, fair, and young; we perceive in both the same exalted principle and firmness of character; the same depth of reflection and persuasive eloquence; the same self-denying generosity and capability of strong affections; and we much wonder at that marvellous power, by which qualities and endowments essentially and closely allied, are so combined and modified as to produce a result altogether different. "O Nature! O Shakspeare! which of ye drew from the other?"

'Isabella is distinguished from Portia, and strongly individualized by a certain moral grandeur, a saintly grace, something of vestal dignity and purity, which is less attractive and more imposing; she is "severe in youthful beauty," and inspires a reverence which would have placed her beyond the daring of one unholy wish or thought, except in such a man as Angelo—

> '"O cunning enemy! that to catch a saint
> With saints dost bait thy hook."

'This impression of her character is conveyed from the very first, when Lucio, the libertine jester, whose coarse audacious wit checks at every feather, thus expresses his respect for her,—

> '"I would not; though 'tis my familiar sin,
> With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
> Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so.
> I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted;
> By your renouncement; an immortal spirit,
> And to be talked with in sincerity,
> As with a saint."

'A strong distinction between Isabella and Portia is produced by the circumstances in which they are respectively placed. Portia is a high-born heiress, "Lord of a fair mansion, master of her servants, queen o'er herself;" easy and decided as one born to command, and used to it. Isabella has also the innate dignity which renders her "queen o'er herself," but she has lived far from the world and its pomps and pleasures; she is one of a consecrated sisterhood—a novice of St. Clare; the power to command obedience, and to confer happiness, are to her unknown. Portia is a splendid creature, radiant with confidence, hope, and joy. She is like the orange tree, hung at once with golden fruit, and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favouring skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven. Isabella is like a stately graceful cedar towering on some alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. She gives us the impression of one who had passed under the ennobling discipline of suffering and self-denial: a melancholy charm tempers the natural vigour of her mind:

her spirit seems to stand upon an eminence, and look down upon the world as if already enskyed and sainted; and yet when brought into contact with that world which she inwardly despises, she shrinks back with all the timidity natural to her cloistral education.

'This union of natural grace and grandeur with the habits and sentiments of a recluse,—of austerity of life with gentleness of manner,—of inflexible moral principle with humility, and even bashfulness of deportment, is delineated with the most beautiful and wonderful consistency. Thus, when her brother sends her to entreat her mediation, her first feeling is fear, and a distrust in her own powers.

> '" ..... Alas! what poor ability's in me
> To do him good?
> LUCIO.
> Essay the power you have.
> ISABELLA.
> My power, alas! I doubt."

'In the first scene with Angelo she seems divided between her love for her brother and her sense of his fault; between her self-respect and her maidenly bashfulness. She begins with a kind of hesitation, "at war 'twixt will and will not;" and when Angelo quotes the law, and insists on the justice of his sentence, and the responsibility of his station, her native sense of moral rectitude, and severe principles take the lead, and she shrinks back.

> '" ..... O just, but severe law!
> I *had* a brother then—Heaven keep your honour"!
> (*Retiring.*)

'Excited and encouraged by Lucio, and supported by her own natural spirit, she returns to the charge—she gains energy and self-possession as she proceeds—grows more earnest and passionate from the difficulty she encounters, and displays that eloquence and power of reasoning for which we had been already prepared by Claudio's first allusion to her:—

> '" ..... In her youth
> There is a prone and speechless dialect,
> Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art,
> When she will play with reason and discourse,
> And well she can persuade."

'It is a curious coincidence that Isabella, exhorting Angelo to mercy, avails herself of precisely the same arguments, and insists on the self-same topics which Portia addresses to Shylock in her celebrated speech; but how beautifully and how truly is the distinction marked! how like, and yet how unlike! Portia's eulogy on mercy is a piece of heavenly rhetoric; it falls on the ear with a solemn measured harmony; it is the voice of a descended angel addressing an inferior nature; if not premeditated, it is at least part of a preconcerted scheme; while Isabella's pleadings are poured from the abundance of her heart in broken sentences, and with the artless vehemence of one who feels that life and death hang upon her appeal.'—vol. i. pp. 42—48.

In Isabella there is something of the true saint—not that canting mockery which in our days has made the very name of holiness

a bye-word—but of fervid, enthusiastic, purity of soul, which looks upon crime with an almost passionate disdain. The story of "Measure for Measure" is supposed to have been borrowed by Shakspeare from the "Promos and Cassandra" of Whetstone; but Isabella is one of Shakspeare's own creations. Mrs. Jameson, with the sympathetic anger of her sex, censures 'Johnson, and the rest of the *black-letter crew*,' for passing her over in silence. This is the first time that we have ever seen Johnson set down among the black-letter critics. We pass on to Beatrice.

'Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners, and allusions, are those of a particular class in a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork is strongly discriminated, and being taken from general nature belongs to every age. In Beatrice high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit (which is brilliant without being imaginative) there is a touch of insolence not unfrequent in women, when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant, and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward,—she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy,—whose wit consists in a temporary allusion or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief,—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney.

'In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assumption of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her with all the headlong simplicity of a child falling at once into the snare laid for her affections; when we see *her*, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her,—who disdained to be o'er-mastered by "a piece of valiant dust," stooping like the rest of her sex, veiling her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the love of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, "past the endurance of a block." And we are yet more completely won by her generous enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say,—Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation—

'"O, on my soul! my cousin is belied!"

'Schlegel, in his remarks on the play of "Much Ado about Nothing," has given us an amusing instance of that sense of reality with which we are impressed by Shakspeare's characters. He says of Benedick and

'Beatrice, as if he had known them personally, that the exclusive direction of their pointed raillery against each other, "is a proof of a growing inclination;" this is not unlikely, and the same inference would lead us to suppose that this mutual inclination had commenced before the opening of the play. The very first words uttered by Beatrice are an enquiry after Benedick, though expressed with her usual arch impertinence;—

'"I pray you, is Signor Montanto returned from the wars, or no?"

'"I pray you how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing."

'And in the unprovoked hostility with which she falls upon him in his absence, in the pertinacity and bitterness of her satire, there is certainly great argument that he occupies much more of her thoughts than she would have been willing to confess, even to herself. In the same manner Benedick betrays a lurking partiality for his fascinating enemy; he shows that he has looked upon her with no careless eye, when he says,—

'"There's her cousin, (meaning Beatrice) an' she were not possessed with a fury, excels her as much in beauty as the first May does the last December."

'Infinite skill, as well as humour, is shown in making this pair of airy beings the exact counterpart of each other; but of the two portraits that of Benedick is by far the most pleasing, because the independence and gay indifference of temper, the laughing defiance of love and marriage, the satirical freedom of expression common to both, are more becoming to the masculine than to the feminine character. Any woman might love such a cavalier as Benedick, and be proud of his affection; his valour, his wit, and his gaiety, sit so gracefully upon him! and his light scoffs against the power of love are but just sufficient to render more piquant the conquest of this "heretic in despite of beauty." But a man might well be pardoned who should shrink from encountering such a spirit as that of Beatrice, unless indeed he had "served an apprenticeship to the taming school." The wit of Beatrice is less good humoured than that of Benedick, or, from the difference of sex, appears so. It is observable that the power is throughout on her side, and the sympathy and interest on his, which, by reversing the usual order of things, seems to excite us *against the grain*, if I may use such an expression. In all their encounters she constantly gets the better of him, and the gentleman's wits go off halting, if he is not himself fairly *hors de combat*. Beatrice, woman-like, generally has the first word, and will have the last.'—vol. i. pp. 61—66.

We suspect that sometimes Mrs. Jameson carries her enthusiasm into the region of exaggeration, and that she finds out beauties in Shakspeare's women, of which he had himself been ignorant. Thus Beatrice, who in truth is half a termagant, and little more than half a lover, is, in the fair author's estimation, almost a faultless being, whose errors are to be attributed rather to impulse than to passion. Before them all, give us that sweet enchanter Rosalind, the most loveable creature that ever the imagination of a poet conceived.

'She is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is? —to the silvery summer clouds, which, even while we gaze on them, shift

their hues and forms, dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers? —to the May-morning, flush with opening flowers and roseate dews, and "charm of earliest birds?"—to some wild and beautiful melody such as some shepherd boy might pipe to Amarillis in the shade?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror, in which the skies may gloss themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on!

'But this impression, though produced by the complete development of the character, and in the end possessing the whole fancy, is not immediate. The first introduction of Rosalind is less striking than interesting; we see her a dependent, almost a captive, in the court of her usurping uncle; her genial spirits are subdued by her situation, and the remembrance of her banished father; her playfulness is under a temporary eclipse.

'"I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry!" is an adjuration which Rosalind needed not, when once at liberty, and sporting "under the greenwood tree." The sensibility and even pensiveness of her demeanour, in the first instance, render her archness and gaiety afterwards more graceful, and more fascinating.

'Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court, and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to "lord it o'er a fair mansion," and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia, but to breathe the free air of heaven, and frolic among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profligacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel; but to "fleet the time carelessly as they did i' the golden age." She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumed and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice; but to dance on the green sward, and "murmur among living brooks, a music sweeter than their own."

'Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is like Portia's, genial and buoyant: she has something too of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections: but the characters are otherwise as distinct as the situations are dissimilar. The age, the manners, the circumstance in which Shakspeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; nay, have a certain reality and locality. We fancy her a contemporary of the Raffaelles and the Ariostos; the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants, and magnificoes,—the Rialto, and the long canals, rise up before us, when we think of her. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters, and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances or situations. While Portia is splendid and romantic, Rosalind is pastoral and picturesque; both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic, and the other lyric.

'Every thing about Rosalind breathes of youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as

the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling, but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up, and sparkles like the living fountain refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song—it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand, it will not hurt a fly!" As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnment of her delicacy. Shakspeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their dress, as we shall see further, when we come to Viola and Imogen. Rosalind has, in truth, "no doublet and hose in her disposition." How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half-betrayed in that beautiful scene, where she faints at the sight of the 'kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession—her fears lest she should have revealed her sex—her presence of mind, and quick-witted excuse—I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited—and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses, are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety!

> "For innocence hath a privilege in her
> To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes."
>
> vol. i.—pp. 77—82.

This all very beautifully written, and as true as it is beautiful.

The character of Juliet—indeed, the whole of the play, to which she lends her name—have given rise to a greater contrariety of opinion among the critics than any other production of Shakspeare. We have heard it said, and seen it written, more than once, that if "Romeo and Juliet" had been presented as it now stands to a theatre, by an author of the present day, it would stand a good chance of being returned "with the compliments of the manager," and a sentence or two expressive of his "regret that it was not calculated for representation," or, that if produced now for the first time, it would not be endured. But when we come to examine the theory upon which this opinion was founded, we may observe, that these critics could hardly have understood the character of Juliet, which they deem as an unnatural exaggeration, the very hyperbole of love. Mrs. Jameson's description of Juliet displays much taste, as well as critical acumen—with the exception only of its introductory paragraph, which is a piece of the most ridiculous rhodomontade we have ever read. 'O, Love!' she sings, rather than says, 'thou teacher—O, Grief! thou tamer—and Time, thou healer of human hearts! bring hither all your deep and serious

revelations! And ye, too, rich fancies of unbruised, unbowed youth—ye visions of long-perished hopes—shadows of unborn joys—gay colourings of the dawn of existence! whatever memory hath treasured up of bright and beautiful in nature or in art; all soft and delicate images—all lovely forms—divinest voices and entrancing melodies—gleams of sunnier skys and fairer climes—Italian moonlights, and airs that "breathe of the sweet south;"—now, if it be possible, revive to my imagination—live once more to my heart,'—and so she goes on preluding like some mad poet. Really, Mrs. Jameson, we thought you had a little more prudence than to set off at such a rate as this upon your Pegasus!

The strain, however, has sobered down to the level of common sense by the time she arrives in sight of Juliet.

'There was an Italian painter who said, that the secret of all effect in colour consisted in white upon black, and black upon white. How perfectly did Shakspeare understand this secret of effect! and how beautifully he has exemplified it in Juliet!—

'"So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows!"

'Thus she and her lover are in contrast with all around them. They are all love, surrounded with all hate; all harmony, surrounded with all discord,—all pure nature, in the midst of polished and artificial life. Juliet, like Portia, is the foster child of opulence and splendour; she dwells in a fair city—she has been nurtured in a palace—she clasps her robe with jewels—she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls, but in herself she has no more connexion with the trappings around her, than the lovely exotic transplanted from some Eden-like climate, has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty.

'But in this vivid impression of contrast, there is nothing abrupt or harsh. A tissue of beautiful poetry weaves together the principal figures and the subordinate personages. The consistent truth of the costume, and the exquisite gradations of relief with which the most opposite hues are approximated, blend all into harmony. Romeo and Juliet are not poetical beings placed on prosaic back-ground; nor are they, like Thekla and Max, in the Wallenstein, two angels of light amid the darkest and harshest, the most debased and revolting aspects of humanity; but every circumstance, and every personage and every shade of character in each, tends to the development of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. The poetry, too, the richest that can possibly be conceived, is interfused through all the characters; the splendid imagery lavished upon all with careless prodigality of genius, and all is lighted up into such a sunny brilliance of effect, as though Shakspeare had really transported himself into Italy, and had drunk to intoxication of her genial atmosphere. Now, truly, it has been said, that "although Romeo and Juliet are in love, they are not love-sick!" What a false idea would any thing of the mere whining amoroso give us of Romeo such as he is really in Shakspeare—the noble, gallant, ardent, brave, and witty! And Juliet—with even less truth could the phrase or idea apply to her! The picture in "Twelfth Night," of the wan girl dying of love, "who pined in

thought; and with a green and yellow melancholy," would never surely occur to us, when thinking on the enamoured and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm into passion, passion into heroism! No, the whole sentiment of the play is of a far different cast. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the south; it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life. We have indeed the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world; the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair, the aching adieu, the pang unutterable of parted affection; and rapture, truth, and tenderness, trampled into an early grave; but still an Elysian grace lingers round the whole, and the blue sky of Italy bends over all.

'In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the groundwork of the drama, nothing, in fact, can equal the power of the picture, but its inexpressible sweetness and its perfect grace; the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul, has the force, the rapidity, the restless violence of the torrent; but she is herself as "moving delicate," as fair, as soft, as flexible, as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout the individual part of the character in all its variety, is developed and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance, the simplicity of Juliet is very different from the simplicity of Miranda; her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not once remind us of the moral grandeur of Isabel, or the intellectual power of Portia; it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character; it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling or temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of Perdita, nor the fanciful romance of Viola; it is the romance of a tender heart and a poetical imagination. Her experience is not ignorance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. The mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy, for she has even

> '"—— Learned the tale by Ariosto told,
> Of fair Olympia, loved, and left of old!"

'Hence that bashful doubt, dispelled almost as soon as felt—

> '"Ah, gentle Romeo!
> If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully."

'That conscious shrinking from her own confession—

> '"Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
> What I have spoke!"

'The ingenuous simplicity of her avowal—

> '"Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won
> I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
> So thou wilt woo—but else, not for the world!"

'And the touching timid delicacy with which she throws herself for forbearance and pardon upon the tenderness of him she loves, even for the love she bears him—

'"Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered."

'In the alternative which she afterwards places before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honour which precept and education too have infused into her mind, without one real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandonment; for she does not even wait to hear his asseverations:—

'"But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief."

ROMEO.

So thrive my soul—

JULIET.

A thousand times, good night!"

'But all these flutterings between native impulses and maiden fears become gradually absorbed, swept away, lost and swallowed up in the depth and enthusiasm of confiding love.

'"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to you
The more I have—for both are *infinite!*"

'What a picture of the young heart that sees no bound to its hopes, no end to its affections! For "what was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience, which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure which her heart had just tasted, but indifference, to which she was yet a stranger? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her heart, but disappointment, which she had never yet felt?

'Lord Byron's Haidée is a copy of Juliet, in the Oriental costume, but the development is epic, not dramatic.

'I remember no dramatic character, conveying the same impression of singleness of purpose and devotion of heart and soul, except the Thekla of Schiller's Wallenstein; she is the German Juliet, far unequal, indeed, but conceived, nevertheless, in a kindred spirit. I know not if critics have ever compared them, or whether Schiller is supposed to have had the English, or rather the Italian Juliet in his fancy when he portrayed Thekla; but there are some striking points of coincidence, while the national distinction in the character of the passion leaves to Thekla a strong cast of originality. The *Princess* Thekla is, like Juliet, the heiress of rank and opulence; her first introduction to us in her full dress and diamonds, does not impair the impression of her softness and simplicity.'—vol. i. pp. 92—100.

Strongly allied to the character of Juliet is that of Helena, in "All's Well that Ends Well." The latter is less imaginative, though endowed with high mental powers. Her passion, cherished in secret, yet is not a consuming flame—it is 'patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith.' It has nothing of the romance of Juliet—it is a deep, fervid current,

in which all her soul is immersed. Placed in the most disadvantageous circumstances, poor and lowly, in love with a man far superior to her in rank, who treats her with indifference, and after marrying her against his will, flies from her in scorn—yet by the force of her truly feminine tenderness she wins every body to her side. Mrs. Jameson, who seems to have no particular liking for Dr. Johnson, finds fault with him for saying, that he could not reconcile himself to a man who marries Helena like a coward, and leaves her like a profligate. 'This,' she warmly remarks, 'is much too severe: in the first place there is no necessity that we *should* reconcile ourselves to him. In this consists a part of the wonderful beauty of the character of Helena—a part of its womanly truth, which Johnson, who accuses Bertram, and those who so plausibly defend him, did not understand. If it never happened in real life, that a woman, richly endowed with heaven's best gifts, loved with all her heart, and soul, and strength, a man unequal to, or unworthy of her, and to whose faults herself alone was blind—I would give up the point: but if it be in nature, why should it not be in Shakspeare? We are not to look into Bertram's character for the spring and source of Helena's love for him, but into her own. She loves Bertram—because she loves him!—a woman's reason—but here, and sometimes elsewhere, all-sufficient.' This is a woman's argument with a vengeance! Dr. Johnson had not used a single argument to warrant all this. He could not reconcile himself to Bertram. 'There is no necessity why he should,' exclaims Mrs. Jameson, and then she flies off in praise of Helena, whom the Doctor was as much disposed to praise as she was. It puts us in mind of a stranger interfering between husband and wife—he is sure to be ill-treated by both parties. Mrs. Jameson takes up the cudgels for Helena, and is almost as ready to knock the Doctor down, as if Bertram had been Mr. Jameson himself, instead of being one of Shakspeare's heroes. Verily, we have never been present at so pretty a quarrel, all about nothing, as most quarrels, by the way, especially most domestic quarrels, turn out to be. But we suppose the lady had her reason, her 'woman's reason,' for being in a rage with the great lexicographer, into whose dictionary, however, it would do her no harm to look now and then.

Perdita, though an unimportant, is a sweet imaginative creature, —'a dryad of the woods.' The colouring of her character is silvery-light and delicate, combining the pastoral with the elegant, and simplicity of thought with elevation of mind. Upon the same pedestal Viola might be placed. But Ophelia differs from them all,—and yet is to the core a woman.

Hitherto our fair author has been dealing with characters of intellect, and characters of passion and imagination. To the former class belong Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind; to the latter, Juliet, Helena, Perdita, Viola, Ophelia, and Miranda. She next proceeds to the characters of the affections, viz: Hermione, Des-

demona, Imogen, and Cordelia. Nothing but that exceedingly nice discrimination which belongs to woman alone, could have suggested to her the excellent remarks with which she prefaces her sketch of Hermione. 'Characters, in which the affections and the moral qualities predominate over fancy, and all that bears the name of passion, are not, when we meet with them in real life, the most striking and interesting, nor the easiest to be understood and appreciated; but they are those on which, in the long run, we repose with increasing confidence, and ever new delight.' Examples, fully justifying this remark, will readily occur to most persons. The virtuous and affectionate heart is precisely the one which has the least chance of being understood, until we discover its value by experience. Beauty of countenance, or of figure, soon must fade and alter,—brilliant talents, and refined accomplishments have their charms, but those charms are not permanent, nor do they meet with universal admiration. But the silent, loving, pure-souled woman, becomes a part of our being; her presence is ever new, and never fails to be engaging. 'The less there is,' observes the author, 'of marked expression, or vivid colour, in a countenance or character, the more difficult to delineate it in such a manner to captivate and interest us; but when this is done, and done to perfection, it is the miracle of poetry in painting, and of painting in poetry. Only Raffaele and Correggio have achieved it in one case, and only Shakspeare in the other.' Among the most beautiful of his creations in this class of character, stands Hermione, the heroine of the three first acts of the "Winter's Tale,"—a queen, a matron, and a mother; in whom we may perceive dignity without pride, love without passion, tenderness without weakness, a majestic sweetness, and a grand simplicity. But it is in Desdemona that the truly affectionate woman is painted with the most masterly skill.

'Desdemona, whose soft credulity, whose turn for the marvellous, whose susceptible imagination, had first directed her thoughts and affections to Othello, is precisely the woman to be frightened out of her senses by such a tale as this, and betrayed by her fears into a momentary tergiversation. It is most natural in such a being, and shows us that even in the sweetest natures there can be no completeness and consistency without moral energy.*

* 'There is an incident in the original tale, "Il Moro di Venezia," which could not be well transferred to the drama, but which is very effective, and adds, I think, to the circumstantial horrors of the story. Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief; it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains or bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined, and beautifully told; and the circumstance of Iago employing his own innocent child as the instrument of his infernal villainy, adds a deeper, and in truth an unnecessary touch of the fiend to his fiendish character.'

'With the most perfect artlessness, she has something of the instinctive unconscious address of her sex; as when she appeals to her father—

'"So much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord."

'And when she is pleading for Cassio—

'"What! Michael Cassio!
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly
Hath ta'en your part?"

'In persons who unite great sensibility and lively fancy, I have often observed this particular species of address, which is always unconscious of itself, and consists in the power of placing ourselves in the position of another, and imagining, rather than perceiving, what is in their hearts. We women have this *address* (if so it may be called) naturally, but I have seldom met with it in men. It is not inconsistent with extreme simplicity of character, and quite distinct from that kind of art which is the result of natural acuteness, and habits of observation—quick to perceive the foibles of others, and as quick to turn them to its own purposes; which is always conscious of itself, and, if united with strong intellect, seldom perceptible to others. In the mention of her mother, and the appeal to Othello's self-love, Desdemona has no design formed on conclusions previously drawn; but her intuitive quickness of feeling, added to her imagination, lead her more safely to the same results, and the distinction is as truly as it is delicately drawn.

'When Othello first outrages her, in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent, that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

'"Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit."
'"'Tis even so—
Nay, we must think, men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal."

'And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger, but stuns her, as if it transfixed her whole being; she attempts no reply, no defence; and reproach or resistance never enter her thought.

'"Good friend go to him—for by this light of heaven
I know not how I lost him: here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did

And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love."

'And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally; she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

'"Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO.

What name, sweet lady?

DESDEMONA.

That, which she says my lord did say I was?"

'So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

'Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion,—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice, can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith in his honour; "Would you had never seen him!" exclaims Emilia.

'"DESDEMONA.

So would not I!—my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
Have grace and favour in them."

'There is another peculiarity, which, in reading the play of Othello, we rather feel than perceive: through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona, there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sentiment, and never of reflection; so that I cannot find throughout a sentence of general application.'—vol. i. pp. 38--44.

Another character of the affections, deservedly a favourite with every body who has ever read or seen represented the noble play of Lear, is Cordelia,—whose character is completely developed in a few scenes, and yet, observes the author, 'we are surprised to find that in those few scenes there is matter for a life of reflection and materials enough for twenty heroines.'

The historical characters, such as Cleopatra, Volumnia, Constance, Catherine, and Lady Macbeth, are next pourtrayed, but upon the whole with less felicity than the more feminine personages, with whom Mrs. Jameson seems to have formed a more intimate acquaintance.

We have said enough, we think, to recommend these volumes to the attention of the public. They will form a highly interesting addition to every lady's library, exhibiting in themselves a display of feminine talent, of which the sex in general may well be proud. But we have not yet explained all their merits. They are embellished with no fewer than fifty vignette etchings, all of which were executed by the author herself, and with the ex-

ception of three, from her own original sketches. That is to say, Mrs. Jameson has not only written these volumes, but she drew, with the exceptions stated, all the designs for its decoration, and those designs she transferred to the copper-plate with her own graver. This is an extraordinary combination of varied and difficult acquirements in the same person. The designs of these ornaments in general display a classical taste, and if the engravings appear inferior to the performances of professed artists, they are, nevertheless, exceedingly interesting as specimens of a woman's power over an instrument, which even in stronger hands is not always very manageable.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Captain Ross.—Serious fears are now entertained for the safety of this enterprizing navigator. He has not been heard of since the 25th of July, 1829, when he and his companions were met with in lat. 57° N. They had lost their foremast, but by singular good fortune had refitted in the harbour of Holsteinberg with the mast of the Rockwood, an abandoned whaler; from which they also took provisions and stores. They sailed, after remaining there only a few hours, with high hopes; the accounts of the ice received from the natives were excellent—all right amongst the crew—wind fair and weather favourable. Ross's last words were, "We are in a more complete state than when we left England; and if ever the north-west passage be made, it should be this year."

Vacuum Engine.—The principle, or rather the application of the principle, by which this new power is generated, namely, the creation of a vacuum by the ignition of gas in a cylinder, was discovered by Mr. Brown, about seven or eight years ago, and he has been since indefatigably employed in bringing his invention to perfection. An engine, on this principle, has been at work for the last eighteen months on the Croydon canal, raising water from the lower to the upper level, and has, it appears, fully answered its design. This engine, which, of course, resembles, in many of its details, a steam-engine, is, however, simple in its construction. It consists of a wrought-iron cylinder standing in the lower level of the canal. To set it at work, water is turned by a cock upon a wheel (regulating the motion and number of strokes per minute), which opens a valve, and admits a certain quantity of gas, from a pipe connected with the gasometer, into the cylinder, which gas is immediately inflamed by a jet of lighted gas, and expels the air from the cylinder by raising the lid, which instantly closes again. A perforated tube inside the cylinder, fed with water from a pipe outside, gives out the water, cools the cylinder, completes the vacuum, and raises the water in the cylinder to a given height. An atmospheric valve is then opened, and the water rushes out of the discharge valve: this is the result of one stroke. The Croydon engine is 22 feet high, and 3 feet 6 inches diameter. An engine, upon the same construction, at Eagle Lodge, is 4 feet 8½ inches diameter, and its power is surprising. The number of strokes it gives per minute

(we timed them) is between 5 and 6; and each stroke raised, with tremendous impetus, 750 gallons of water, filling a cistern of the capacity of five-and-twenty pipes of wine in about three-quarters of a minute! The expense (or rather the profit) of working these engines is an important property of the invention. By the accurate calculation of an eminent engineer, it appears that the quantity of small coal consumed last year for the Croydon engine, was 417 chaldron, which produced 592 chaldrons of coke, and 4,800 gallons of tar. The cost of the coal was 458*l.* 14*s.*, to which must be added, for attendance on the engine, repairs, an allowance of 7 per cent. on the value of the building, and ground rent, 208*l*,—making, in all, 666*l.* 14*s.* The value of the coke and tar was 769*l.* 12*s.* Thus, it appears, that this engine constitutes a mechanical power, in effective and constant action, retaining a clear profit of 102*l.* 18*s.* per annum, exclusive of what the work may be worth which that power effects. An experiment made previous to our visit, gave from 14 bushels of common coal, 21 bushels of coke, of two qualities, besides the tar, and 2,100 feet of gas. The superiority of these engines over those moved by steam, consists in the simplicity of their construction, the economy of working, the absence of danger, (for there is nothing in them which can occasion explosion,) and the advantage of their being always ready for immediate action. These recommendations particularly adapt them for raising water, drainage, mill-machinery, &c. There is one object which they will accomplish, to which steam is not applicable: in large buildings, or public works, they may be applied to fire-engines of any power, which may be put into instantaneous action by gas supplied from the mains in the streets, and any quantity of water may thus be thrown to any height at a moment's notice

True Nobility.—Euripides was the son of a fruit-woman; Demosthenes of a blacksmith; Virgil of a baker; Horace of a freed man; Terence of a slave; Amyot of a currier; Voiture of a publican; Lamothe of a hatter; Flechier of a chandler; Sixtus-Quintus of a swine herd; Tamerlane of a shepherd; Romilly of a goldsmith; Quinault of a journeyman baker; Rollin of a cutler; Moliere of an upholsterer; Massillon of a turner; J. B. Rousseau of a shoe-maker; J. J. Rousseau of a watchmaker; Galland of a cobler; Beaumarchais of a watchmaker; Ben Jonson of a mason; Shakspeare of a butcher; Rembrandt of a miller; Sir T. Lawrence of a publican; Collins of a hatter; Gray of a scrivener; Beattie of a farmer; Tom Moore of a grocer; Sir Edward Sugden of a hair-cutter.

Continental Naturalists.——We learn from a notice issued by Jacquin, the imperial Astronomer and Littrow, the Professor of Natural History in the University of Vienna, that the tenth meeting of the scientific association is to be opened in that capital on the 18th of September, and to close on the 26th of that month.

Tincture of Roses.—Take the leaves of the common rose (*centifoliæ*) place them, without pressing them, in a bottle, pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand until it is required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume, little inferior to attar of roses: a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odour. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

The Papyro Museum consists of eighty groups of figures of every class, and in all varieties of occupation, about two inches in height. The figures are admirably executed in paper, and as remarkable for character, expression, and propriety of costume, as the largest and most elaborate works. We observe from the catalogue that two young ladies have completed the whole of this curious design; and, with a benevolence equal to their ingenuity and talents, have devoted the profits of the exhibition, and ultimately the sale of the museum, to the endowment of a charity, Queen Adelaide's, at Southampton, for the relief of decayed individuals of respectability.

Dictámnus Fraxinélla—There is a singular phenomenon attendant on this pungently-fragrant plant. If, after a very hot day, a flame be applied near the blossom, its exhalations will blaze beautifully.

Ecclesiastical Commission.—Government has issued a commission for the purpose of taking an account of all ecclesiastical revenues and property in general possessed by the church. Quæres, we understand, are about to be addressed immediately to the different dignitaries and incumbents of the establishment.

Goethe Biography.—Goethe, it appears, had his Boswell. Falk, a man well known in the literary world of Germany, has left an account of his conversations with Goethe. The work has been for more than four years in the hands of a bookseller, who, with becoming delicacy, refrained from publishing it while Goethe lived.

Dr. Bowring has made great progress in the preparation of the Autobiography of Jeremy Bentham for press, and the volumes will contain copious extracts from his correspondence with the most eminent men of the age, with the opinions of the great Utilitarian Philosopher, both as to the persons, events, and publications which have most excited the public attention in the last half century.

Royal Academy.—The receipts for admission to the Exhibition, have been less by 300*l.* than those of last year; and the auditors' accounts show an excess of expenditure beyond the income of the Academy. The prospects, however, of a more extensive encouragement of the arts, arising from the execution of the plans now in progress, have inspired the Academy with the most sanguine hopes of keeping their expenditure within the limits of their future income. It is not generally known, that the annual expenses for the support of the several schools, in addition to the pensions and donations to their distressed brethren, exceed 5000*l.*; these expenses are almost wholly defrayed by the receipts arising from the exhibition of their works.

The Boyne.—A person has obtained the sanction of the Admiralty to descend, by means of air-pipes, to the wreck of the *Boyne*, of 98 guns, which, it may be in the recollection of many, caught fire by accident at Spithead, on the 1st of May, 1795, at eleven in the morning, drifted from her moorings, and finally blew up, about six in the evening of the same day, opposite Southsea Castle. At low water the wreck is approached at about two or three fathoms. A ladder of sufficient length reaches the wreck from a vessel moored over. The person descends, his head enveloped in a large leaden mask, with glass eyelets, protected by small brass bars, his body covered with an Indian rubber dress, leaving his hands perfectly free, as also his legs and feet. By this means he traverses the wreck, and has been enabled to

suspend a few 24 pounders, which were hoisted into the vessel above. On the 20th ult. he discovered what is supposed was the Captain's (the late Sir George Grey, Bart.) wine-store. He first brought up one bottle, then two; he then took down a basket, which he filled, and finally brought up twenty-one bottles —claret and port, which of course have been immerged in salt water for the last thirty-seven years. He refused on the deck of the vessel twenty shillings a bottle for it, but handsomely tapped one by way of taster, for the bystanders. His agreement with Government is to have all he causes to be brought up, except the copper, which is to be deposited in the Dock-yard, for which he will be allowed the usual salvage.

North London Hospital.—The council of the London University have determined upon erecting a Hospital, on the vacant ground opposite to the University, and a plan of the building has been approved of. Not only was such an Hospital wanting for the complete efficiency of the medical school of the University, but for the northern district of this great metropolis. As, however, the funds at the disposal of the council are insufficient for the purpose, an appeal will be made to the public, which, we trust, will be successful. Nearly 500*l.* was subscribed by a dozen gentlemen, immediately on the determination being made known.

The Pandemonian Flageleo.—This is a new variety of the Pandean Pipes, which has been invented by Mr. Walter, of Great Peter Street, Westminster. The notes are sounded with less effort than on almost any other wind instrument, and the tones are soft and sweet.

Antoine Portal.—The French *Institut* has again to lament the loss of one of its members. Antoine Portal died recently at Paris, at the advanced age of 90. He was born at Tarn, in the South of France, and sprung from a family celebrated for having, through a lapse of several centuries, constantly produced men of distinguished merit in the healing art. Among the numerous successful works of Portal, we need only mention, as imperishable monuments of his fame, his "Histoire de l'Anatomie et de la Chirurgie," a work of immense labour, in six volumes; "Cours d'Anatomie Médicale," five volumes; "Instruction sur le traitement des Asphyxies par le Méphitisme," several editions of which were printed by order of the government and gratuitously distributed; and "Considerations sur la nature et la nature et le traitement des maladies de famille et des maladies héréditaires." Portal was physician to the celebrated Madame de Staël, after whose death he published a very remarkable and curious work, entitled "Notice sur la maladie et la mort de Madame la Baronne de Staël."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to assure the writer of the letter, who complains of our criticism on "Contarini Fleming," that he does but justice to our motives in supposing that if we have fallen into any errors with respect to that work, they were perfectly unintentional. It gives us great pleasure to be informed by so competent an authority, that we were wrong in imputing to the author even an approximation to atheism, and in asserting that Contarini found he had married his sister. We must, however, add, after having looked over the work again, that there is an obscurity in it on both these points, which the author would do well to remove, if he have the opportunity, in future editions.

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